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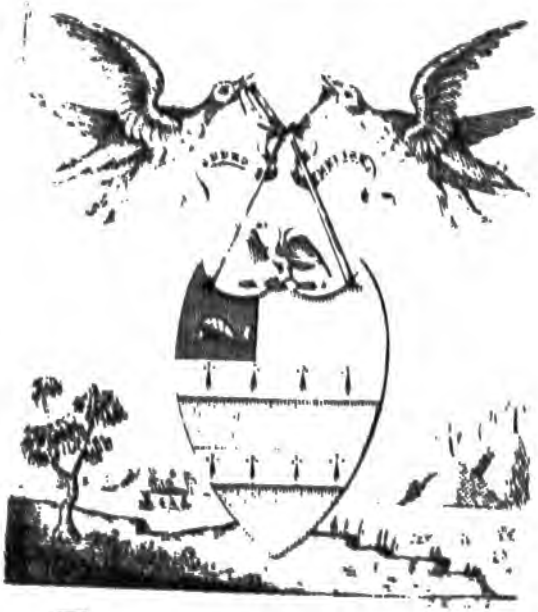

Francis Panton fun.

Frontispiece
VOL. II.

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ESSAYS:

MORAL AND LITERARY.

BY

VICESIMUS KNOX, M.A.

THE SIXTH EDITION,

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

ΠΗΔΑΙΗ Α'ΡΙΣΤΕΤΑ ΠΑΡΕΙ.

Hesiod.

NON QUIA DIFFICILIA SUNT, NON AUDEMUS
SED QUIA NON AUDEMUS, DIFFICILIA SUNT.

Seneca.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR *CHARLES DILLY*, IN THE POULTRY.

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ESSAYS,

MORAL, &c.

No. LXXXII. ON THE MEANS OF READING WITH THE MOST ADVANTAGE.

IT is certain, that there are many ſtudents who impair their health in a continual courſe of reading and literary labour, without any adequate returns of pleaſure or improvement. They read, indeed, becauſe they conſider it as a duty, or becauſe they are endeavouring to accompliſh themſelves for the practice of a profeſſion; but they are ready to confeſs, that the whole tenour of their ſtudies is one continued toil, and that the pleaſure they derive from them is by no means a recompence for exhauſted ſpirits and habitual melancholy.

With a view to relieve ſtudents of this deſcription, who are uſually virtuous and amiable, I will endeavour to ſuggeſt a few hints, which may poſſibly contribute to render their reading more agreeable and advantageous. But I wiſh to premiſe, that in what I now ſay, and in whatever I have ſaid, in the ſtyle of direction and advice, I mean only to offer, not to obtrude; to ſubmit, and not to dictate.

In order to receive the proper advantage from reading, it muſt be rendered a pleaſing employment. The human nature is ſo conſtituted, that no practice will be continued long and regularly, which is not attended with ſome degree of pleaſure. We enter upon a ſtudy which is irkſome and diſguſtful with reluctance, we attend

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it superficially, and we relinquish it without reflectin upon it in a degree sufficient for the purpose of improvement. Instead of thinking of it uniformly and steadily we drive it from our minds as the cause of uneasines But the heart and affections, the imagination and th memory, co operate with the understanding, in deriving all possible advantage from the study which we love.

The first and most important object is, therefore, t form a strong attachment to those parts of science, o to those books, which our judgment directs us to study There are various methods conducive to this end; but perhaps, none are more effectual, than that of conversing with men of taste and genius on the book and the subject which we purpose to examine. There is a warmth and spirit in conversation, which renders subjects, which might otherwise appear cold and lifeless, interesting and animated. When the company is departed, and the conversation at an end, we are naturally inclined to see what has been said in books on the subjects discussed, and the light let in by the preceding conversation is an excellent introduction and guide to our subsequent enquiries made in solitude.

As soon as we have obtained, by reading, a competent knowledge of a book or particular subject, it will contribute greatly to animate us in proceeding still further, if we talk of it either with our equals in attainments, or with the learned and experienced. In such conversation we venture to advance an opinion; our self-love renders us solicitous to maintain it, we seek the aid of a book as an auxiliary, we therefore read it with eager attention; and I believe it will be difficult to avoid loving that which we attend to frequently and with eagerness, for that, in this manner, an attachment to books and literary employments is gradually formed, and what began in labour or necessity becomes the choice, and constitutes a most agreeable pleasure.

Indeed, if we can once fix our attention very closely on a good book, nothing more will be necessary to make us love it. As in nature, when two substances approach each other very nearly, the attraction of cohesion softens them together, so when the mind attaches itself closely to any subject whatever, it becomes,

as

as it were, united to it, and gravitates towards it with a ſpontaneous velocity. There is, indeed, no ſtudy ſo dry, but by fixing our attention upon it, we may at laſt find it capable of affording great delight. Metaphyſics and mathematics, even in their abſtruſeſt parts, are known to give the attentive ſtudent a very exalted ſatisfaction. Thoſe parts then of human learning, which in their nature are more entertaining, cannot fail of being beloved in a high degree, when the mind is cloſely and conſtantly applied to them.

In order to acquire the power and habit of fixing the attention, it will at firſt be neceſſary to ſummon a very conſiderable degree of reſolution. In beginning the ſtudy of a new language, or any book or ſcience, which preſents ideas totally ſtrange, the mind cannot but feel ſome degree of reluctance or diſguſt. But let the ſtudent perſevere; and in a very ſhort time, the diſguſt will vaniſh, and he will be rewarded with entertainment. Till this takes place, let him make it an inviolable rule, however diſagreeable, to read a certain quantity, or for a certain time, and he will infallibly find, that what he entered upon as a taſk, he will continue as his beſt amuſement.

There are many ſtudents who ſpend their days in extracting paſſages from authors, and fairly tranſcribing them in their common place book; a mode of ſtudy truly miſerable, which ſeldom repays the ſtudent either with profit or pleaſure, which waſtes his time, and wears out his eyes and his conſtitution. I moſt ſeriouſly adviſe all thoſe, who have been led to think, that the exerciſe of the hand can imprint ideas on the brain; who interrupt their attention by copying; who torture themſelves in abridging, and who think, by filling their pocket books, that they ſhall enrich their underſtandings, to ſtop while they have eyes to ſee, or fingers to write. They have totally miſtaken the road to learning; and, if they proceed in the way too long a time, they may ſuffer ſuch injuries in it as ſhall diſable them from returning, or ſeeking a better. After many years ſpent in this wretched labour, it is no wonder that they cloſe their books, and make the old complaint of vanity and vexation. Nothing really ſerves us in reading, but what the mind

makes its own by reflection and memory. That which is tranſcribed is not in the leaſt more appropriated than when it ſtood in the printed page. It is an error, if any ſuppoſe, that by the act of marking the words on paper with a pen, the ideas are more clearly marked on the brain than by an attentive and repeated peruſal.

The beſt method of extracting and epitomizing, is to expreſs the author's ideas, after ſhutting his book, in our own words. In this exercife, the memory is exerted, and the ſtyle improved. We make what we write our own; we think, we are active, and we do not condemn ourſelves to an employment merely manual and mechanical. But after all, whatever a few may ſay, write, or think to the contrary, it is certain, that the greateſt ſcholars were content with reading, without making either extracts or epitomes. They were ſatisfied with what remained in their minds after a diligent peruſal, and when they wrote, they wrote their own. Reading is, indeed, moſt juſtly called the food of the mind. Like food, it muſt be digeſted and aſſimilated; it muſt ſhew its nutritive power by promoting growth and ſtrength, and by enabling the mind to bring forth ſound and vigorous productions. It muſt be converted *in ſuccum et ſanguinem*, into juice and blood, and not make its appearance again in the form in which it was originally imbibed. It is indeed true, and the inſtance may be brought in oppoſition to me, doctrine, that Demoſthenes tranſcribed Thucydides eight times with his own hand; but it ſhould be remembered, that Demoſthenes flouriſhed long before printing was diſcovered, and that he was induced to tranſcribe the exhibit, not only for the ſake of improvement, but alſo for the ſake of multiplying copies of a favourite author.

A due degree of variety will contribute greatly to render reading agreeable. For though it is true, that not more than one or two books ſhould be read at once, yet, when they are finiſhed, it will be proper, if any weariſomneſs is felt, to take up an author who writes in a different ſtyle, or on a different ſubject; to change from poetry to proſe, and from proſe to poetry; to intermix the moderns with the ancients; alternately to lay down the book and to take up the pen; and ſometimes

times to lay them both down, and enter with alacrity into agreeable company and public diversion. The mind, after a little cessation, returns to books with all the voracious eagerness of a literary hunger. But the intermissions must not be long, or frequent enough to form a habit of idleness or dissipation.

He who would read with pleasure (and I repeat, that all who read with real profit must read with pleasure), will attend to the times of the day, and the seasons of the year. The morning has been universally approved as the best time for study; the afternoon may be most advantageously spent in improving conversation. Those faculties, which before dinner are capable of engaging in the acutest and subtlest disquisitions, are found, by general experience, to be comparatively dull and stupid after it. "I know not how it is," said a celebrated writer, "but all my philosophy, in which "I was so warmly engaged in the morning, appears "like nonsense as soon as I have dined."

Very hot weather is particularly unfavourable to reading. The months of July, August, and September, are by no means the seasons in which the fruits of the mind arrive at maturity. A rigid philosopher will perhaps maintain, that the mental faculties are not to be affected by the vicissitudes of cold and heat; but who will listen to philosophy, who is already convinced by actual experience? It is indeed remarkable, that these months are selected for vacation in the houses of legislature, in the courts of law, and in the seats of learning. In cold and inclement weather, when we are driven to the fire side for comfort, we find that delight in our books, which, in the vernal and autumnal season, we feel in the sunshine, and in the sweets of rural scenery. We no longer roam abroad, we collect our scattered ideas, and find, in the exercise of our faculties, that delight, which is the consequence and reward of exerting, in a proper method, the natural energies of the divine particle which breathes within us.

But at all hours, and in all seasons, if we can restrain the licentious rovings of the fancy, sooth the passions of the heart, and command our attention, so as to concentre it on the subject we examine, we shall

be ſure to find it amply rewarded. Attend cloſely, and cloſe attention to any worthy ſubject will always produce ſolid ſatisfaction But particularly in reading, it may be depended upon as an approved truth, that the degree of profit, as well as pleaſure derived from it, will ever be proportioned to the degree of attention.

No. LXXXIII. ON THE PROPRIETY OF ADORNING LIFE, AND SERVING SOCIETY, BY LAUDABLE EXERTION.

IN an age of opulence and luxury, when the native powers of the mind are weakened by vice, and habits of indolence are ſuperinduced by univerſal indulgence, the moraliſt can ſeldom expect to ſee examples of that unwearied perſeverance, of that generous exertion, which has ſometimes appeared in the world, and has been called heroic virtue. Indeed, it muſt be allowed, that in the early periods of ſociety there is greater occaſion, as well as greater ſcope, for this exalted ſpecies of public ſpirit, than when all its real wants are ſupplied, and all its ſecurities eſtabliſhed.

Under theſe diſadvantages there is, indeed, little opportunity for that uncommon heroiſm, which leads an individual to deſert his ſphere, and to act in contradiction to the maxims of perſonal intereſt and ſafety, with a view to reform the manners, or to promote the honour and advantage of the community. Patriotiſm, as it was underſtood and practiſed by a Brutus, a Curtius, a Scævola, or a Socrates, appears in modern times ſo eccentric a virtue, and ſo abhorrent from the dictates of common ſenſe, that he who ſhould imitate it would draw upon himſelf the ridicule of mankind, and would incur the danger of being ſtigmatized as a madman. Moral and political knight-errantry would now appear in ſcarcely a leſs ludicrous light than the extravagancies of chivalry.

But to do good in an effectual and extenſive manner within the limits of profeſſional influence, and by performing

forming the buſineſs of a ſtation, whatever it may be, not only with regular fidelity, but with warm and active diligence, is in the power, as it is the duty, of every individual who poſſeſſes the uſe of his faculties. It is ſurely an unſatisfactory idea, to live and die without purſuing any other purpoſe than the low one of perſonal gratification. A thouſand pleaſures and advantages we have received from the diſintereſted efforts of thoſe who have gone before us, and it is incumbent on every generation to do ſomething not only for the benefit of contemporaries, but of thoſe alſo who are to follow.

To be born, as Horace ſays, merely to conſume the fruits of the earth; to live, as Juvenal obſerves of ſome of his countrymen, with no other purpoſe than to gratify the palate, though they may in reality be the ſole ends of many, are yet too inglorious and diſgraceful to be avowed by the baſeſt and meaneſt of mankind.

There is however little doubt, but that many, whoſe lives have glided away in an uſeleſs tenor, would have been glad of opportunities, if they could have diſcovered them, for laudable exertion. It is certainly true, that to qualify for political, military, literary, and patriotic efforts, peculiar preparations, accompliſhments, occaſions, and fortuitous contingencies are neceſſary. Civil wiſdom without civil employment, valour without an enemy, learning without opportunities for its diſplay, the love of our country without power, muſt terminate in abortive wiſhes, in deſigns unſupported by execution. They who form great ſchemes, and perform great exploits, muſt of neceſſity be few. But the exertions which benevolence points out, are extended to a great compaſs, are infinitely varied in kind and degree, and conſequently adapted, in ſome mode or other, to the ability of every individual.

To the diſtinguiſhed honour of our times and of our country, it muſt be aſſerted, that there is no ſpecies of diſtreſs which is not relieved; no laudable inſtitution which is not encouraged with an emulative ardour of liberality. No ſooner is a proper object of beneficence preſented to the public view, than ſubſcriptions are raiſed by all ranks, who crowd with impatience to the contribution. Not only the infirmities of age and ſick-

neſs are ſoothed by the beſt concerted eſtabliſhments, and the loſs ſuſtained by the calamities of a conflagration repaired; but our enemies, when reduced to a ſtate of captivity, are furniſhed with every comfort which their condition can admit, and all the malignity of party hatred melts into kindneſs under the operation of charity. From the accumulated efforts of a community of philanthropiſts, ſuch as our nation may be called, a ſum of good is produced, far greater than any recorded of the heroes of antiquity, from Bacchus down to Cæſar.

It has been ſaid, that the ages of extraordinary bounty are paſſed. No colleges are founded in the preſent times, it is true; yet not becauſe there is no public ſpirit remaining, but becauſe there is already a ſufficient number raiſed by the pious hands of our forefathers, to anſwer all the purpoſes of academical improvement. When a want is ſupplied, it is not parſimony, but prudence, which withholds additional munificence. The infirmaries diffuſed over every part of the kingdom, are moſt honourable teſtimonies of that virtue which is to cover a multitude of ſins. And there is one inſtance of beneficence uncommon both in its degree and circumſtances, which, though done without a view to human praiſe, muſt not loſe even the ſubordinate reward of human virtue. He who lately devoted, during his life, a noble fortune to the relief of the blind, will be placed higher in the eſteem of poſterity, than the numerous train of poſthumous benefactors, who gave what they could no longer retain, and ſometimes from motives repreſented by the cenſorious as little laudable. While angels record the name of Hetherington in the book of life, let men inſcribe it in the rolls of fame.

The motive of praiſe, though by no means the beſt, is a generous and a powerful motive of commendable conduct. He would do an injury to mankind who ſhould ſtifle the love of fame. It has burnt with ſtrong and ſteady heat in the boſoms of the moſt ingenuous. It has inſpired enthuſiaſm in the cauſe of all that is good and great. Where patience muſt have failed, and perſeverance been wearied, it has urged through troubles

troubles deemed intolerable, and stimulated through difficulties dreaded as unsurmountable. Pain, penury, danger, and death, have been incurred with alacrity in the service of mankind, with the expectation of no other recompence than an honourable distinction. And let not the frigidity of philosophical reason damp this noble ardour, which rates delightful sensations in the heart that harbours it, and gives rise to all that is sublime in life and in the art. When we are too far restrained and subdued as to act merely from the slow suggestions of the reasoning faculty, we shall indeed seldom be involved in error; but we shall as seldom achieve any glorious enterprise, or snatch a virtue beyond the reach of prudence.

The spirit of adventure in literary undertakings, as well as in politics, commerce, and war, must not be discouraged. If it produces that which is worth little notice, neglect is easy. There is a great probability, however, that it will often exhibit something conducive to pleasure and improvement. But when every new attempt is checked by severity, or neglected without examination, learning stagnates, and the mind is deprived, till its productions so far degenerate as to justify disregard. Taste and literature are never long stationary. When they cease to advance, they become retrograde.

Every liberal attempt to give a liberal entertainment is entitled to a kind scrutiny, though its execution should not have a claim to praise. For the sake of encouraging subsequent endeavours, lenity should be displayed when there is no appearance of incorrigible stupidity, of affronting ignorance, and of empty self-conceit. Severity chills the opening powers, as the frost nips the bud that would else have been a blossom. It is blameable momentarily to censure those who intended mean to please, and fail only from faults not in their own disposal.

The praise, however, of well meaning has usually been allowed with a facility of connection, which leads to suspect that it was thought of little value. It has also been received with apparent mortification. This

ſurely is the reſult of a perverted judgment; for intention is in the power of every man, though no man can command ability.

No. LXXXIV. ON PHILOSOPHICAL CRITICISM, AND ON THE LITTLE ASSISTANCE IT GIVES TO GENIUS.

ARISTOTLE was the firſt of thoſe writers who endeavoured to render taſte ſubject to philoſophy. His poetics are almoſt the only parts of his works which continue to be eſteemed with a degree of implicit veneration. Mutilated and imperfect as they have come down to us, they yet contain many ſentences pregnant with matter, and which lead the mind into the moſt curious theory. Yet it is certain, that they never yet formed a ſingle poet, nor aſſiſted him in any other reſpect than in the mechanical contrivance of a plan; a defect in which is eaſily forgiven, when it is ſupplied by the native charms of real genius. Of this our Shakeſpeare is a proof, who, with all his ignorance of critical refinement, wrote in ſuch a manner, as not only to be preferred by thoſe who idoliſe him through prejudice, but by the moſt impartial readers, to Æſchylus, Sophocles, and Euripides.

Though the old ſcholaſtic metaphyſics were ſcarcely ever more exploded than in the preſent times, yet there is a taſte for metaphyſical criticiſm particularly prevalent among our thoughtful neighbours in North Britain. The author of the Elements of Criticiſm has penetrated deeply to diſcern the cauſe of thoſe emotions, which literary compoſitions are found to produce. He has diſplayed great taſte, great elegance, great reading, and a ſubtilty of enquiry, which muſt have reſulted from unwearied labour, and from a ſingular ſhare of natural ſagacity. But I believe no reader ever found himſelf better able to compoſe, after having peruſed his volumes, than before he ſaw them. Nor

Nor is it ſaid, that their author, with all his theoretical knowledge of poetry, is himſelf a poet or an orator. This is not advanced to detract from his merit; for it is true of Ariſtotle, and of all thoſe writers, who, with a genius for logic and metaphyſics, have entered on the provinces of taſte and criticiſm. Dr. Campbell's Philoſophy of Rhetoric is a book of uncommon merit; it is read with great pleaſure and improvement; yet it will be readily owned, that it tends little to form the orator. The author of the Origin and Progreſs of Language has diſplayed, as Harris ſays, "many ju-"dicious and curious remarks on ſtyle, compoſition, "language, particularly the Engliſh; obſervations of "the laſt conſequence to thoſe who with either to write "or judge with accuracy and elegance." This is certainly true; and yet many have written, and many will write, with accuracy and elegance, without even hearing of this excellent treatiſe.

Moſt of the books which the world has agreed to admire, were compoſed previouſly to the appearance of ſyſtematical and abſtruſe theories of criticiſm, or by authors who, it is well known, paid them no attention. Homer, who is ſtill the beſt heathen author in the world, had neither archetype nor inſtructor. Had his mind been called off from the book of nature, to ſuch ſpeculations as the Stagyrite afterwards fabricated from his noble inventions, there is great reaſon to believe, that the Iliad and Odyſſey had long ago gone with her all the coldly correct productions are daily hatching. Theocritus would probably have written with much leſs eaſe and ſimplicity, had he read all that critical ingenuity has advanced on paſtoral poetry. The Orations of Demoſthenes, however elaborate, were not formed on the models of profeſſed rhetoricians. No Bolfu had written when Virgil produced his magnificent work. No treatiſes on the ſublime and beautiful had appeared, when Milton poured his majeſtic ſong. Nature, glowing nature, ſuggeſted the exquiſitely fine ideas as they flowed, and left laborious criticiſm to weary herſelf in forming rules and ſyſtems from the unſtudied efforts of her happier temerity.

It must not, however, be immediately concluded, that these books, which display great ingenuity, are useless, and the result of ill employed time and talents. They constitute a most elegant species of philosophy. They lead to a knowledge of the human heart, and the operation of the passions. They require genius of a peculiar kind, the subtile and penetrating, and they please readers who are possessed of a corresponding taste. The point which I mean to evince is, that the lover of poetry, or oratory, or all the objects of classical taste, who intends to exercise himself in the composition of them, will find himself mistaken in his plan of study, if he reads such writers as a preparatory discipline. Original authors must at all events engross his attention; and from these, if he is possessed of abilities, he will insensibly catch a portion of fire, with which he will invigorate his own compositions; and in consequence of which he will be read with pleasure, though he should not have studied one metaphysical critic, from Aristotle to his modern rival, Harris of Salisbury.

To learn in what this noble distinction of genius consists, has been the subject of much enquiry. Little success has hitherto attended it; for the mind, as it has been often said, like the eye, though it calls up all nature to its view, cannot perceive a sight of itself. With great probability, it has been supposed, that genius is an extraordinary power of attention; a capacity in the mind of attaching itself closely and strongly at a glance, to every object that belongs to regard; of taking in the whole of it in all its distant relations, dependencies, modifications, origin, and consequences. But if we allow an extraordinary power of attention to be genius, which perhaps cannot be allowed, the question recurs, by what means this attention is excited and roused? Thus far the name is only changed, and the subject still involved in its original difficulty.

It is too obviously true to be controverted, that there is an essential difference in the organization of different men; not merely in the external form, but in the internal structure of the invisible springs, which regulate all

all the animal tendencies and motions. It is highly probable, that a delicate ſyſtem of nerves, or a finer conteſture of them, is better able to obſerve the external world with unerring accuracy, than a more carleſs or a more relaxed aſſemblage of theſe inſtruments of ſenſation. This favourable predilpoſition of the organs, followed by peculiar opportunities for collecting ideas, and by inducements to impart them to the world, may perhaps conſtitute what we call literary genius.

There is indeed little doubt, but that ſome kind of genius, or, in other words, ſome peculiar ability to receive a certain train of ideas neceſſary to the practice of ſome art, or to the purſuit of ſome profeſſion, is poſſeſſed by every individual not in a ſtate of idiotiſm. Nature, a kind parent to all her children, has uſually endowed them all with a power of exerting themſelves, in ſome way or other, with ſkill and advantage. The misfortune has been, that the indications of nature are not always ſufficiently manifeſt to the conductors of education. The deſtination is often neceſſarily fixed, before the faculties are arrived at ſufficient ſtrength to point out their propenſity.

Univerſal genius is indeed ſparingly, perhaps never, beſtowed. For the preſervation of imperfectibility, where nature has allowed an excellence in any remarkable degree, ſhe has often permitted a defect to counterbalance it. Yet in the literary annals of almoſt every nation, we find many diſtinguiſhed by intellectual endowments above the ordinary condition of humanity. It is a noble privilege to excel men in the very perfection by which they ſurpaſs the irrational animals, and is doubtleſs permitted by Providence, in a few individuals, for the happineſs of mankind. Let it be conſidered, as an inſtance of the advantage which mankind derives from ſingular genius, what a train of light has been diffuſed far and wide on thouſands and tens of thouſands, for the ſpace of near twenty hundred years, from the illumined underſtanding of the individual Cicero. Or, to take an example from our own poliſhed age and country, let a computation be formed of the number of thoſe who have been led to every thing good and great by an Addiſon.

The world, however, has ſeldom been grateful to its benefactors. It has neglected, baniſhed, perſecuted, and crucified

crucified them. But there was an inward ſatisfaction in conſcious rectitude, a generous ſpirit in heroic virtue, which bore them through every thing with comfort, and their merit increaſed and triumphed in adverſity.

They who have been poſſeſſed of ſubordinate degrees of genius, have in later times been induced to affect a ſingularity of ſentiment and practice, in order to draw upon themſelves the eyes of mankind. In purſuit of this end, they have adopted vices and principles which their hearts and underſtanding muſt have condemned. Eccentricity has been the object of their wiſhes. Ruin and diſgrace have been the uſual conſequences, and the admiration of others has at laſt been extinguiſhed in compaſſion. Poor man! it has been often exclaimed, he was indeed clever, but he wanted conduct, and he unfortunately died in a gaol.

If moral could be combined with mental excellence; if the native vigour of genius could ſubmit to be guided and reſtrained by the deciſions of well-conducted art; then might be ſupplied, what none will venture to expect, the two grand deſiderata in morals and literature, a perfect man and a perfect work. But before perfection can be reaſonably expected in any thing which belongs to man, this mortal muſt put on immortality, and this corruptible, incorruption.

No. LXXXV. ON THE IMPORTANCE OF A GOOD CHARACTER, CONSIDERED ONLY WITH RESPECT TO INTEREST.

As the minds of men are infinitely various, and as they are therefore influenced in the choice of a conduct by different inducements, the moraliſt muſt omit no motive, however ſubordinate in its nature, while it appears likely to lead ſome among mankind to a laudable, or even a blameleſs behaviour. A regard to eaſe, to intereſt, and to ſucceſs, in the uſual purſuits of wealth and ambition, may induce many to purſue an honeſt and honourable

honourable conduct, who would not have been influenced by purer motives: but who, after they have once perceived the intrinsic excellence and beauty of such a conduct, will probably persevere in it for its own sake, and upon higher considerations.

To those who are to make their own way either to wealth or honours, a good character is usually no less necessary than address and abilities. Though human nature is degenerate, and corrupts itself still more by its own inventions; yet it usually retains to the last an esteem for excellence. But even if we are arrived at such an extreme degree of depravity as to have lost our native reverence for virtue; yet a regard to our own interest and safety, which we seldom lose, will lead us to apply for aid, in all important transactions, to men whose integrity is unimpeached. When we chuse an assistant, a partner, a servant, our first enquiry is concerning his character. When we have occasion for a counsellor or attorney, a physician or apothecary, whatever we may be ourselves, we always chuse to trust our property and persons to men of the best character. When we fix on the tradesmen who are to supply us with necessaries, we are not determined by the sign of the lamb, or the wolf, or the fox; nor by a shop fitted up in the most elegant taste, but by the fairest reputation. Look into a daily newspaper, and you will see, from the highest to the lowest rank, how important the characters of the employed appear to the employers. After the advertisement has enumerated the qualities required in the person wanted, there constantly follows, that none need apply who cannot bring an undeniable character. Offer yourself as a candidate for a seat in parliament, be promoted to honour and emolument, or in any respect attract the attention of mankind upon yourself, and if you are vulnerable in your character, you will be deeply wounded. Thus is a general testimony in favour of honesty, which no writings and no practices can possibly refute.

Young men, therefore, whose characters are yet unfixed, and who, consequently, may render them just such as they wish, ought to pay great attention to the first steps which they take on entrance into life. They are

uſually careleſs and inattentive to this object. They purſue their own plans with ardour, and neglect the opinions which others entertain of them. By ſome thoughtleſs action or expreſſion, they ſuffer a mark to be impreſſed upon them, which ſcarcely any ſubſequent merit can entirely eraſe. Every man will find ſome perſons, who, though they are not profeſſed enemies, yet view him with an envious or a jealous eye; and who will gladly revive any tale to which truth has given the ſlighteſt foundation.

Indeed, all men are ſo much inclined to flatter their own pride, by detracting from the reputation of others, that ſuppoſing we were able to maintain an immaculate conduct, it would ſtill be difficult to preſerve an immaculate character. But yet it is wiſdom not to furniſh this detracting ſpirit with real ſubjects for the exerciſe of its activity. While calumny is ſupported only by imagination, or by malice, we may ſometimes remove, by contradicting it; but wherever folly or vice have ſupplied facts, we can ſeldom do more than aggravate the evil, by giving it an apparent attention. The malignity of ſome among the various diſpoſitions of which mankind are compoſed, is often highly gratified at the view of injured ſenſibility.

In this turbulent and confuſed ſcene, where our words and actions are often miſunderſtood, and oftener miſrepreſented, it is indeed difficult even for innocence and integrity to avoid reproach, abuſe, contempt and hatred. 'Theſe not only hurt our intereſt and impede our advancement in life, but ſorely afflict the feelings of a tender and delicate mind. It is then the part of wiſdom firſt to do every thing in our power to preſerve an irreproachable character, and then to let our happineſs depend chiefly on the approbation of our own conſciences, and on the advancement of our intereſt in a world where liars ſhall not be believed, and where ſlanderers ſhall receive countenance from none but him who, in Greek, is called, by way of eminence, Diabolus, or the Calumniator.

No. LXXXVI.

No. LXXXVI. ON THE OSTENTATIOUS AFFECTATION OF THE CHARACTER OF A LEARNED LADY, WITHOUT SUFFICIENT LEARNING, AND WITHOUT JUDGMENT.

THE moſt attractive beauty of the perſon reſults from the graces of the mind. Delicacy, ſweetneſs, ſenſe, and ſenſibility, ſhining in the eyes, will compenſate an irregularity of features, and will ſooner excite love in a feeling heart, than the beſt formed face and the fineſt complexional hue without expreſſion.

Nature muſt indeed have laid the foundation of theſe amiable qualities in the diſpoſition; but they are by no methods ſo effectually called forth and improved, as by the cultivation of a literary taſte. In a vulgar intercourſe with the world, we cannot avoid ſeeing and feeling the diſagreeable paſſions; ſuch as have an effect in diſtorting the countenance, and in giving to the eyes an envious, a proud, a diſdainful, or an artful aſpect; than which nothing is more repugnant to the power of perſonal allurement. Eyes that unfortunately have acquired any of theſe appearances, whatever beauties they may be ſurrounded with, poſſeſs a repellent influence, and operate like the baſiliſk. But however wicked the world is, books are for the moſt part ſtill virtuous. Human nature appears in them in its moſt pleaſing colours. They inſpire generous and tender ſentiments. She who is judiciouſly converſant with them, will find her countenance improving as her mind is informed, and her look ennobled as her heart is elevated. This muſt be a powerful motive for application among the ladies; and they may reſt aſſured, that perſonal and mental beauty, though, when ſeparate, their dominion is not abſolute, are truly irreſiſtible and deſpotic when combined.

An application to books, however, is often found not to produce any attractive effects; nor is it to be wondered at, when it is conducted in an injudicious and deſultory

manner,

manner. The advice of friends is at firſt neceſſary to point out the kind of books, and the times, the modes, and the degrees of ſtudy. Superficial and ill-directed reading tends to inſpire the moſt odious of all vanity, and to occaſion a behaviour truly ridiculous.

Sempronia has ſtudied all the Magazines for theſe ten years paſt, and has now and then obtained the honour of contributing a little piece to ſome of her admired miſcellanies. This flattering diſtinction, as ſhe thinks it, has greatly elevated her in her own opinion. She deems it ſufficient to emancipate her from the uſual decorums of external behaviour. She talks with an overbearing confidence, which, if ſhe were not excuſed becauſe ſhe is a profeſſed wit, would be intolerable rudeneſs. Her attention to the muſes has excluded the graces from any ſhare of her notice. If you call upon her in the morning, you find her with ſlipſhod ſhoes, no apron, matted hair, a dirty face, a cap awry, and fingers begrimed with ink. If you aſk her in what ſhe is exerciſing her genius, ſhe informs you ſhe is writing a Pindaric Ode on Spring, and is looking in Byſhe's Art of Poetry for a rhyme to trees. It muſt be ſent immediately, ſhe ſays, or it will not be inſerted this month. She hopes, therefore, that ſhe may be excuſed in declining company. Her viſitor has reaſon to rejoice at the diſmiſſion; for the ſight of her, as Swift leſs delicately ſays of Cælia, will operate as an emetic, and the ſmell as a poiſon.

Corinna happened to fall upon ſome of the works of our modern ſceptics. She could not underſtand them perfectly; but ſhe diſcovered enough to be aſſured that ſcepticiſm was ſuppoſed to be a mark of ſuperior ſenſe, of a freedom from thoſe narrow prejudices which enthral the vulgar. She cannot therefore talk on common affairs; but when ſhe gets into company with enlightened people, ſhe expatiates on the happineſs of poſſeſſing a philoſophical turn, and pities the poor narrow ſouls who go to church and perform all their duties, as they call them, with mechanical regularity, juſt like their great grandmothers. Voltaire, Rouſſeau, Bolingbroke, and Hume, are her oracles. She is dreaded by her own ſex, and indeed voluntarily gives up their ſociety. But the men ſhe thinks more entertaining, more converſable, and

leſs

ed led with prejudices. She imagines herself par
ly attended to by them; and indeed there are some
urists who listen to her conversation, in order to lay
re for ridicule. All who are judges condemn and
s her for entering into studies which have a natural
ey to darken the understanding and to corrupt the
and which are peculiarly odious in those who were
d to increase the comforts of life, and not to cut
ff by diffusing the gloomy notions of the sceptic
was the misfortune of Fulvia to live next door to a
ating library. In every moment of little fleeds the
was dispatched for a handful of novels, no matter
om they were written, or what they were in them
, provided they were sentimental. By an uninter
l course of such reading, she had acquired a taste for
otes, private history, and all that relates to the ef
of love, which, she was led to think, formed the
business of human life. Her heart had been a
and times melted, and pierced, and smitten, and
ded, and was at last so modified, that she felt the
rest sentiments for every man with little distinction.
ould not pass a few moments in a private interview
a male acquaintance, without being conscious of
sentiments for him. She often doubted whether
ight, upon the whole, to rejoice or lament that she
nlowed with such extreme sensibility. But to be
so it was, her poor heart was so full of love, that
one who approached might have a share unasked.
oice was faint and tremulous; her refinements were
it to a degree inconceivable. She was hardly fit
ds low orb. She was always miserable, except
pouring out her sentiments in letters to some be
Eudoxus. She was, in short, too tender, too sus
ble, too pure, too elevated, to live in this world;
every body said, till, in evil hour, she ran away
a corporal quartered in the town, and has never
heard of since.

bia, when very young, wrote a few rhymes, which,
age was considered, were much applauded by her
s. Flushed with praise, she considered herself as
nd Sappho, and has ever since been devoted to the
. Her reading was chiefly confined to the poet's

corner

corner in newſpapers, and her productions have rivalled her models. She compoſes enigmas, acroſtics, rebuſſes, and ſongs, for thoſe little red pocket-books which are annually publiſhed for the ladies, and ſhe has had the honour of gaining the reward for expounding the Prize Riddle. Within the circle of her acquaintance ſhe is much admired. If a wedding happens among any of them, ſhe pays for her bride cake with an epithalamium; and ſhe keeps in her drawers, like haberdaſhers wares in a ſhop, odes, elegies, and epigrams, adapted to every occaſion. But, while ſhe is ſoaring on the wings of poetical genius in her ſtudy, her poor little boys and girls are left to the company of the ſcullion in the kitchen. Her mind is extremely active, and it is but juſtice to allow, that ſhe neglects nothing but her duty.

Of all ſubjects, politics ſeem the leaſt adapted to the female character. Women are excluded, by the rude framers of our conſtitution, from all legiſlative influence; and, it is well known, that public affairs are ſeldom treated with temper, either in writing or converſation. But the female politician is by no means uncommon. Cornelia derives all her learning, of which ſhe thinks ſhe poſſeſſes an ample ſhare, from the miſcellaneous volumes of a Woodfall. She has herſelf ſometimes ventured to communicate a paragraph or two, and has been delighted, even to rapture, with the thought, that a plan or conjecture of hers has been wafted throughout the empire by ſo rapid a conveyance. On common ſubjects ſhe is mild and reaſonable; but while the gentlemen are talking politics, ſhe ſubmits with great reluctance to the frigid rules of decorum, which require that ſhe ſhould pay attention to the ladies. Her colour comes and goes for a long time, till at laſt ſhe can bear it no longer, and burſts out with a blaze of eloquence, ſcarcely rivalled in the moſt famous ſchools of oratory, thoſe of Athens or of Billingſgate. A treaty of marriage was on foot ſome time ago; but after the preliminaries were all ſettled, and a day for the ratification of the articles fixed, a rupture enſued on the adjuſtment of the balance of power, and hoſtilities have not yet ceaſed, nor is a coalition of the parties likely to take place.

In

In theſe few inſtances, and in thoſe many which obſervation of the world will ſupply, there ſeems to have been an original fund of parts, and a love of books, which, properly directed, would have led to great improvements. But vague induſtry and unguided emulation, ſtimulated to perſiſt in a wrong path by the partial praiſes of friends and relations, have precipitated even the amiably diſpoſed into unſupported vanity, and cauſed them to diſtinguiſh themſelves without acquiring honour.

To be affected in any way is, at all times, in all places, and in all degrees, to be diſagreeable. But affectation of learning and authorſhip, in a woman with very little merit, draws upon itſelf the contempt and hatred of both ſexes. They who excel moſt in either ſex, are found by experience to be moſt candid and modeſt; to aſſume leaſt, and to join in converſation with others, without ſupplanting the ſenſe of their ſuperiority. Indeed it often happens, that there is an amiable humility in true genius and learning, which compels the poſſeſſion of them to think diffidently of his own character, amid the united praiſes of all around. Let her then, who poſſeſſes the bright jewels of genius and learning, take care to ſet them in a plain manner, and their luſtre will diſplay additional brilliancy.

In the embelliſhment of the perſon, a ſufficient degree of care is uſually taken that nothing unbecoming ſhall have a place in it. Attention is commonly paid to age, rank, and every circumſtance which can point out the line of propriety. But in adorning the mind, it is uſual to attend to little elſe but the dictates of inclination. Yet there is certainly a kind of formal difference in the minds of the ſexes, which admits and requires a different ſpecies of intellectual accompliſhment. Oeconomy is ſaid, indeed, to be the peculiar province of women; yet ſurely, as rational beings, their education may properly receive the higheſt poſſible cultivation. How ſhould their attainments incur cenſure, contempt or neglect, unleſs they are fulfilled by obtruding arrogance, by unfeminine boldneſs, a critical ſeverity, and an ill timed and injudicious oſtentation.

No. LXXXVII. ON THE FOLLY AND WICKEDNESS OF NEGLECTING A FAMILY AND CHILDREN, FOR THE PLEASURES OF DISSIPATION.

THOUGH it may be true, as it has been asserted, that one age is not better than another, yet it is obvious to remark that the modes, if not the degrees, of vice, have varied at different periods; and that, of modes equally criminal in themselves, some are particularly destructive. Whatever have been the manners of preceding times, in our country, I believe it will be readily allowed, that the middle ranks were never universally infected with the love of a dissipating life, till the present age. Domestic industry and œconomy, or the qualities distinguished by the homely titles of thriftiness and good housewifery, were always, till the present century, deemed honourable. They are now, however, discarded in disgrace; and in their place have succeeded a passionate love of show without substance, a never-ceasing attention to dress, and an insatiable hunger and thirst after diversions public and private.

Whoever considers the natural effect of excessive indulgence, in relaxing and weakening the tone of the mind, will immediately perceive how pernicious it must be to human nature in general, and to each particular society. There can remain neither inclination, nor ability for exertion, when the springs which should give elasticity are all broke or broken; and without exertion what is man? Behold what he is in the womanish court of an oriental tyrant. Sunk in sloth, and prostrate in meanness, poor human nature, in such a situation, scarcely equals, in spirit or ingenuity, the monkey and baboon.

But I mean not to enlarge on dissipation in general, but to consider its effects in the limited circle of private families;

families; from which, however, it gradually extends its influence over the whole community, throughout all its departments, like the undulations of a pebble thrown into a pool.

Let us suppose a married couple in the middle ranks of life (and I select my instance from the middle ranks because they are the most numerous and important). Let us suppose them just setting out, as it is called, in the world. The first object is to form and extend connexions. The ostensible motive is the advancement of the family interest; the real and most powerful motive, the love of various company, in a continual succession. Dinners and suppers, dancing and card playing, leave little time, and no inclination, for the sober business of the trade or profession. A neglected trade or profession cannot succeed; and the poor young people, after having spent the little and hard earned patrimony which, it may be, their affectionate parents bestowed on them, live the rest of their lives in some poor lodging in penury or servitude, or die of disappointment.

But if, by uncommonly good fortune, they avoid bankruptcy or ruin, yet their love of dissipation never fails to poison that happiness which it pretends to sweeten. It prevents them from performing the most indispensable duties, and living the life of rational creatures. All heads of families are presidents of little societies, which they are bound to regulate by precept and example. But how shall they be qualified to do this, who are seldom at home, and who, when they are there, are constantly engaged in vanity. Their own corruption descends, with additional malignity of influence, to the lowest menial servant, who has sought protection beneath their roof.

But let us consider them in the relation of parents. Nothing can be more inconsistent with the life of a lady, who delights in the fashionable amusements, than the care of her new born child. Her dress would be disconcerted, and her shape spoiled, were she to attempt to feed it herself with the food which nature has made convenient for it. She could not be absent from home. She must be liable to interruption at all hours. Her health also must fail under so constant a fatigue, added

to the neceſſary toils of the ball and card-table. Her phyſician, for the uſual care to keep the doctor on her ſide, declares, that from the delicate imbecility of her conſtitution, it would be highly improper for her to ſubmit to the exhauſting taſk of ſuckling an infant. The little one, therefore, whoſe heavenly ſmiles would repay every maternal care, is ſent to the cottage, or the garret, of ſome hireling nurſe. There, amidſt poverty, hunger, and naſtineſs, it drags a precarious exiſtence, with no attention, but the cold charity of a mercenary woman, who has often, at the ſame time, a child of her own to engroſs her maternal endearments. The mother, in the mean time, is engaged in the gay circle of an aſſembly, loſing that money at cards, or ſpending it in diets and pleaſures, which ought to pay her huſband's creditors. Ah! little thinks ſhe how her poor infant, which ought to be noſtled in her boſom, is bewailing, in the expreſſive language of tears, the neglect, and the harſh treatment it undergoes, in the dreary haunts of want and miſery. Many a ſevere menace, and many a hard blow, does the ſweet babe receive from the paſſionate and ignorant nurſe at which a mother's heart would bleed, if it were not loſt to tenderneſs. Poor innocents, unhappy orphans, deſerted in your helpleſs ſtate, by thoſe who have brought you into a wretched world; may he who took the children up in his arms, put his hands on them, and bleſſed them, have pity on your woes—on thoſe miſeries which we feel, but cannot have deſcribed!

Life, however, is not eaſily extinguiſhed; and notwithſtanding all the pains and inconveniences which the child undergoes from want of food, from want of cleanlineſs, from want of thoſe tender attentions which a mother only can pay, it does indeed ſurvive; but what remains of it is but a more miſerable than that which has already paſſed. As it has always been abſent from home, it is a ſtranger there. Its parents feel but little natural affection for it; for natural affection has itſelf in the heart moſt deeply at that period when the infant is hanging at the breaſt, and ſmiling, as it were, with gratitude, in the face of her who ſupplies it with delicious nouriſhment from her own vital current. It

takes

till firmer poſſeſſion of the heart when the child
to prattle, and to play thoſe little tricks, which
at a callous mind can behold without delight.
nd the little boy or girl are ſtill conſidered as
s to pleaſure at home. They pay a ſhort and
viſit there, and are again diſmiſſed to a nurſe,
up with ſervants in the garret, or transferred to
grandmother. The laſt is a moſt enviable lot, in
iſon with the former; in which they not only
nce harſh words and hard blows, but learn vulgar
vulgar language and habits of every kind, which
e day be unlearned.

ſoon as they can walk firmly, and talk plainly,
e removed to one of thoſe convenient ſchools or
ies, as they are called, where children, at a very
ge, are received as into nurſeries. In the ſubſequent
of their education they are conſtantly kept from
or if they are indulged in a viſit of a few days,
e little but what tends to miſlead them. They
no fatherly advice, and whatever learning they
quire at their ſchools, they uſually enter on the
d act their part in the drama of life, without
ent, and without principles to regulate their con-
There is uſually added to their misfortune of be-
glected and miſled, that of being deprived of all
f their parents poſſeſſions; who, in the gay cir-
pleaſure, not only ſpend their own property, but
themſelves and their paternal eſtates in debt, and
y ſpecies of diſtreſſing and diſgraceful embarraſſ-
There is no part of the family and affairs of the
ed which has not a tendency to ruin. They are
ives in a conſtant ſtate of mortification and diſ-
tment. Their object in purſuing a perpetual
of amuſements, is to obtain perpetual pleaſure;
ect which human nature could never yet accom-
They, of all others, are leaſt likely to obtain it,
take pleaſure a buſineſs, and, in proſecution of
glect their moſt important and their daily duties.
, there is nothing more miſapprehended than the
of pleaſure. Men are deluded by a name, and,
ig at a phantom, loſe reality. The trueſt plea-

ſure reſults from calm and moderate emotions. Noiſe, tumult, violence, diſorder, take off the fine ſpirit from that which is otherwiſe formed to pleaſe, and leave little behind but dregs or diſagreeable ingredients. Balls, aſſemblies, feaſts, public diverſions, cards, dreſs, various company, ſhould be purſued only as, what they are, temporary amuſements. Ask thoſe who are whirled in the vortex of faſhion whether they are happy? Notwithſtanding they are engaged, without ceaſing, in what the world calls pleaſure, they are as ready to complain of languor and of miſery as any other part of mankind. Pride and vanity compel them to move with others of their rank or fortune; but their countenances and words abundantly teſtify that they have, at leaſt, their ſhare of human uneaſineſs. They feel, indeed, the ſatisfaction of being diſtinguiſhed from the poor, becauſe their fortunes enable them to pay for the diſtinction; but that happineſs is but ſlenderly ſupported, which is founded only on the gratification of a weak and womaniſh vanity.

With reſpect to that particular part of the evil reſulting from diſſipation, the neglect and conſequent miſery of families, it is certainly very extenſive and important. Single men, and ſingle women, however led aſtray by the falſe lights of their own vain imagination, ſuffer by themſelves, or at leaſt draw but a few in their train. But the whole riſing generation muſt be endangered, when diſſipation is become univerſal among parents and the heads of families.

Selfiſh arguments may ſucceed when others fail; and I therefore with I could convince the generality of a certain truth; that there is really more pleaſure to be found at the family fire ſide, and in the regular performance of domeſtic duties, than in the never-ceaſing purſuit after faſhionable amuſements. What is the delight of ſeeing an Italian or French dancer ſtand upon one leg, compared to that of beholding one's own ſmiling babes in the raptures of a game at play? What is the delight of glittering at a ball, a play, a maſquerade, compared to that of a home, in which are found plenty, tranquillity, and love, uninterrupted by the extra-

extravagance, the folly, the pride, and the reſtleſſneſs of that ignorant, empty, weak, and fickle, yet arbitrary tyrant, Faſhion!

Not that the moraliſt is ſevere. He prohibits no moderate and reaſonable enjoyments. He is too well acquainted with human nature, and with life, ſo to moralize. He maintains only, that though diſſipating pleaſures may be allowed as a temporary relief, they are fatal to happineſs and virtue, when they are ſuffered to engage the whole attention, or to become the chief employment.

No. LXXXVIII. ON FORMING CONNECTIONS.

ONE can never ſufficiently admire the liberal ſpirit of the great philoſopher and orator of Rome, who, in his fine treatiſe on friendſhip, has exploded the idea, that the proſpect of advantage is the foundation of this virtuous union, and aſſerted, that it owes its origin to a conviction of mutual excellence in morals and diſpoſition.

This generous opinion appears ſtill greater and more amiable when it is contraſted with the precepts and the practices of later ages, and particularly of the preſent. It is now one of the firſt admonitions given to a young man, who is entering on the career of life, that he muſt, at all events, make connections. And inſtead of informing him, that he is to be directed in his choice of them by the appearance of moral and mental excellence, according to the ſublime ideas of the noble Roman, his ſagacious monitors ſuggeſt to him, that he is to be ſolely guided by the proſpect of his intereſt and advancement in the road of ambition. Let a poor man of approved character, learning and genius, and a rich man of faſhion, with no pretenſions to either, be introduced to a ſenſible and prudent young man of the world who has been thus inſtructed; and, while the rich man is viewed with ſubmiſſion, complacence, and treated with

almoſt idolatrous attention, the poor man ſtands by unnoticed, and probably deſpiſed. On the ſlight acquaintance of a firſt introduction, the youth who is deeply verſed in worldly wiſdom, will not fail to call at the rich man's houſe, and leave a card with moſt reſpectful compliments; he would not come into the neighbourhood without paying that reſpect, on any account whatever; he is not half ſo ſcrupulous about going to church and paying his court to his Maker; but at the very time while he is bowing at the threſhold of the rich man, the philoſopher ſhall paſs by, and, becauſe he poſſeſſes only a competency without ſuperfluity, and without influence, he ſhall not be honoured with the common civility of a ſalutation. For it is a maxim with theſe men, that as it is an honour to know and be known to perſons of fortune and title, ſo it is a diſgrace to acknowledge an acquaintance with thoſe who have nothing to recommend them but honour, ſpirit, learning, and virtue.

The formation of connections is conſidered as ſo important, that it becomes, in effect, the principal object in education. The boy, whoſe parents are profeſſed people of the world, would not, on any account, fail to place him at a ſchool to which the ſons of the nobility are often ſent, though they are ready to confeſs, that little learning and great profligacy are the uſual acquiſitions in it. If the boy has grown intimate with the ſon of a Duke, a Lord, or a Baronet, his parents are better pleaſed with him, than if he had learned by heart all Horace, Virgil, and Homer. There is no ſubmiſſion to mean, and no attentions ſo ſervile, but he is ready to pay them with alacrity, in accompliſhing the important object of forming connections. The mind is rendered, by theſe means, low and abject; and though the boy may afterwards riſe to the honour of being a nobleman's chaplain, or his travelling companion, yet he will retain, through life, the ſentiments and ſpirit of his Lordſhip's footman or valet-de-chambre.

A man, unacquainted with the world, might ſuppoſe, that the readieſt road to preferment in ſeveral of the profeſſions, is to acquire the knowledge and accompliſhments which are neceſſary to a ſkilful practice of them. But this is really not the caſe. The ſureſt and moſt compendious

endious method pointed out by the wife men of
vould, is to form connections. Accordingly we ob-
many perfons in the profeffions, who aim at diftinc-
and advancement, by no means confining themfelves
eir libraries; but ftudying the graces of dreſs and
efs, and the arts of fimulation and diffimulation. We
hem frequenting all public places, giving and tak-
ng invitations to dinners and fuppers, and evidently
fing fo much time in diffipation, as to leave
cely an hour in a day for reading and ftudy.

e will fuppofe a young man entering on the pro-
n of a phyfician. The time before he is of age
erhaps, devoted to hearing fafhionable lectures,
to reading a few fuperficial books; fuch as tend to
aint him with the common and obvious modes of
ice. But he no ſooner ſteps into the world than
books and lectures are laid afide. Several years,
ed, muſt elapſe before he takes his doctor's degree.
this time is not ſpent in ſtudy only, by him who
ws how to play his cards, as it is called, and to
e ſucceſs in life. No; he has learned a wifer
, and is well aſſured, that the moſt familiar ac-
ntance with Galen and Hippocrates, will not ad-
e him half ſo well as connections. Connections are,
efore, the firſt and the laſt ſtudy of the day. If he
been fortunate enough to procure an introduction to
w titled perſons, and to preſcribe, with ſucceſs, in
afe of ſome Ducheſs Dowager's pricked finger, his
ne is made; he cannot fail of being recommended
ore connections in the ſame faſhionable line. He
lf will become the faſhion, and people of faſhion
with to be ill, or pretend to be ill, that they may
the credit of calling Doctor ſuch an one "our
hyſician." Connections will now be made, and
y accumulated with ſuch rapidity, that the doctor
become a greater man than his employers, and
ure to dictate to Lords and Dukes in politics, as
as in a purge.

the ſubordinate branches alſo of the healing art,
indeed in moſt of the walks of life, much more de-
lence is placed on connections than on merit; much

more attention paid to acquiring connections than in acquiring merit; and to deſerve connections is by no means thought the ſecureſt method of obtaining them. Deceit, external ſhow, and pompous pretences, are deemed infallible noſtrums for making connections; but, alas! can any lucrative advantage, reſulting from connections, repay a rational creature for ſacrificing truth and liberty? Theſe connections are dignified by the name of friendſhips. Shade of Cicero, what indignation muſt thou feel at ſuch preſumption!

In divinity too, I am ſorry to obſerve, that many more have riſen to eccleſiaſtical emolument and dignity by ſtudying, throughout their lives, to make connections, than by ſuperior piety or by theological attainments. It is lamentable to behold thoſe whoſe minds ought to poſſeſs peculiar elevation, bowing and cringing, with abject ſervility, to the vileſt peer of the realm, who happens to have influence at court, or to be the patron of a living. The lord ſhall be a profeſſed ſcoffer at all religion, and an avowed enemy to chriſtianity in particular, and yet ſhall have a tribe of clergymen at his levee, who cannot help admiring his wit and underſtanding. Preferment, indeed, ſeems to be the only object among many of thoſe, who are ſet apart to teach the world that the riches of divine grace are the trueſt riches, and the diſtinction of ſuperior virtue the moſt enviable dignity. Horace has ſaid, that to have pleaſed the great is not the loweſt praiſe; many of the modern inſtructors of mankind ſeem to conſider it as the higheſt; and, in proportion as they are ſervile to their patron, they are inſolent to their curate.

It is a maxim with many, founded, as they pretend, on real obſervation, that mitres, ſtalls, and pluralities, are not attainable by any ſuch qualities as are acquired in the ſtudy. You muſt form connections. In order to form connections, you muſt recommend yourſelf to various company by the graces; you muſt poſſeſs verſatility of mind; you muſt frequent aſſemblies, gaming-tables, watering places: your conſcience muſt be as eaſy as your manners; you muſt take care not to ſpend too much time in reading Greek, or any thing elſe but the

the Court Calendar; and you can hardly fail of valuable connections and valuable preferment, as thousands can teſtify by actual experience.

But though numbers may give confidence, ſurely thoſe whoſe whole employment conſiſts in meanly hunting for preferment under the garb of ſanctity and religion, are moſt contemptible characters. Indeed, their diſpoſitions are uſually as narrow, ſelfiſh, and raviſh, as their purſuits are fooliſh, and unbecoming the dignity of a ſacred profeſſion. Attic, Cicero, for my ideas return with pleaſure to thee; attic, behold a pompous preacher, in a large periuke and ſolemn canonicals, cringing to a debauched, unbelieving, and biſhop making Lord, and pretending all the while that he is cultivating friendſhip in all its purity!

But would you forbid a young man the formation of connections, by which ſo many have availed themſelves, and often to real and deſerved grandeur? By no means; I would only teach him to preſerve a juſt reverence for himſelf, and to deſpiſe all riches and all honours which muſt be purchaſed at the expence of truth, virtue, and a manly ſpirit. I would, like others, adviſe every young man (and it is chiefly to the young that I preſume to ſuggeſt admonitions), to form connections, or rather friendſhips; but to be guided in his choice of them by perſonal merit and approved character. I do not ſay, for it would be unnatural and unwiſe, that he ſhould neglect intereſt, or deſpiſe advancement, when it can be procured conſiſtently with the ſpirit and integrity of an honeſt and delicate mind. If preferment comes unlooked for, and unſought by ſervile compliance, it is an honour as well as an advantage, and is doubly welcome. But if I muſt ſacrifice my reaſon and my conſcience, my honour and my freedom, in forming connections and purſuing preferment, I relinquiſh the chace, and eagerly retire to competency, contentment, and liberty.

No. LXXXIX. AN ADDRESS TO A YOUNG SCHOLAR, SUPPOSED TO BE IN THE COURSE OF A LIBERAL EDUCATION AT SCHOOL.

YOUR parents have watched over your helpleſs infancy, and conducted you, with many a pang, to an age at which your mind is capable of manly improvement. Their ſolicitude ſtill continues, and no trouble nor expence is ſpared in giving you all the inſtructions and accompliſhments which may enable you to act your part in life, as a man of poliſhed ſenſe and confirmed virtue. You have, then, already contracted a great debt of gratitude to them. You can pay it by no other method but by uſing the advantages which their goodneſs has afforded you.

If your own endeavours are deficient, it is in vain that you have tutors, books, and all the external apparatus of literary purſuits. You muſt love learning, if you intend to poſſeſs it. In order to love it, you muſt feel its delights; in order to feel its delights, you muſt apply to it, however irkſome at firſt, cloſely, conſtantly, and for a conſiderable time. If you have reſolution enough to do this, you cannot but love learning; for the mind always loves that to which it has been long, ſteadily, and voluntarily attached. Habits are formed, which render what was at firſt diſagreeable, not only pleaſant, but neceſſary.

Pleaſant, indeed, are all the paths which lead to polite and elegant literature. Yours, then, is ſurely a lot particulary happy. Your education is of ſuch a ſort, that its principal ſcope is to prepare you to receive a refined pleaſure during your life. Elegance, or delicacy of taſte, is one of the firſt objects of a claſſical diſcipline; and it is this fine quality which opens a new world to the ſcholar's view. Elegance of taſte has a connection with many virtues, and all of them virtues of the moſt amiable kind. It tends to render you, at once, good and

and agreeable. You muſt therefore be an enemy to your own enjoyments, if you enter on the diſcipline which leads to the attainment of a claſſical and liberal education with reluctance. Value duly the opportunities you enjoy, and which are denied to thouſands of your fellow-creatures.

Without exemplary diligence you will make but a contemptible proficiency. You may, indeed, paſs through the forms of ſchools and univerſities, but you will bring nothing away from them of real value. The proper ſort and degree of diligence you cannot poſſeſs, but by the efforts of your own reſolution. Your inſtructor may, indeed, confine you within the walls of a ſchool a certain number of hours. He may place books before you, and compel you to fix your eyes upon them; but no authority can chain down your mind. Your thoughts will eſcape from every external reſtraint, and, amidſt the moſt ſerious lectures, may be ranging in the wild purſuit of trifles or vice. Rules, reſtraints, commands, and puniſhments, may, indeed, aſſiſt in ſtrengthening your reſolution; but, without your own voluntary choice, your diligence will not often conduce to your pleaſure or advantage. Though this truth is obvious, yet it ſeems to be a ſecret to thoſe parents who expect to find their ſon's improvement encreaſe in proportion to the number of tutors and external aſſiſtances, which their opulence has enabled them to provide. Theſe aſſiſtances, indeed, are ſometimes afforded, chiefly that the young heir to a title or eſtate may indulge himſelf in idleneſs and nominal pleaſures. The leſſon is confined to him, and the exerciſe written for him by the private tutor, while the hapleſs youth is engaged in ſome ruinous pleaſure, which, at the ſame time, prevents him from learning any thing deſirable, and leads to the formation of deſtructive habits, which can ſeldom be removed.

But the principal obſtacle to improvement at your ſchool, eſpecially if you are too plentifully ſupplied with money, is a perverſe ambition of being diſtinguiſhed as a boy of ſpirit in miſchievous pranks, in neglecting the talks and leſſons, and for every vice and irregularity which the puerile age can admit. You will have ſenſe enough, I hope, to diſcover, beneath the maſk of

gaiety and good-nature, that malignant ſpirit of detraction, which endeavours to render the boy who applies to books, and to all the duties and proper buſineſs of the ſchool, ridiculous. You will ſee, by the light of your reaſon, that the ridicule is miſapplied. You will diſcover, that the boys who have recourſe to ridicule, are, for the moſt part, ſtupid, unfeeling, ignorant, and vicious. Their noiſy folly, their bold confidence, their contempt of learning, and their defiance of authority are, for the moſt part, the genuine effects of hardened inſenſibility. Let not their inſults and ill-treatment diſpirit you. If you yield to them with a tame and abject ſubmiſſion, they will not fail to triumph over you with additional inſolence. Diſplay a fortitude in your purſuits, equal in degree to the obſtinacy in which they perſiſt in theirs. Your fortitude will ſoon overcome theirs; which is, indeed, ſeldom any thing more than the audacity of a bully. Indeed, you cannot go through a ſchool with eaſe to yourſelf, and with ſucceſs, without a conſiderable ſhare of courage. I do not mean that ſort of courage which leads to battles and contentions, but which enables you to have a will of your own, and to purſue what is right, amidſt all the perſecutions of ſurrounding enviers, dunces, and detractors. Ridicule is the weapon made uſe of at ſchool, as well as in the world, when the fortreſſes of virtue are to be aſſailed. You will effectually repel the attack by a dauntleſs ſpirit and unyielding perſeverance. Though numbers are againſt you, yet, with truth and rectitude on your ſide, you may be *ipſe agmen*, though alone, yet equal to an army.

By laying in a ſtore of uſeful knowledge, adorning your mind with elegant literature, improving and eſtabliſhing your conduct by virtuous principles, you cannot fail of being a comfort to thoſe friends who have ſupported you, of being happy within yourſelf, and of being well received by mankind. Honour and ſucceſs in life will probably attend you. Under all circumſtances you will have an internal ſource of conſolation and entertainment, of which no ſublunary viciſſitude can deprive you. Time ſhews how much wiſer is your choice than that of your idle companions, who would gladly

gladly have drawn you into their association, or rather into their conspiracy, as it has been called, against good manners, and against all that is honourable and useful. While you appear in society as a respectable and valuable member of it, they have sacrificed, at the shrine of vanity, pride, extravagance, and false pleasure, their health and their sense, their fortunes and their characters.

No. XC. THE WANT OF PIETY ARISES FROM THE WANT OF SENSIBILITY.

IT appears to me, that the mind of man, when it is free from natural defects and acquired corruption, feels no less a tendency to the indulgence of devotion, than to virtuous love, or to any other of the more refined and elevated affections. But debauchery and excess contribute greatly to destroy all the susceptible delicacy with which nature usually furnishes the heart; and, in the general extinction of our better qualities, it is no wonder that so pure a sentiment as that of piety, should be one of the first to expire.

It is certain that the understanding may be improved in a knowledge of the world, and in the arts of succeeding in it, while the heart, or whatever constitutes the seat of the moral and sentimental feelings, is gradually receding from its proper and original perfection. Indeed, experience seems to evince, that it is hardly possible to arrive at the character of a complete man of the world, without losing many of the most valuable sentiments of uncorrupted nature. A complete man of the world is an artificial being; he has disearded many of the native and laudable tendencies of his mind, and adopted a new system of objects and propensities of his own creation. These are commonly gross, coarse, sordid, selfish, and sensual. All, or either of these attributes, tend directly to blunt the sense of every thing liberal, enlarged, disinterested; of every thing which partici-

pates more of an intellectual than of a ſenſual nature. When the heart is tied down to the earth by luſt and avarice, it is not extraordinary that the eye ſhould be ſeldom lifted up to heaven. To the man who ſpends his Sunday (becauſe he thinks the day fit for little elſe: in the counting-houſe, in travelling, in the tavern or in the brothel, thoſe who go to church appear as fools, and the buſineſs they go upon as nonſenſe. He is callous to the feelings of devotion; but he is tremblingly alive to all that gratifies his ſenſes or promotes his intereſt.

It has been remarked of thoſe writers who have attacked chriſtianity, and repreſented all religions merely as diverſified modes of ſuperſtition, that they were indeed, for the moſt part, men of a metaphyſical and a diſputatious turn of mind, but uſually little diſtinguiſhed for benignity and generoſity. There was, amidſt all the pretenſions to logical ſagacity, a cloudineſs of ideas, and a coldneſs of heart, which rendered them very unfit judges on a queſtion in which the heart is chiefly intereſted; in which the language of nature is more expreſſive and convincing, than all the dreary ſubtleties of the dismal metaphyſicians. Even the reaſoning faculty, on which we ſo greatly value ourſelves, may be perverted by exceſſive refinement; and there is an abſtruſe, but vain and foolish philoſophy, which philoſophizes us out of the nobleſt parts of our noble nature. One of thoſe parts of us is our inſtinctive ſenſe of religion, of which not one of thoſe brutes which the philoſophers moſt admire, and to whoſe rank they wiſh to reduce us, is found, in the ſlighteſt degree to participate.

Such philoſophers may be called, in a double ſenſe, the enemies of mankind. They not only endeavour to entice man from his duty, but to rob him of a moſt exalted and natural pleaſure. Such, ſurely, is the pleaſure of devotion. For when the ſoul riſes above this little orb, and pours its adoration at the throne of celeſtial Majeſty, the holy fervour which it feels is itſelf a rapturous delight. Neither is this a declamatory repreſentation, but a truth felt and acknowledged by all the ſons of men; except thoſe who have been defective in ſenſibility, or who hoped to gratify the pride or the malignity

malignity of their hearts, by ſingular and pernicious ſpeculation.

Indeed, all diſputations, controverſial and metaphyſical writings, on the ſubject of religion, are unfavourable to genuine piety. We do not find, that the moſt renowned polemics in the church militant, were at all more attentive than others to the common offices of religion, or that they were actuated by any peculiar degree of devotion. The truth is, their religion centred in their heads; whereas its natural region is the heart. The heart! confined, alas! in colleges or libraries, unacquainted with all the tender charities of huſband, father, brother, friend; ſome of them have almoſt forgotten that they poſſeſs a heart. It has long ceaſed to beat with the pulſations of love and ſympathy, and has been engroſſed by pride on conquering an adverſary in the ſyllogiſtic combat, or by impotent anger on a defeat. With ſuch habits, and ſo defective a ſyſtem of feelings, can we expect that a Doctor of the Sorbonne, or the diſputing profeſſor of divinity, ſhould ever feel the pure flame of piety that glowed in the boſoms of Mrs. Rowe, Mrs. Talbot, or Mr. Nelſon?

An inexperienced and unobſervant man might expect to find extraordinary devotion and piety in the chapels and colleges of our Engliſh univerſities. Many of our academics are ſummoned to prayers, not leſs often than four times every day throughout the year. But do they attend voluntarily, or in obedience to a ſtatute? Is there any particular piety or decency in the performance of public worſhip? Quite the reverſe; for in no place of worſhip are the prayers read in a more careleſs or perfunctory manner; in none are more indecencies practiſed and connived at, than in the chapels of our Engliſh univerſities. The reaſon is, that thoſe who attend in them conſiſt, for the moſt part, either of jolly fellows, who drown all thoughts in wine and its concomitants; or of dry logicians and metaphyſicians who, in the towering heights of their wiſdom, are ſuperior to the weakneſſes of a devotee. I have ſeen in many a country church, where the congregation conſiſted only of honeſt huſbandmen and their families, more decency and more devotion, than in any chapel in

the venerable ſeats of learning and of religion. A very amiable and ingenuous writer has ventured to ſuggeſt, that even the clergy at large, from the habit of talking and diſputing with familiarity on ſubjects of religion, are leſs apt to indulge the ardour of devotion, than the common tribe of mankind, engaged in the varied and buſy ſcene of many-coloured life.

It is however certain, that a devotional taſte and habit are very deſirable in themſelves, excluſive of their effects in meliorating the morals and diſpoſition, and promoting preſent and future felicity. They add dignity, pleaſure, and ſecurity, to any age: but to old age they are the moſt becoming grace, the moſt ſubſtantial ſupport, and the ſweeteſt comfort. In order to preſerve them, it will be neceſſary to preſerve our ſenſibility; and nothing will contribute ſo much to this purpoſe as a life of temperance, innocence, and ſimplicity.

No. XCI. ON THE PLEASURES OF A GARDEN.

NOT he alone is to be eſteemed a benefactor to mankind who makes an uſeful diſcovery; but he alſo, who can point out and recommend an innocent pleaſure. Of this kind are the pleaſures ariſing from the obſervation of nature; and they are highly agreeable to every taſte uncorrupted by vicious indulgence.

There will always be many in a rich and civilized country, who, as they are born to the enjoyment of competent eſtates, engage not in buſineſs either civil or profeſſional. But the reſtleſs mind muſt either find or make an object. Pleaſure, therefore, becomes, to the unemployed, a ſerious purſuit. Whatever is its eſſence, and whatever the declaimer may urge againſt it, pleaſure will be ſought by all who poſſeſs the liberty of election. It becomes then incumbent on the moraliſt, not only to urge the performance of duty, but to exhibit objects that pleaſe without enervating the mind, and gratify deſire without corrupting the principles.

Rural

Rural ſcenes, of almoſt every kind, are delightful to the mind of man. The verdant plain, the flowery mead, the meandering ſtream, the playful lamb, the warbling of birds, are all capable of exciting emotions gently agreeable. But the misfortune is, that the greater part are hurried on in the career of life with too great rapidity, to be able to give attention to that which ſolicits no paſſion. The darkeſt habitation in the dirtieſt ſtreet of the metropolis, where money can be earned, has greater charms, with many, than the groves of Hagley.

Yet the patron of refined pleaſure, the elegant Epicurus, fixed the ſeat of his enjoyment in a garden. He was of opinion that a tranquil ſpot, furniſhed with the united ſweets of art and nature, was the beſt adapted to delicate repoſe. And even the ſeverer philoſophers of antiquity were wont to diſcourſe in the ſhade of a ſpreading tree, in ſome cultivated plantation.

It is obvious, on intuition, that nature often intended ſolely to pleaſe the eye in her vegetable productions. She decorates the floweret that ſprings beneath our feet, in all the perfection of external beauty. She has clothed the garden with a conſtant ſucceſſion of various hues. Even the leaves of the tree undergo a pleaſing viciſſitude. The freſh verdure which they exhibit in the ſpring, the various ſhades which they aſſume in ſummer, the yellow and ruſſet tinge of autumn, and the nakedneſs of winter, afford a conſtant pleaſure to a lively imagination. From the ſnow-drop to the moſs-roſe, the flower-garden diſplays an infinite variety of ſhape and colour. The taſte of the floriſt has been ridiculed as trifling; yet ſurely without reaſon. Did nature bring forth the tulip and the lily, the roſe and the honeyſuckle, to be neglected by the haughty pretender to ſuperior reaſon? To omit a ſingle ſocial duty for the cultivation of a polyanthus, were ridiculous as well as criminal; but to paſs by the beauties laviſhed before us, without obſerving them, is no leſs ingratitude than ſtupidity. A bad heart finds little amuſement but in a communication with the active world, where ſcope is given for the indulgence of malignant paſſions; but an amiable

amiable diſpoſition is commonly known by a taſte for the beauties of the animal and the vegetable creation.

The northern countries of Europe are by no means well adapted to the true enjoyment of rural ſcenery. Our vernal ſeaſons, which the poets celebrate in all the luxuriance of deſcription, are commonly rendered cold and uncomfortable, by the long continuance of an eaſterly wind. Our poets borrowed their ideas of a ſpring from the poets of Italy, who collected theirs from nature. A genial day in April, is among us the ſubject of general congratulation. And, while the lilac bloſſoms, and the laburnum drops its golden cluſters, the ſhivering poſſeſſor of them is conſtrained to ſeek warmth at the ſide of his chimney. Yet, from the temperature of our climate we derive a beauty unknown in the gardens of a warmer country. Few objects are more pleaſing than the ſmooth lawn; but the ſoft verdure which conſtitutes its beauty, is not to be found in more ſouthern climates. It is certainly true, that the rarity of our truly vernal weather, like that of other delights, increaſes the pleaſure of it; and it is probable, for this reaſon, that an Engliſhman, notwithſtanding his complaints againſt his atmoſphere, enjoys the pleaſures of a garden in their full perfection. A fine day, ſays Sir William Temple, is a kind of ſenſual pleaſure; but ſurely it would ceaſe to be ſuch, if every day were fine.

A practical attention to a garden, is by ſome eſteemed a degrading employment. It is true, indeed, that paſtoral and agricultural manners, if we may form a judgment from the dignified deſcriptions of Virgil, are greatly degenerated. The employments of ſhepherds and huſbandmen are now become mean and ſordid. The work of the garden is uſually left to a peaſant. Nor is it unreaſonable to aſſign the labour, which wearies without amuſement, to thoſe who are ſufficiently amuſed by the proſpect of their wages. But the operations of grafting, of inoculating, of pruning, of tranſplanting, are curious experiments in natural philoſophy; and, that they are pleaſing as well as curious, thoſe can teſtify, who remember what they felt on ſeeing their attempts in the amuſement of practical gardening attended with ſucceſs.

Among

Among the employments suitable to old age, Cicero has enumerated the superintendence of a garden. It requires no great exertion of mind or body, and its gratifications are of that kind which please without violent agitation. Its beneficial influence on health, is an additional reason for an attention to it at an age when infirmities abound.

In almost every description of the feats of the blessed, ideas of a garden seem to have predominated. The word Paradise itself is synonymous with garden. The fields of Elysium, that sweet region of poetry, are adorned with all that imagination can conceive to be delightful. Some of the most pleasing passages of Milton, are those in which he represents the happy Pair engaged in cultivating their blissful abode. Poets have always been delighted with the beauties of a garden. Lucan is represented by Juvenal as reposing in his garden. Virgil's Georgics prove him to have been captivated with rural scenes, though, to the surprise of his readers, he has not assigned a book to the subject of a garden. Our Shakspeare made it his study; but, with all his taste and fondness for it, he was not happy in it. The captivating scenes which he created at the Leasowes, afforded him, it is said, little pleasure in the absence of spectators. The truth is, he made the embellishment of his grounds, which should have been the amusement of his life, the business of it, and involved himself in such troubles, by the expences it occasioned, as materially excluded tranquil enjoyment.

It is the lot of few, in comparison, to possess territories like his, extensive and sufficiently well adapted to constitute an ornamented farm. Still fewer are capable of supporting the expence of preserving it in good condition. But let not the rich suppose they have appropriated the pleasures of a garden. The possessor of an acre, or a smaller portion, may receive a real pleasure, from observing the progress of vegetation, even in a plantation of culinary plants. A very limited tract properly attended to, will furnish ample employment for an individual. Nor let it be thought a mean care, for the same hand that tatted the cedar, formed the hyssop on the wall. Even the orchard, cultivated solely for advantage, exhibits beauties unequalled in the shrubbery,

nor can the green-houſe produce an appearance to exceed the bloſſom of the apple and the almond.

Amuſement reigns, ſays Dr Young, man's great demand. Happy were it, if the amuſement of managing a garden were more generally reliſhed. It would ſurely be more conducive to health, and the preſervation of our faculties to extreme old age, were that time, which is now devoted to the dice and to the card-table, ſpent in the open air, and in active employment.

No. XCII. ON THE GRAVE AND GAY SPECIES OF PHILOSOPHY.

THE world has ever been viewed, by men of different diſpoſitions, in a light totally different. The thoughtful and melancholy have repreſented it as a vale of miſery; the gay and the volatile, as a theatre abounding with delightful entertainments, if the ſpectators are but in good humour. The whole difference, indeed, it has been ſaid, ariſes from the various ſtate of the minds of men, and not from any inconſiſtent diverſity in the conſtitution of things. It would therefore ſeem probable, that the greater part would embrace the more agreeable ſide, from motives of ſelf-intereſt and gratification. But the truth is, there are almoſt as many followers of Heraclitus as of Democritus.

That there is an eſſential difference in the original form of minds, there is no doubt; and to this cauſe is to be attributed, that ſome are gloomy, others cheerful. But habit is often no leſs concerned than nature. For it is remarkable that, among moral writers, thoſe who have enjoyed wealth and the company of the great; and who conſequently partook of various pleaſures, have commonly choſen the comfortable kind of philoſophy; while they who were oppreſſed by want, and excluded from enjoyment, have no leſs naturally repreſented life, ſuch as they found it, as a ſtate of miſery, interrupted only by ſhort-lived and unſubſtantial gratifications.

The

The Engliſh nation is characteriſtically grave; and of courſe the graver kind of philoſophy has been much cultivated in England. There are few books that pleaſe more generally than the Night Thoughts of Young. Hervey's Meditations are more frequently read than many works of humour, and Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progreſs has given as much pleaſure among the Engliſh vulgar as the Quixote of Cervantes.

But our increaſe of wealth, and our imitation of French and Aſiatic manners, have greatly altered our natural diſpoſition. We begin to reliſh none but the graver kind of philoſophy. Horace would at preſent be more read than Juvenal, and Lucian than Seneca.

Every admirer of dignified diction and of ſolid ſenſe muſt be delighted with the Rambler; and yet it has been ſaid, that the World, and other leſs ſolid performances, are now more univerſally read and approved, at leaſt in the politer circles. It muſt indeed be confeſſed, that beſides ſome affectations which juſtly give offence, thoſe excellent papers induce a melancholy by no means compatible with an active or a pleaſurable life. They inſpire virtuous ſentiments, but they deprefs thoſe ſpirits which are neceſſary to put them in practice. I venerate the old age of their juſtly celebrated author; I admire his great exertions; and when I aſſert, that the gloomy grandeur of ſome among his moral writings communicates a ſympathetic melancholy to the reader's mind, I by no means detract from his literary honours.

The philoſophy of Epicurus is in ſome degree adopted by the greater part, moſt of whom embrace his tenets without having heard of his name. The truth is, human nature is naturally inclined to purſue pleaſure, and to avoid all that has the appearance of wretchedneſs and woe. Even they who devote themſelves to melancholy find a gloomy pleaſure in it; a pleaſure ſcarcely recognized by the gay and luxurious, but yet real and ſatisfactory.

The ſevere philoſophy, though leſs agreeable to the gayer ranks, is the more favourable to virtue. Seneca and Antoninus are ſevere moraliſts. They exhibit life in its leſs pleaſing aſpects, and exact duties not to be performed without painful efforts. But they call forth the

latent

latent powers of the mind, and by requiring an exertion beyond the natural ſtrength, really compel it to effect all that it is able. Indolence prevents men in general from effecting all that they are able. The pleaſurable ſyſtem diſſuades them from the attempt. And if there were not ſome auſtere inſtructors, and ſome faithful followers of them, there would not be active virtue enough in a community to preſerve its political exiſtence.

In the earlier periods of ſociety the grave philoſophy is moſt cultivated. For then virtuous exertions are moſt neceſſary, and luxurious indulgences precluded. Succeſs, and increaſe in wealth and glory, are the uſual conſequence. Luxury ſucceeds in a courſe as certain in all its ſtages as any phyſical progreſs. A taſte for a light, cheerful, fanciful philoſophy, ſoon explodes the ſullen precepts of rigid moraliſts. Manners are relaxed, and naturally bring on a declenſion of empire. At leaſt all regard for liberty is loſt; and the mind, enervated with pleaſure, gladly ſinks in the repoſe of deſpotiſm.

It is evident that in our own country, the ſeverer philoſophy loſes ground. This, among many others, is a ſymptom of corruption, and the harbinger of decay. An imitation of French manners has greatly accelerated this revolution in our ſentiments. And, after all, it is a forced and unnatural change; for an Engliſhman, whether from the influence of climate, or ſome cauſe inherent in his conſtitution, is by nature grave, and diſpoſed to admit manly thoughts, and to practiſe manly actions.

The influence of books on the national manners in a community, of which almoſt every member devotes ſome part of his time to reading, muſt be important. And among other methods which might be uſed to excite the ſpirit of patriotiſm and political virtue, it might be proper to reſtore a taſte for ſolid and ſevere morality, and to explode thoſe light, ſuperficial, ſentimental, and affected productions, which, while they pleaſe the ſickly mind, encreaſe its imbecility.

No. XCIII. ON MONUMENTAL INSCRIPTIONS.

IT was the ruly wish of Pope, that, when he died, not a stone might tell where he lay. It is a wish that will commonly be granted with reluctance. The affection of those whom we leave behind us, is at a loss for methods to display its wounted solicitude, and seeks consolation under sorrow in doing honour to all that remains. It is natural that filial piety, parental tenderness, and conjugal love, should mark, with some fond memorial, the clay cold spot where the form, still fostered in the bosom, moulders away. And did affection go no farther, who could censure? But, in recording the virtues of the departed, rather zeal or vanity often leads to an excess perfectly ludicrous.

A marble monument, with an inscription palpably false and ridiculously pompous, is far more offensive to true taste, than the wooden memorial of the rustic, sculptured with painted bones, and decked out with death's head in all the colours of the rainbow. There is an elegance and a classical simplicity in the turfclad heap of mould which covers the poor man's grave, though it has nothing to defend it from the insults of the proud but a humble. The primrose that grows upon it is a better ornament, than the gilded lies on the oppressor's tombstone.

The prostitution of praise is injurious to virtue. That imaginary life after death, which consists in a remembrance of our worth cherished in the breasts of others, though it is despised by the fewest creatures, has commonly been an additional motive for exertion to the noblest spirits that have dignified human nature. But when we see the flattest panegyric engraven on the marble that includes the remains of the worthless, we despise the eulogium that mankind are mean enough to bestow on every one that will pay the mason. Thus one powerful

powerful motive is loſt, which might operate on the generous in ſtimulating them to a worthy conduct.

On the tombſtones of the truly great, it is certainly right that an inſcription ſhould be written conſiſtent with their dignity. In order to be ſo, it muſt not be prolix. When their names and age make all the ſepulchral hiſtory of diſtinguiſhed perſonages, it ſeems to be implied that the reſt is ſufficiently known; but when the marble ambitiouſly enlarges on their excellence, it argues that the world wants the information. It is better that the paſſenger, when he ſees an eminent name, ſhould recollect, while he ſtrikes his penſive boſom, the virtues of its owner, than that his remarks ſhould be anticipated by an obtruding narrative.

The ſtyle of epitaphs uſually adopted has been too diffuſe. The noble ancients, thoſe patterns of unaffected magnificence, conſulted real dignity in the brevity of their epitaphs. As an hiſtorical monument, at an age when printing was unknown, they ſometimes engraved the exploits of a warrior on the marble; but in general they recorded little more than the name of the departed. The Grecian muſe ſometimes poured the ſweet melody of verſe at the ſhrine of a poet or hero; but ſhe never condeſcended to mean flattery, nor diſplayed the bloated oſtentation of a modern panegyric.

There are many excellent epitaphs in the Engliſh language, both in verſe and proſe. In the diffuſe kind, that on the infamous Chartres is a fine model. Weſtminſter Abbey exhibits many inſcriptions written with manly, forcible, and energetic elegance. The great fault has been, a redundance of epithets in the ſuperlative degree.

We have alſo many fine poetical epitaphs. Thoſe of Dryden and Pope are the moſt deſervedly celebrated; though thoſe of Pope have been ſeverely criticiſed. In general, the metrical are inferior to the proſaic. Some of the beſt are crowded with antitheſes, a fault which renders them inferior to the Grecian; and ſome of the worſt, many of which are found in the moſt public cemeteries, ſtand forth a diſgrace to national taſte.

The

The love of rhyme deſcends to the loweſt ranks. The pariſh clerk is commonly called upon for a ſtave or two of verſes, by every ruſtic that can raiſe a poll and rail to the memory of his relation; and there are few church-yards in the kingdom, where that favourite ſtanza "Af-"flictions ſore long time I bore," occurs not more than once.

But our epitaphs are moſt commonly written in Latin; probably becauſe it is intelligible to foreigners, and is capable of more elegance and elevation. Our country has produced many writers remarkable for beautiful latinity: accordingly we find inſcriptions in every part of the kingdom abounding with claſſical expreſſions. The misfortune has been, that many of them have encroached on the province of biography; and real dignity has been loſt in the affectation of it, in a tedious and circumſtantial detail of deſcents, pedigrees, and relationſhip. The reader is tired, before he has obtained a clear idea of the character and family deſcribed. His eyes have failed, even if his attention perſevered. The epitaph on the pious Nelſon, for inſtance, conſiſts of above eighty lines.

The punning and epigrammatic epitaph was much in faſhion a century or two ago. That on fair Roſamond at Godſtow might ſurely have been replete with the tendereſt ſentiment, but it is merely a wretched diſtich of puns and monkiſh rhymes. This ſpecies is at preſent quite exploded, and little need be ſaid to prove its great impropriety. Falſe wit is always miſplaced; but the true ſeems to be excluded from the epitaph. Who can bear merriment or buffoonery on a tomb-ſtone? The tender and elegiac, or the manly and ſevere ſtyle, ſeems to be beſt adapted to the monumental inſcription. But neither the pathetic nor ſublime is compatible with the ludicrous.

The authors of our epitaphs are ſeldom known. One of the beſt that I can recollect, was the claſſical Bourne. The few he has left us are maſter pieces. That in Weſtminſter Abbey, on Dickenſon the architect, is truly ſublime.

In our iſland there has certainly been no dearth of genius for monumental inſcriptions; though there is one

circumſtance

circumſtance which might induce a foreigner to think the contrary. The famous Dutcheſs of Marlborough is ſaid to have offered, without ſucceſs, five hundred pounds for an epitaph adequate to the dignity of her Duke. Her grace, whoſe taſte was not very juſt, would probably have expected a hiſtory long enough to cover with inſcription the unwieldy pile of ſtones called Blenheim-houſe. I cannot help thinking, that a tedious epitaph, minutely relating his atchievements, would rather leſſen than exalt him in the eyes of mankind. Would not Alexander the Great have appeared rather beneath the dignity of that name, if it had been written on his tomb, that the ſon of Philip was reputed to have been, in his day, the wiſeſt general, the boldeſt hero, the moſt accompliſhed man, with a hundred other attributes? Would he have excited much admiration, if he had been handed down to us, merely in an epitaph abounding with thoſe inflated ſuperlatives, which gothic ideas of grandeur have now introduced? It might have ſerved as a complimentary epitaph on an Alderman, who died of repletion; and would perhaps have borne ſome analogy to him in the circumſtance of unnatural tumour.

No. XCIV. CURSORY THOUGHTS ON BIOGRAPHY.

AMONG the many arguments advanced to recommend the ſtudy of hiſtory, it has been ſaid, that it teaches wiſdom without the danger of experience, and, by pointing out the paths of thoſe who have gone before us, facilitates the journey of life. Hiſtory has been called philoſophy teaching by examples. But, after all, it muſt be allowed, that civil hiſtory at large is leſs capable of regulating moral than political conduct. The deſcriptions of battles, the accounts of debates, the characters of kings and heroes, contain very little that can direct the actions of the private and the more numerous ranks in the community.

But

But an exact and authentic account of individuals, who have greatly excelled in any of the departments of active or contemplative life, ſeems to be a mode of inſtruction beſt ſuited to an animal, like man, prone to imitation. When a ſingle character is diſtinctly delineated, we can purſue the outline, with an eaſe equal to that with which the painter copies from the original picture placed before his eyes. We have the expreſs authority of the pattern we have choſen to direct us in every emergency, and can tread, with implicit confidence, in the footſteps of the moſt diſtinguiſhed men, without the ſuſpence of deliberate ſelection. It is a remark of Ariſtotle, that the ſtory of an individual, as it is a ſingle object, is comprehended more fully, and therefore attended to with greater pleaſure, than a hiſtory in which many perſonages are introduced.

For theſe reaſons, biography appears to be more inſtructive than civil hiſtory, though it has commonly been written with a leſs degree of attention. Herodotus is all ſweetneſs. Thucydides exhibits the ſolid and auſtere beauties. Xenophon, the Attic bee, preſents us with a ſtyle flowing with honey. Livy diſplays a moſt maſterly compoſition, and paints in glowing colours all that he relates. Salluſt rivals his Grecian maſter; Guicciardin and Vertot have exhibited in their writings ſome of the genuine graces of the hiſtoric muſe. But among biographers, ſcarcely any can juſtly claim a rank with the firſt writers of the golden age.

As a diligent collector of facts, as a warm friend to virtue, as an entertaining narrator, I venerate the name of Plutarch. His writings bear evident marks of extenſive reading, and communicate much and multifarious knowledge. Theodore Gaza has ſaid, that if all books were loſt, and he might recover one, it ſhould be Plutarch. He is indeed an invaluable treaſure of ancient learning; for he ſelected paſſages from books now totally loſt, and inſerted them very liberally in his works. Add to this, that he is an admirable moraliſt. But his judgment ſeems not to have been always ſtrong enough to manage the unwieldy maſs of learning he had aſſembled. He indulged the weakeſt ſuperſtition. He is ever relating ſtories, which Horace calls ANILES, or the tales of old women. Merely for an oſtentatious diſplay of erudition,

he digresses beyond all reasonable limits. His idea of drawing parallels was excellent; and he has sometimes drawn them admirably, though, as the critics say, not without a partiality to his own countrymen. They have convicted him of this unphilosophical attachment in the comparison between Tully and Demosthenes, Cato and Aristides, Sylla and Lysander, Marcellus and Pelopidas.

They who are willing to allow him every other merit, give up his style as harsh and inelegant. Though certainly an useful, he cannot be esteemed a fine writer; and whatever merit he possesses, his instance does not refute the assertion, that biographical has never yet equalled civil history.

The long and diffuse accounts of Plutarch have been compared to colossal statues; the concise histories of Cornelius Nepos, to medallions. Cornelius Nepos has a claim from the age he flourished in, from his language, and from his fidelity, to the rank of a classic; but by no means to the first rank. It is suspected by many, that as Trogus was epitomized by Justin, so Nepos was abbreviated by a writer, who flourished under Theodosius in the decline of polite literature. The life of Atticus, if we may pronounce from internal evidence, continues unaltered, and reflects great honour on its writer, as a fine picture of a beautiful original.

Diogenes Laertius chose a subject well adapted to display ingenuity. The lives of the wisest men whom the world ever produced, if well written, would have been a most valuable acquisition to ancient learning. But, with a fine subject, he is deemed by the critics a poor writer.

It is to be wished, that Tacitus had more frequently exercised his talents in biography. His life of Agricola [illegible] the first biographical work that was [illegible] It is written in that beautiful energetic [illegible] this spirited historian; and it is [illegible] his other works, because it exhibits [illegible] portrait. Mallet's Life of Bacon is a [illegible]

[illegible] drew his pictures from the life, and they are [illegible] me to behold. They are, however, useful to the philosopher, as they enable him to form a more

more complete idea of human nature in all the gradations of degeneracy and perfection. They are alſo tolerably well written. Conciſe, nervous, ſimple, they pleaſe by their perſpicuity, and their freedom from ambitious ornament. To the honour of their author it muſt be ſaid, that he appears to have advanced nothing through flattery or reſentment, nor to have ſuppreſſed any thing through fear, but to have paid an undaunted regard to veracity. Eraſmus obſerves, that he wrote as freely as the emperors whom he deſcribed had lived.

It is matter of ſurpriſe and regret, that we have not more biographers. Thouſands and tens of thouſands, eminent in every accompliſhment, whoſe examples might have inſtructed the world, are become as though they had never been. In our own country, it is true that there are many biographical compilations, but they are for the moſt part incomplete. Wood's Athenæ, though a book that does honour to the moſt celebrated univerſity, has no merit as an elegant compoſition. But I muſt not omit the tribute of praiſe to the writer of the life of Cicero; who has given us a moſt accurate account of one of the greateſt men that ever lived, in a ſtyle truly claſſical and manly. The public is alſo indebted to the author of the Rambler for many maſterly pieces of biography. His portraits would be more univerſally and permanently pleaſing, if he had not too often indulged his ſpleen, and converted a harſhneſs of feature into abſolute caricature. I never could admire either the writings or the life of the chief object of his panegyric, the unfortunate Savage.

Worth is often unknown, or known imperfectly, till after death; till that period, when it is too late to learn particular circumſtances with accuracy. Hence it has happened that many of our ſecond rate authors and actors in every department of life, though richly deſerving a place in the annals of fame, are recorded only in thoſe volumes, where to be born and die, as Pope ſays, makes all the hiſtory.

To preſerve their own actions from oblivion and miſrepreſentation, ſome writers have been their own biographers. The taſk requires great delicacy. The very

attempt indeed implies a conſiderable degree of f
value; but it has been juſtified by the examples
Thuanus and Hume.

There has appeared in our times and country a k
graphical work on an extenſive plan. The firſt edit
of the Biographia Britannica was well deſigned, yet
equally, and, upon the whole, indifferently execut
Many diſtinguiſhed lives are totally omitted; many, wh
are inſignificant, tediouſly deſcribed. Though ther
ſometimes much labour and ſagacity exerted, yet th
are few maſterly remarks. Moſt of the articles w
furniſhed by writers of no great repute; and there
every reaſon for the new edition now undertaken. I
might preſume to ſuggeſt an improvement, I wo
adviſe, that elegantly engraved heads ſhould be p
fixed to every life, whenever they can be procured;
that the materials ſhould not be collected from boo
only, but from the traditionary reports, and the ma
ſcript letters remaining in the families of deſcendan
The names of the living perſons who communicate
hints ſhould be added, both to ſecure and to confi
their authenticity.

In the ſecond edition, which is now preparing, thou
the embelliſhment of plates is not adopted, yet ma
other moſt important improvements are made; par
cularly, that of collecting materials from tradition
as well as printed documents. I am informed, that
learned and accurate editor is in poſſeſſion of a gr
number of anecdotes of this kind; and there is eve
reaſon to believe, that, under his conduct, the wo
will reflect new honour on the Britiſh nation.

No. XCV. ON HOSPITALITY, AND THE CIVILITIES OF COMMON LIFE.

IN the days of Horace, our countrymen were reputed to be ſavage in their behaviour to ſtrangers. Though in the preſent age the charge would be unjuſt, yet it muſt be owned, that there is a reſerve in the manner of an unadulterated Engliſhman, which ſeems to confirm the opinion, that he inherits a portion of that unſocial ſpirit which diſgraced his anceſtors. But whatever may be his natural propenſity, it is certain, that, in the liberal intercourſe and comprehenſive education which prevail in the preſent times, there is ſcarcely any country in the world where a more cordial hoſpitality is diſplayed, than in ſome parts of England.

The days of Elizabeth have been extolled as the days of genuine hoſpitality. The doors were thrown open, and, at the ſound of the dinner-bell, all the neighbouring country crowded to the ſmoking table. Theſe were happy times indeed, ſays the railer againſt modern refinement. Yet it has been juſtly doubted, whether this indiſcriminate hoſpitality was laudable. There was ſomething generous and magnificent in the idea, and it gave the nobles of the land the influence of kings over their neighbourhood. Yet if its motive and its moral effects are conſidered, it will appear to be juſtly exploded. It proceeded from the love of power and from oſtentation, and it produced gluttony, drunkenneſs, and all their conſequent vices.

Conſidered in a charitable light, as affording food to the hungry, it will be found a leſs uſeful mode than the modern inſtitutions for the accompliſhment of that purpoſe. It did not ſelect its objects; it conſidered not the degrees of indigence or of deſert. The conſequence was, that it increaſed indigence, and leſſened deſert; for experience has proved, that unneceſſary alms, however amiable the motive of them, do a real injury where they mean a

benefit. They promote idleness, by teaching poverty to rely on other aid than the efforts of an honest industry.

The great number of houses now established for the reception of travellers in every part of the kingdom, and the expeditious modes of travelling, which render delay unnecessary, have contributed to restrain that general hospitality which opened the door to all who came. Such hospitality is no longer wanted; but there never was a time when judicious civility, of all kinds, was more liberally shewn to strangers than the present. And whatever the old Romans or the modern Gauls may assert of British ferocity of manners, no Italian or Frenchman of character ever came to our separated shore, *toto divisos orbe Britannos*, without having felt delight at his hearty reception, and regret on his departure.

It seems probable that hospitality keeps pace with civilization. As the minds of a people are enlarged by improvements in knowledge, and communication with their neighbours, the selfish and morose affections gradually lose ground. In several parts of Europe, where social improvements have not yet reached, the traveller is either considered as lawful prey, or totally disregarded. On the other hand, we find the natives of the Society Isles, separated as they are from all the rest of the world, and by no means far removed from the savage state, remarkably hospitable. Though fear might in some degree cause their civility to Europeans, yet it was not the sole motive of it; for we find their good offices, after all apprehensions were removed, evidently proceeding from the tenderest and most generous affection. On the first appearance of the English on their coasts, they naturally considered them as enemies, and boldly opposed their invasion. Many of them exhibited acts of heroism, in defence of their country, scarcely exceeded in the annals of antiquity. But no sooner was the branch of peace held out, than they received their wonderful visitors with open arms; with a humanity that reflects disgrace on the maritime villages of Europe, where a shipwrecked fellow creature, and fellow countryman, has been destroyed for the sake of plundering his vessel. In other islands discovered by our circumnavigators, we find, that no kindness could mitigate the ferocity of the rude child

of

of nature. The hoſpitality of barbarians, like all virtues that proceed not from principle, but from humour and accidental cauſes, is of little value. A clearer light than the light of nature is neceſſary to give a ſteady operation to the feelings of humanity.

The idea which chriſtianity has ſuggeſted of the relation in which all men ſtand to each other, is wonderfully adapted to promote univerſal hoſpitality. When we conſider all men as brothers, we ſhall naturally receive the ſtranger within our gates with cordial kindneſs, as a relation whom we have never yet ſeen before, and to whom we wiſh to diſplay ſome ſignal of our love. It is indeed true, that many who are juſtly eſteemed worthy perſons, do not reduce this generous idea to practice; and the reaſon ſeems to be, that they ſuffer the attachments of domeſtic life, and the connections of conſanguinity, to engroſs the whole of their affections. Add to this, that the actual exerciſe of beneficence requires ſomething which is leſs in our power than benevolence.

However juſt the complaints of the miſery of life, yet great occaſions for the diſplay of beneficence and liberality do not often occur. But there is an hourly neceſſity for the little kind offices of mutual civility. At the ſame time that they give pleaſure to others, they add to our own happineſs and improvement. Habitual acts of kindneſs have a powerful effect in ſoftening the heart. An intercourſe with poliſhed and humane company, tends to improve the diſpoſition, becauſe it requires a conformity of manners. And it is certain, that a ſenſe of decorum, and of a proper external behaviour, will reſtrain thoſe whoſe natural temper would otherwiſe break out in acrimonious and petulant converſation. Even the affectation of philanthropy will in time contribute to realiſe it. The pleaſure reſulting from an act of kindneſs naturally excites a wiſh to repeat it; and indeed the general eſteem which the character of benevolence procures, is ſufficient to induce thoſe to wiſh for it, who act only from the mean motives of ſelf-intereſt.

As we are placed in a world where natural evil abounds, we ought to render it ſupportable to each other, as far as human endeavours can avail. All that can add a ſweet ingredient to the bitter cup muſt be infuſed. Amid the

multitude of thorns, every flower that will *grow* muſt be cultivated with care. But neither pomp nor power are of themſelves able to alleviate the load of life. The heart requires to be ſoothed by ſympathy. A thouſand little attentions from all around us are neceſſary to render our days agreeable. The appearance of neglect in any of thoſe with whom we are connected, chills our boſom with chagrin, or kindles the fire of reſentment. Nothing therefore ſeems ſo likely to enſure happineſs, as our mutual endeavours to promote it. Our ſingle endeavours, originating and terminating in ourſelves, are already unſucceſsful. Providence has taken care to ſecure that intercourſe which is neceſſary to the exiſtence of ſociety, by rendering it the greateſt ſweetener of human life.

By reciprocal attentions, we are enabled to become benefactors without expence. A ſmile, an affable addreſs, a look of approbation, are often capable of giving a greater pleaſure than pecuniary benefits can beſtow. The mere participation of the ſtudies and amuſements of others, at the ſame time that it gratifies ourſelves, is often an act of real humanity; becauſe others would not enjoy them without companions. A friendly viſit in a ſolitary hour, is often a greater act of kindneſs than a valuable preſent.

It is really matter of ſurpriſe, that thoſe who are diſtinguiſhed by rank and opulence, ſhould ever be unpopular in their neighbourhood. They muſt know the value of popularity, and ſurely nothing is more eaſily obtained by a ſuperior. Their notice confers honour; and the aſpiring heart of man is always delighted with diſtinction. A gracious look from them diffuſes happineſs on the *lower* ranks. But it uſually happens, that an overgrown rich man is not the favourite of a neighbouring country; and it is unfortunate, that pride or inadvertence often prevent men from acting the godlike part of making others happy, even when they might do it without inconvenience to themſelves.

No. XCVI. ON THE MERIT OF ILLUSTRIOUS BIRTH.

THERE is scarcely any truth of which the world has been more frequently reminded by the moralists, than the unreasonableness of that veneration which is paid to birth. They have been told, that virtue alone is true nobility; but though they have acknowledged the assertion to be founded in reason, they have continued, with uniform perseverance, in the same error. The luminous glory of an illustrious ancestor, seems to have diffused a brilliancy over a long line of descendants, too opaque of themselves to emit any original irradiations.

Gratitude, which first raises a benefactor to a distinguished rank in civil honours, is willing to continue its kindness to his immediate offspring. The distinction is rendered hereditary. This predilection for an ancestor soon leads to the accumulation of honours and possessions in his successors; and the incense originally offered, because it was deserved, is at last lavished at the shrine of opulence, independently of merit.

Subordination is, indeed, essential to society. The order of nobles, as hereditary guardians of the laws, is found an useful political establishment; and none seem so well adapted to supply it, as they who have been raised to eminence by their ancestors, and who possess a territorial patrimony in the land which they are to protect. All that is contended for is, that the recommendation of birth may not set aside or depreciate real merit, the praise of learning, and the intrinsic value of virtuous exertions.

It is a remarkable circumstance in the history of mankind, that some of the best books have been written, and some of the greatest atchievements performed, by those whose origin was truly plebeian. The politest and genteelest books, whether the sentiments or the

ſtyle be conſidered, have been produced by ſlaves, or the deſcendants of ſlaves. Horace, Phædrus, and Terence, wrote in a ſtyle which muſt have been the ſtandard of a court, to an intercourſe with which they were by no means entitled by their extraction. The founders of the moſt diſtinguiſhed families emerged from the middle and the lower claſſes, by the ſuperior vigour of their natural abilities, or by extraordinary efforts, aſſiſted by fortune. And unleſs the adventitious circumſtances of wealth and civil honours can effect a change in the conſtituent principles of the mind and body, there is certainly no real ſuperiority to be derived in a boaſted pedigree of Tudors and Plantagenets.

And yet there have appeared flatterers who have indirectly ſuggeſted, that the minds of the nobility ſeem to be caſt in a finer mould, and to have an elegance inherent in their original conſtitution. According to this hypotheſis, we muſt go on to ſuppoſe, that the mind of a commoner, exalted to the higher order of ſenators, catches this elegance by the contagion of inviſible effluvia. On his creation he undergoes a kind of new birth, and puts off the exuvie which encumbered and degraded him in the lower regions. Thus are all the occult perfections of noble blood to be infuſed by the mandate of a monarch. But no, ſaid Maximilian to a man who aſked to be ennobled by him, though I can give you riches and a title, I cannot make you noble.

In truth, there is many a nobleman, according to the genuine idea of nobility, even at the loom, at the plough, and in the ſhop; and many more in the middle ranks of mixed ſociety. This genuine idea contains in it generoſity, courage, ſpirit, and benevolence, the qualities of a warm and good heart, totally unconnected with the accidental advantages of riches and honour; and many an Engliſh tailor has poſſeſſed more of the real hero than a lord of the admiralty.

If indeed there is any ſubſtantial difference in the quality of their blood, the advantage is probably on the ſide of the inferior claſſes. Their indigence and their manual employments promote temperance and exerciſe, the beſt purifiers of the animal juices. But the indolence which

which wealth excites, and the pleaſures which faſhionable life admits without reſtraint, have a natural tendency to vitiate and enfeeble the body as well as the mind. And among the many privileges inherited by him who boaſts nobility in his veins, he commonly receives the ſeeds of the moſt painful and the impureſt diſeaſes. He diſplays, indeed, a coronet on his coat of arms, and he has a long pedigree to peruſe with ſecret ſatisfaction; but he has often a gout or a ſcrophula, which make him wiſh to exchange every drop derived from his Norman anceſtors, for the pure tide that warms a peaſant's boſom.

The ſpirit of freedom, moral, mental, and political, which prevails in England, precludes that unreaſonable attachment to birth, which, in the countries of deſpotiſm, tends to elevate the noble to a rank ſuperior to humanity. In our neighbour's land, the region of external elegance united with real meanneſs, the implicit veneration paid to birth, adds to the weight of legal oppreſſion. A Frenchman of the plebeian order attends to a Count or a Marquis with all the ſilent ſubmiſſion of idolatry; on the contrary, there is no doubt but that an Engliſh Gondolier would box with the beſt Lord in the land, if he were affronted by him, without the leaſt regard for his ſtar and ribbon. It would indeed be an additional pleaſure to the natural delight of conquest, to have bruiſed a puny Lord. Even the more refined and poliſhed do not idoliſe illuſtrious birth. In truth, wealth appears to be the object of more univerſal veneration. Noble blood and noble titles, without an eſtate to ſupport them, meet with great compaſſion indeed, but with little reſpect; nor is the man who has raiſed himſelf to eminence, and who behaves well in it, neglected and deſpiſed becauſe he derives no luſtre from his forefathers. In a commercial country, where gain is the general object, they who have been moſt ſucceſsful in its purſuit will be revered by many, whatever was their origin. In France, where honour is purſued from the monarch to the cleanſer of a jakes, the diſtinction of birth, even with extreme poverty, is enviable. The brother of a Marquis would rather leave on a beggarly

penſion, than pollute himſelf with a trade by which he might acquire the revenues of a German kingdom. In our land of good ſenſe, this folly is loſing ground; and the younger brothers of noble houſes, often think it no diſgrace to rival the heir in a princely fortune acquired by honourable merchandiſe.

As the world becomes more enlightened, the exorbitant value which has been placed on things not really valuable will decreaſe. Of all the effects of man's capricious admiration, there are few leſs rational than the preference of illuſtrious deſcent to perſonal merit, of diſeaſed and degenerate nobility to health, to courage, to learning, and to virtue. Of all the objects of purſuit which are not in our own power, the want of diſtinguiſhed birth may moſt eaſily be diſpenſed with, by thoſe who poſſeſs a ſolid judgment of that which makes and keeps us happy. There may be ſome reaſon to repine at the want of wealth and fame; but he who has derived from his parent health, vigour, and all the powers of perception, need not lament that he is unnoticed at the herald's office.

It has been obſerved, that virtue appears more amiable, when accompanied with beauty; it may be added, that it is more uſeful when recommended to the notice of mankind by the diſtinction of an honourable anceſtry. It is then greatly to be wiſhed, that the nobly born would endeavour to deſerve the reſpect which the world pays them with alacrity, by employing their influence to benevolent purpoſes; to thoſe purpoſes which can at all times be accompliſhed, even when the patriotic exertions of the field and cabinet are precluded.

No. XCVII. RELIGIOUS AND MORAL PRINCIPLES NOT ONLY CONSISTENT WITH, BUT PROMOTIVE OF, TRUE POLITENESS AND THE ART OF PLEASING.

A PHILOSOPHER who, in the auſterity of his virtue ſhould condemn the art of pleaſing as unworthy cultivation, would deſerve little attention from mankind, and might be diſmiſſed to his ſolitary tub, like his brother Diogenes. It is, indeed, the dictate of humanity, that we ſhould endeavour to render ourſelves agreeable to thoſe in whoſe company we are deſtined to travel in the journey of life. It is our intereſt, it is the ſource of perpetual ſatisfaction; it is one of our moſt important duties as men, and particularly required in the profeſſor of chriſtianity.

I have therefore lamented, that they who have taken the moſt pains to recommend an attention to the art of pleaſing, have urged it only on the mean motives of ſelf-intereſt. In order to attain the power of pleaſing they have recommended flattery and deceit; and though they have required in their pupils the appearances of many good qualities, they have not inſiſted on any ſubſtantial and conſiſtent virtue.

It is my wiſh to exalt this amiable talent of pleaſing to the rank of a virtue founded on principle, and on the beſt diſpoſitions of human nature. I would ſeparate it from thoſe varniſhed qualities, which, like whited ſepulchres, are but a diſguiſe for internal deformity. A ſtudent of the art of pleaſing, as it is taught in the ſchool of faſhion, is all ſoftneſs and plauſibility, all benevolence and generoſity, all attention and aſſiduity, all gracefulneſs and gentility. Such is the external appearance; but compare it with his private life, with thoſe actions which paſs unſeen, and you will find them by no means correſpondent. You will uſually find a hard heart, meanneſs, ſelfiſhneſs, avarice, and a

total

[illegible] that [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

No. XCVII. RELIGIOUS AND MORAL PRINCIPLES NOT ONLY CONSISTENT WITH, BUT PROMOTIVE OF, TRUE POLITENESS AND THE ART OF PLEASING.

A PHILOSOPHER who, in the austerity of his virtue should condemn the art of pleasing as unworthy cultivation, would deserve little attention from mankind, and might be dismissed to his solitary tub, like his brother Diogenes. It is, indeed, the duty of humanity, that we should endeavour to render ourselves agreeable to those in whose company we are destined to travel in the journey of life. It is our interest, it is the source of perpetual satisfaction; it is one of our most important duties as men, and particularly required in the profession of christianity.

I have therefore lamented, that they who have taken the most pains to recommend an attention to the art of pleasing, have urged it only on the mean motives of self-interest. In order to attain the power of pleasing they have recommended flattery and deceit; and though they have required in their pupils the appearances of many good [illegible] they have not insisted on any substantial and [illegible] ue.

It is my [illegible] this amiable talent of pleasing to the [illegible] ided on principle, and on the best dispo[illegible] nature. I would separate it from those [illegible] alities, which, like whited sepulchres, [illegible] ite for internal deformity. A student of [illegible] ...ning, as it is taught in the school of [illegible] fulness and plausibility, all benevolence, [illegible], all attention and adultory, all graceful [illegible] lity. Such is the external appearance [illegible] it with his private life, with those [illegible] unseen, and you will find them by [illegible] dent. You will usually find a hard [illegible] selfishness, avarice, and a total

total want of thoſe principles from which alone true benevolence, ſincere friendſhip, and gentleneſs of diſpoſition can originate. You will, indeed, find even the appearances of friendſhip and benevolence proportioned to the ſuppoſed riches and rank of him whoſe favour and patronage are cultivated.

It is a favourite maxim with thoſe who teach the art of pleaſing, that if you deſire to pleaſe you can ſcarcely fail to pleaſe. But what motive, according to their doctrine, is to excite this deſire? A wiſh to render all with whom you converſe ſubſervient to your intereſted purpoſes of avarice or ambition. It is a mean and deſpicable motive, when made the ſole and conſtant principle of converſation and behaviour. If this life is the whole of our exiſtence, if riches and civil honours are the chief good, if truth, honour, and generoſity, are but names to adorn a declamation, then, indeed, they who practiſe the art of pleaſing, according to the vulgar idea of it, are, after all, the truly and the only wiſe. But let us not deem ſo meanly of the world and its Creator; and if our favourable opinion of things be an error, it is not only pardonable but glorious; and a generous man will ſay, like the noble antient, he had rather err with a Socrates and a Plato, than be right with a Machiavel.

But, indeed, the virtues and the graces are much more nearly allied, than they who are ſtrangers to the virtues are willing to acknowledge. There is ſomething extremely beautiful in all the moral virtues, clearly underſtood and properly reduced to practice. Religion is alſo declared to be full of pleaſantneſs, in that volume in which its nature is deſcribed with the greateſt authenticity. It muſt indeed be allowed, that he who is actuated in his deſire of pleaſing by morality and religion, may very properly add all the embelliſhments of external gracefulneſs; and he may reſt aſſured, that the ſincerity of his principles, and the goodneſs of his character, will enſure a degree of ſucceſs in his attempts to pleaſe, which a falſe pretender, with all his duplicity, can never obtain.

If true politeneſs conſiſts in yielding ſomething of our own pretenſions to the ſelf-love of others, in re-

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preſſing our pride and arrogance, and in a gentleneſs of ſentiment and conduct; ſurely nothing can be more conducive to it than a religion which every where recommends brotherly love, meekneſs, and humility. I know not how paradoxical my opinion might appear to the faſhionable clubs at St. James's, or to the profeſſed men of the world, or to the proficient in what I call the *inſincere* art of pleaſing; but I cannot help thinking, that a true chriſtian, one who thinks and acts, as far as the infirmity of his nature will permit, conſiſtently with the principles of his religion, poſſeſſes qualities more capable of pleaſing, than any of thoſe which are ſaid to eminently to have diſtinguiſhed a Marlborough and a Bolingbroke. The pious and amiable Mr. Nelſon ſeems to me to have deſerved the epithet of all-accompliſhed, much better than he to whom it has been ſo often applied; and, if we may judge by his writings, and the accounts given of his life, as, on the one hand, there never was a better chriſtian, ſo, on the other, there never appeared a politer gentleman. It is evident that he derived his art of pleaſing, not from a ſtudy of the world, or practiſing the tricks of little worldlings, but from the lovely qualities recommended in the goſpel, and from an imitation of the humble Jeſus. They who ſtudy the art of pleaſing will probably have recourſe, as uſual, to the many volumes written on the ſubject in the French language, or to the poſthumous letters of a frenchified Engliſhman; and perhaps they would ſmile if an inſtructor were to refer them, for the beſt rules that have ever been given, to the ſermon on the Mount.

It is however certain, that the art of pleaſing, which is founded on ſincere principles, derived from religion and morality, is as far ſuperior to that baſe art which conſiſts only in ſimulation and diſſimulation, as the fire brilliancy of the real diamond excells the luſtre of French paſte; or, as the roſeate hue on the cheek of Hebe, the painted viſage of a haggard courtezan. The inſincere art of pleaſing reſembles the inferior ſpecies of timber in a building, which, in order to pleaſe the eye, requires the aſſiſtance of paint; but the art which is founded on ſincerity, is more like that which diſplays far greater beauty

beauty in the variety and richneſs of its own native veins and colour. A ſhort time, or a ſlight touch, deſtroys the ſuperficial beauty of one; while the other acquires new graces from the hand of time.

The rules and doctrines of morality and religion tend to correct all the malignant qualities of the heart; ſuch as envy, malice, pride, and reſentment. In doing this, they cut off the very ſource of diſagreeable behaviour. Morality and religion inculcate whatever is juſt, mild, moderate, candid, and benevolent. In doing this, they effectually promote a ſyſtem of manners, which, without any ſiniſter deſign in the perſon who poſſeſſes them, cannot fail of being agreeable. If to theſe ſubſtantial powers of pleaſing are added the laſt poliſh of a graceful deportment, the habits acquired in good company, an acquaintance with men and manners, a taſte for polite arts and polite books, no other requiſites will be wanting to perfect the art. A man will be under no neceſſity of hurting his conſcience and his character in cultivating, I know not what, of a deceitful and affected behaviour. He may be at once pleaſing and reſpectable; and grow in favour with men, without offending his God.

It is one circumſtance greatly in favour of that art of pleaſing which I recommend, that, even if it ſhould not always ſucceed in pleaſing thoſe with whom we converſe, it will be ſure to pleaſe our own hearts; it will be ſure to ſatisfy our conſcience with a ſenſe of rectitude at the time we are acting under its direction, and to furniſh us with a tranquil delight, unalloyed by the remembrance of treachery and meanneſs, on a retroſpective view of our lives and converſations.

No. XCVIII.

No. XCVIII. ON THE GUILT OF INCURRING DEBTS, WITHOUT EITHER A PROSPECT OR AN INTENTION OF PAYMENT.

AMONG the various devices which young men have invented to involve themſelves in difficulties and in ruin, none is more frequent than that of incurring debt without any real neceſſity. No ſooner is the aſpiring youth emancipated from his ſchool, or his guardian and ſuperintendants, than he becomes, in his own idea, a man, and not only ſo, but a man of conſequence, whom it behoves to dreſs and make a figure. To accompliſh the purpoſe of making a figure, ſome expenſive vices are to be affected or practiſed. But as the ſtipends of young men, juſt entering into life, are uſually inconſiderable, it is neceſſary to borrow on the moſt diſadvantageous terms, or to purchaſe the various requiſites of a pleaſurable life on credit. The debt ſoon accumulates from ſmall beginnings to a great ſum. The young adventurer continues, while his credit is good, in the ſame wild career; but adieu to real pleaſure, to improvement, to honeſt induſtry, and to a quiet mind. His peace is wounded. A perpetual load ſeems to weigh him down; and though his feelings may, by length of time and habit, become too callous to be affected by the miſery of his ſituation, yet he is oft to all ſincere enjoyment; and if he does not fall a victim of deſpair, ſurvives only to gain a precarious exiſtence at the gaming table, to deceive the unwary, and to elude the reſearches of perſecuting creditors. Even if he is enabled, by the death of his parents or rich relations, to pay the debts which his youthful folly has contracted; yet has he ſuffered long and much, and oft the beginning of life, the ſeaſon of rational delight and ſolid improvement, in diſtreſs and fears; in fabricating excuſes and pretences, and in flying from the eager purſuits of duns and bailiffs.

But

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But

But this folly, however pregnant with misery, is entitled to pity, and may, in some degree, admit of those usual palliations, youthful ardour, and want of experience. Thousands, and tens of thousands, have ruined their fortunes and their happiness by hastily running into debt before they knew the value of money, or the consequences of their embarrassment. We pity their misfortune, but in the first part of their progress we do not usually accuse them of dishonesty.

But the habit of incurring debt, though in the earlier periods of life it may originate in thoughtlessness, commonly leads to a crime most atrocious in itself, and injurious to society. He who prayed against poverty, lest he should be poor and steal, understood human nature. Difficulties and distresses have a natural tendency to lessen the restraints of conscience. The fortress of honour, when stormed by that sort of poverty which is occasioned by profligacy, and not defended with sound principles (such as men of the world do not often possess), has for the most part yielded at discretion. He then who began with incurring debt merely because he was strongly stimulated by passion or fancy, and was not able to pay for their gratification, proceeds, when the habit is confirmed, and the first scruples dismissed, to contract debt wherever unsuspecting confidence will afford him an opportunity.

If he possesses titles, distinction, or any kind of eminence, he will not find it difficult to gain credit. Young tradesmen, desirous of making connections, are ready to run any risque; and hope that, if it is long before they receive their money, they shall not be without the great man's patronage or recommendation. But here also they are often deceived; for the great man considers all his creditors as his enemies, and never thinks of them but to contrive methods to avoid and deceive them. If he happens to receive any money, he takes care to expend it among strangers, who have no other demand upon him but for the commodity which he pays for at the time of purchase. The world is wide; and when one set of credulous tradesmen are wearied with expectation and disappointment, the great man migrates to another part of the town or country, and

and condescends to honour some ambitious, but unfortunate, mortal with the honour of dealing with him. Thus the great man goes on during the greater part of his life, and when the creditors are importunate, and the horrors of a gaol impend, he collects his property and withdraws from the kingdom, or living in a [illegible], enjoys his luxuries, and laughs at his deluded tradesmen. Indeed, as most ill qualities go together, his pride is so great, that he scarcely vouchsafes to bestow upon them a moment's consideration.

But while the builder, the draper, the taylor, the butcher, the baker, and the chandler, remain unpaid, the jockey and the horsedealer, the mistress and the brother gamester, receive ready money with ostentatious profusion. Sharpers and prostitutes, with all the qualities of thievery, riot in those riches which ought to be paid to honest men, who, with their families, are reduced to a state of starving, by feeding, cloathing, and accommodating some hardened profligate, and extravagant debauchee. Who but must feel indignation when he sees a man in high life, as it is called, eating a joint of meat of some poor tradesman, whose children are at the same moment begging of their parent a morsel of bread? Who sees, without lifting up his hands, my Lord, or sir John, sitting joyous at the head of a plentiful table, supplied, *gratis*, with every article, by the father of those children?

Indeed, the pride and vanity of some persons, who value themselves on their birth, or their fashionable mode of life, induce them to look upon themselves as a superior order of beings, and to presume that they have a right to be still supported by their tradesmen in profusion and elegance, even after they are reduced in their circumstances either by misfortune or raisonduct. If an honest man makes his demand, he is impertinent; his insolence is not to be borne; he is dismissed; but not till he evidently shews that he will no longer supply the commodities in which he deals. On his dismission, some exception is taken to his account; a dispute ensues, and that dispute furnishes the fine gentleman or fine lady with a pretence for not paying the bill. In the mean time card parties,

visitings, and all fashionable pleasures proceed as usual; for who would be so vulgar as to attend to the impertinence of the scum of the earth, or suffer one fashionable pleasure to be set aside by the clamorous importunity of a mean mechanic; though his meanness arises from his having spent his substance in supplying the person who despises him, with the instruments of luxury, or the necessaries of life?

The prodigacy, the vanity, the unceasing pursuit of pleasure, and the passion for external appearance, which characterise the present age, are necessarily productive of expence; expences occasion distress, and distress, where principles are deficient, dishonesty. No wonder then, that in no age have sharpers, swindlers, and insolvent contractors of debt, so much abounded. There is hardly any mode of public life, especially in the metropolis, in which you can be engaged, without having your property exposed to the depredations of villains, who have made cheating a profession, and reduced the art of robbery to a system.

Many of the persons who live on the substance of others, by borrowing, purchasing, or employing without intending, and without being able to pay, make a splendid figure, and pass for gentlemen and men of honour. But however they may felicitate themselves on their success, and in the gratification of their pride and vanity, I shall not hesitate to pronounce them more criminal and detestable than highwaymen and housebreakers, because, to the crime of actual theft, they add a most ungenerous breach of confidence.

No. CXIX. CURSORY REMARKS ON THE LIFE, STYLE, GENIUS, AND WRITINGS OF PETRARCH.

ONE of the first and brightest luminaries which appeared in the literary horizon, after a long and dismal night, was the illustrious Francesco Petrarch. He was born at Arezzo as he informs us himself, though

Vossius

Vossius denies it. He became archdeacon of Parma, and canon of the cathedral church of Padua, and might have arrived at the highest preferments which the popes can bestow, if he had not disdained some dishonest and humiliating compliances.

To form an adequate idea of the merit of the writers who arrived at excellence in the dawn of literature, it is necessary to consider, with attention, those peculiar circumstances which rendered even a mediocrity of learning a difficult attainment. Books were scarce, judicious instructors still more uncommon, and the powerful instigation of cotemporary models in a great measure deficient. Petrarch's claim to entire originality is not however universally allowed. He certainly imitated Cino de Pistoja; and Bayle says, he stole many of his sentiments from him. Dante, indeed, preceded Petrarch, but I do not find that he made Dante his model. With real difficulties and impediments, and with few circumstances to excite a spirit of enterprize, sufficiently ardent and persevering to surmount the very formidable obstacles, it is really wonderful that any individual could ascend, by his own efforts, the eminent heights of superior excellence.

Such, however, was the native force of Petrarch's genius, that in the middle of an unenlightened age he became celebrated throughout the civilized nations of Europe as an orator, philosopher, and poet.

His poetical fame is, indeed, the most distinguished. Formed with the finest sensibility of soul, he had the peculiar felicity of being born in a country whose language is the language of love. The ardour, the constancy, and the romantic nature of his passion, rendered him universally popular in an amorous and romantic age. In our own country he became the pattern of one of our earliest poets, Henry Howard earl of Surrey. And, amidst all the disadvantages of a Northern and Gothic language, the English poet has celebrated his lovely Geraldine, in strains which are said, by some, to display more of the genuine tenderness of nature, than those in which the great Italian sung his Laura.

"In the sonnets of Surrey," says Mr. Warton, "we are surprised to find nothing of the metaphysical cast which marks the Italian poets, his supposed masters,

especially

especially Petrarch. Surrey's sentiments are for the most part natural and unaffected, arising from his own feelings, and dictated by the present circumstances. His poetry is alike unembarrassed by learned allusions or elaborate conceits. If our author copies Petrarch, it is Petrarch's better manner, when he descends from his Platonic abstractions, his refinements of passion, his exaggerated compliments, and his play upon opposite sentiments, into a track of tenderness, simplicity and nature. Petrarch would have been a better poet had he been a worse scholar. Yet, upon the whole, I should as soon think of preferring Surrey to Petrarch, as of preferring a Gothic country church to a Grecian temple.

It is certainly true, that several of the poets who have devoted themselves to the description of the tender passion, have shewn that they really did not always feel it in its greatest strength and purity while they wrote. The love which nature inspires does not dictate antitheses, point, conceit, and witticism. But Ovid, the poet of Love, abounds with these even in his most impassioned verse. Cowley's mistress is by no means replete with the language of passion. I know not that even the gentle [illegible] expresses the sentiments which a tender and [illegible] and utters. Hammond has written [illegible] but little smitten with the tender passion. Petrarch also, has often addressed his verses to [illegible] when they should have been directed to [illegible]; has endeavoured to please the imagination [illegible] of images, when all his [illegible] have been exerted in [illegible] the nerves to [illegible] of sympathy. The mind of the [illegible] disappointed, when, instead of the simple expression [illegible] he finds the subtilty of art; nor does he [illegible] on the subject of love to be a compensation [illegible].

It [illegible] obscure. The want of [illegible] from his having [illegible] provincial [illegible], which [illegible] to be colloquial in [illegible] has been preserved by the poets in [illegible] of their [illegible]. The admission of an [illegible] is allowed by the best judges to be in

exquiſite mode of adding a dignity to compoſition. It has been preſcribed by the beſt critics, and practiſed by the beſt writers. And, with reſpect to the obſcurity it may occaſion, the fault is in the reader. Poetry has a language of its own. For the ſake of elevation it is conſtrained to ſeek a diction remote from converſation or familiar proſe. He who reads and criticiſes poetry, ought to be acquainted with its peculiar and idiomatic language. Homer, Virgil, Milton, wrote in a diction which will not be underſtood by him who has been ſolely converſant in the proſaic writings of their ſeveral languages. This, indeed, may be juſtly ſaid, that the dignity of the epopœa may require this method of contracting a venerable air, much more than the humbler ſtrains of the plaintive inamorato. If any part of Petrarch's obſcurity ariſes from the confuſion of his ideas, or his perplexed method of expreſſing them, no veneration for his name muſt protect him from cenſure. Indeed ſeveral very able critics have complained, that they could not underſtand him without an interpreter.

Enough of his meaning and of his beauties has been underſtood by his own countrymen, to give him the title of the Father of the Tuſcan poetry. The claſſical excellence of his language has contributed to give a name to the century in which he lived; for the Italians call it *the good age of their language*, and attribute the happy effect in a great meaſure to Petrarch. Sweet, indeed, are the greater part of his ſonnets, ſweet their language, and ſweet their ſentiments. Though criticiſm may point out quaintneſſes and unnatural conceits, may cenſure one part as metaphyſical, and another as affected, yet the ſenſible reader will not judge by parts, but by the whole effect of an entire piece; and if his feelings have been often finely touched, and his imagination delighted, he will give himſelf up to the magic of the poet, and joining in the general applauſe, leave the cold critic to whiſper his detraction diſregarded.

The love-verſes of many writers cannot be recommended without danger. But the paſſion of love which Petrarch felt, ſuppoſing the object a proper one, refines and ennobles humanity. It is a ſpecies of paſſion which

was

was never felt in the slightest degree by the most
bauchee. It partakes something of the nature o
devotion, and while it elevates human nature in id
contributes something to its real exaltation. Ch
was the virtue of the age in which romantic love
vailed, and one virtue is allied to all. The age wa
tuous, in comparison with those times in which h
degraded to its lowest species, and even the ph
phers endeavour to reduce man to the humiliating
dition of a mere animal.

But Petrarch is not to be considered only as an It
poet. He wrote Latin poetry with great reputa
and, indeed, during his life, seems to have acq
more honour from that, than from his vernacular
ductions. It was for his Africa that he was cro
with laurel in the capital of Rome. This work w
kind of heroic poem in honour of Scipio Afric
whose name, says he, I know not how, was dear t
from the earliest age.

His Africa is acknowledged to be an imperfect w
It had not the last hand of its great author. Bu
abounds with historical matter, and with the fictio
poetry. The hand of a master is visible. The poe
fire sometimes burns with genuine heat and light.
upon the whole, it is a work more conspicuous
genius than judgment, and wants that polish w
a better age would certainly have bestowed.
Petrarch written nothing but Latin poetry, he w
have possessed but a subordinate place in the temp
fame.

The prose works of Petrarch are voluminous.
indeed, is honoured with the name of the restore
the Latin language. Great was his merit in recal
a language which had almost sunk into oblivion, y
think, it had been fortunate for the reputation of
Petrarch if he had written all his works in his native l
guage, which he polished to perfection, and which
arrived, under the management of him and his cot
porary, at the standard of classic elegance. Though
writes with spirit, and abounds with thinking and n
sentiments, and displays no inconsiderable share
learning, yet he cannot be called a good Latin wri

His ſtyle is harſh and uncouth; his ſentences rugged and unpoliſhed. There is a ſingularity of manner which ſets him at a remote diſtance from the claſſics, and proves that he inſpected their works rather for their matter than their mode of treating it. There is, however, a native force and vivacity, which would have conſtituted diſtinguiſhed excellence, if the writer had condeſcended to have become an imitator of the antients. An affectation of originality has often ſpoiled an ingenious work, by rendering it quaint and diſguſtful. The greateſt beauty of his proſaic writings, and a very valuable excellence it muſt be eſteemed, is the great and ſerious regard which he pays to piety and morality, and that ſpirit of philoſophy, which, though of a melancholy kind, is juſt and ſolid.

A reader is doubly pleaſed when he can turn from the works of a diſtinguiſhed writer, to his life, with equal complacency. In the life of Petrarch we find a noble and ſublime ſpirit, which induced him to prefer his muſe, his love, and his independence, to the favour of a papal deſpot. It is, indeed, the glorious privilege of genius to ſeek and to find its happineſs from its own reſources. Emboldened by the conſciouſneſs of its own ſtrength, and feeling an indignation at many of the changes and chances of this world, it is apt to ſpurn at worthleſs grandeur, and to deſpiſe thoſe whom the multitude adores.

Human nature muſt always have an object ſuſpended in its view. The lovely Laura was the object of Petrarch. The paſſion was romantic; the idea of her excellence imaginary; but it had a happy influence on the poet's mind. It called forth the latent fire of his genius, it exerciſed his fine fancy; and though the poet pours his plaintive verſe in ſtrains which affect our ſympathy, yet we are by no means to conſider him as unhappy. For it is a truth collected from long obſervation on human nature, that the pleaſure of the chace conſiſts in the purſuit, not in the attainment; and that it is often better to expect than to enjoy.

I believe it is not on record, that the paſſion of Petrarch was criminally gratified. It is generally thought that it began and terminated in imagination. But yet it is impoſſible not to lament, that the object of the poet's fanciful idolatry was one on which he could not innocently place *his affections*.

No. C. ON THE FOLLY AND WICKEDNESS OF WAR.

THE calamities attendant on a ſtate of war, ſeem to have prevented the mind of man from viewing it in the light of an abſurdity, and an object of ridicule as well as pity. But if we could ſuppoſe a ſuperior Being capable of beholding us, miſerable mortals, without compaſſion, there is, I think, very little doubt but the variety of military manœuvres and formalities, the pride, pomp, and circumſtance of war, and all the ingenious contrivances for the glorious purpoſes of mutual deſtruction, which ſeem to conſtitute the buſineſs of many whole kingdoms, would furniſh him with an entertainment like that which is received by us from the exhibition of a farce or a puppet ſhow. But, notwithſtanding the ridiculouſneſs of all theſe ſolemnities, we, alas! are doomed to feel that they are no farce, but the concomitant circumſtances of a moſt woful tragedy.

The cauſes of war are for the moſt part ſuch as muſt diſgrace an animal pretending to rationality. Two poor mortals, elevated with the diſtinction of a golden bauble on their heads called a crown, take offence at each other, without any reaſon, or with the very bad one of wiſhing for an opportunity of aggrandizing themſelves by making reciprocal depredations. The creatures of the court, and the leading men of the nation, who are uſually under the influence of the court, reſolve (for it is their intereſt) to ſupport their royal maſter, and are never at a loſs to invent ſome colourable pretence for engaging the nation in the horrors of war. Taxes of the moſt burthenſome kind are levied, ſoldiers are collected, ſo as to leave a paucity of huſbandmen, reviews and encampments formed, and at laſt fifteen or twenty thouſand men meet on a plain, and coolly ſhed each other's blood, without the ſmalleſt perſonal animoſity, or the ſhadow of a provocation. The kings,

kings, in the mean time, and the grandees, who have employed theſe poor innocent victims to ſhoot bullets at each others heads, remain quietly at home, and amuſe themſelves, in the intervals of balls, hunting ſchemes and pleaſures of every ſpecies; with reading at the fire-ſide, and over a cup of chocolate, the diſpatches from the army, and the news in the Extraordinary Gazette. Old Horace very truly obſerves, that whatever mad frolicks enter into the heads of kings, it is the common people, that is, the honeſt artizan, and the induſtrious tribes in the middle ranks, *unoffended* and *unoffending*, who chiefly ſuffer in the evil conſequences. If the king of Pruſſia were not at the head of ſome of the beſt troops in the univerſe, he would be judged more worthy of being tried, caſt and condemned at the Old Bailey, than any ſhedder of blood who ever died by a halter. But he is a king; but he is a hero; -- thoſe names faſcinate us, and we enrol the butcher of mankind among their benefactors.

When one conſiders the dreadful circumſtances that attend even victories, one cannot help being a little ſhocked at the exultation which they occaſion. I have often thought it would be a laughable ſcene, if there were not a little too much of the melancholy in it, when a circle of eager politicians have met to congratulate each other on a piece of good news juſt arrived. Every eye ſparkles with delight; every voice is raiſed in announcing the happy event. And what is the cauſe of all this joy? and for what are our windows illuminated, bonfires kindled, bells rung, and feaſts celebrated? We have had a ſucceſsful engagement. We have left a thouſand of the enemy dead on the field of battle, and only nine hundred of our countrymen. Charming news! it was a glorious battle! But before you give a looſe to your raptures, pauſe a while; and conſider, that to every one of theſe nineteen hundred, life was no leſs ſweet than it is to you; that to the far greater part of them there probably were wives, fathers, mothers, ſons, daughters, ſiſters, brothers, and friends, all of whom are at this moment bewailing that event which occaſions your fooliſh and brutal triumph.

The whole time of a war ought to be a time o
neral mourning, a mourning in the heart, a mou
much more ſincere than on the death of one of
princes whoſe accurſed ambition is often the ſole ca
war. Indeed, that a whole people ſhould tamely
mit to the evils of war, becauſe it is the will of
vain, ſelfiſh, ignorant, though exalted, individuals,
phænomenon almoſt unaccountable. But they ar
away by falſe glory, by their paſſions, by their
They reflect not; and, indeed, if they did reflect,
oppoſe, what would avail the oppoſition of una
myriads to the mandate of a government ſupporte
a ſtanding army? Many of the European nations ar
tirely military; war is their trade; and when they
no employment at home, or near it, they bluſh n
let themſelves out to ſhed any blood, in any cau
the beſt paymaſter. Ye beaſts of the foreſt, no lo
allow that man is your ſuperior, while there is foun
the face of the earth ſuch degeneracy!

Morality and religion forbid war in its motives,
duct, and conſequences; but to many rulers and
tentates morality and religion appear as the inven
of politicians to facilitate ſubordination. The p
pal objects of crowned heads, and their miniſ
the extenſion of empire, the augmentation of a reve
or the annihilation of their ſubjects liberty. Thei
ſtraints in the purſuit of theſe objects are not the
morality and religion; but ſolely reaſons of ſtate,
political caution. Plauſible words are uſed, but
are only uſed to hide the deformity of the real pr
ples. Wherever a war is deemed deſirable in an int
ed view, a ſpecious pretext never yet remained unfo
Morality is as little conſulted in the beginning
in the proſecution of war. The moſt ſolemn tre
and engagements are violated by the governing
of the nation, with no more ſcruple than oaths
bonds are broken by a cheat and a villain in the w
of private life. Does the difference of rank and ſitu
make any difference in the atrocity of crimes
any, it renders a thouſand times more criminal
that of a thief, the villany of them, who, by viol
every ſacred obligation between nation and na

give rife to miferies and mifchiefs moft dreadful in their nature; and to which no human power can fay, thus far fhall ye proceed and no further. Are not the natural and moral evils of life fufficient, but they muft be rendered more acute, more numerous, and more embittered by artificial means? My heart bleeds over thofe complicated fcenes of woe, for which no epithet can be found fufficiently defcriptive. Language fails in labouring to expreſs the horrors of war amid private families, who are fo unfortunate as to be fituated on the feat of it.

War, however, it will be faid, has always been permitted by Providence. This is, indeed, true; but it has been only permitted as a fcourge. Let a fpirit and activity be exerted in regulating the moral of a nation, equal to that with which war, and all its apparatus, are attended to, and mankind will no longer be fcourged, neither will it be neceſſary to evacuate an empire of its members, for none will be fuperfluous. In a word, according to the advice of a pious Divine of the preſent age, think leſs of our fleets and armies, and more of our faith and practice. While we are warriors, with all our pretenſions to civilization, we are favages.

No. CI. ON THE EFFECTS OF INTEMPERATE STUDY ON THE HEALTH, AND ON THE DUTY OF PAYING REGARD TO THE PRESERVATION OF HEALTH.

THERE is in general but little danger leſt good qualities and habits ſhould be carried to excefs. The moraliſt may, for the moſt part, recommend every laudable and uſeful practice, without preſcribing any boundaries to proficiency. The probability is, that men will ſtop on this ſide, and not that they will go beyond the line of duty. But yet it is certain, that there are ſome ingenuous ſpirits, who, actuated by a generous emulation, advance in the purſuit of a favourite ex-

collence with to immoderate an ardour, and assiduity of application, as at once frustrates their purpose, and injures their abilities.

As I have then, on many occasions, recommended a close attention to study, I think myself obliged, by motives of humanity, to suggest a few cautions which may prevent the evils of an intemperate application. I should, indeed, greatly lament, that any thing I have advanced in recommending to youth the cultivation of the mind, should lead them to neglect or injure that body on which the vigour of the mind greatly depends, and which, if it is disordered, often renders all other means of happiness and improvement ineffectual.

I am, indeed, the more inclined to enter on this subject, as I have seen very melancholy instances of nervous diseases entirely occasioned by intemperance in study, and its necessary concomitants, want of air and exercise. It is one circumstance peculiarly unhappy in these most unhappy of all diseases, that they seldom admit of cure, and therefore great and early vigilance should be exerted in their prevention.

A great attention ought to be particularly attentive in the regulation of his diet. We learn from the writings of physicians, that the labour of the brain draws off those spirits which are necessary to promote digestion. The lead and the lighted food under which we can possibly be easy, according to the advice of the celebrated Cheney, is particularly proper for the student. Such a diet will not only render the spirits cheerful, and invigorate all the faculties of the mind, but enable us to enjoy health with but a small share of exercise.

Exercise, however, is to be taken on every opportunity. But a solitary walk or ride, merely for the sake of exercise, and with no other object to stimulate our progress, as it is of all amusements the dullest, so it is found rather hurtful than advantageous. The mind still meditates in solitude, and the body at the same time labours; so that both are exhausted at once, and the [illegible] to his close fatigued, deceived, and disappointed. Some little amusement must therefore be contrived, or some business engaged in, which may

operate

operate as a loadstone in attracting us, without being sensible of our own efforts, from our libraries, up the mountain, and along the forest, where health, with all her thousand joys, delights to fix her abode. A few cheerful companions in our walks will render them abundantly more healthful; for, according to the ancient adage, they will serve instead of a carriage, or, in other words, prevent the sensation of fatigue.

Dejection of spirits is a certain consequence of intemperate study; but dejection of spirits, long continued, cannot consist with health. After a morning spent in a closer application than common, it will often be right to devote the rest of the day to good company, and innocent pleasures. Music is one of those pleasures, and the most delightful soother of the wearied mind. The heart dances at the sound of the lyre; fresh spirits animate the veins; the clouds of dejection are dissipated, and the soul shines out once more like the sun after a mist, in the blue expanse of æther.

Nocturnal studies, too long and too closely continued, seldom fail to injure the eyes, and together with them, the whole nervous system. They who are impelled by necessity to work by night and by day, must indeed submit with patience to their destiny; but that he who is master of his time, should chain himself down to a more exhausting toil than the labour of the galley slave, is a species of folly approaching to insanity. And, indeed, I know of nothing more likely to produce madness than intemperate study, with want of exercise, want of air, and want of sleep. It will, after all, be but a poor comfort, to have gone through a whole library, and to have lost our eyes and our senses in the course of the laborious progress.

Every man of sense will make use of all the known methods of securing his health, were it merely on selfish motives, and for the sake of preserving his faculties and prolonging his life. But, omitting all selfish regards, I cannot help thinking, that an attention to the preservation of health is an important duty. I do not recollect that it has often been recommended as a duty. But since our health is greatly in our own power; since we all enter into the world to engage in

many active and neceſſary employments, and ſince the want of health will render us incapable of them, I cannot help thinking, that the care of our health may be numbered among the duties of indiſpenſable obligation. A ſound conſtitution of body is a bleſſing of heaven; and not to beſtow the utmoſt vigilance in preſerving a pearl of ſo ineſtimable a price, is a contempt of the gift, an inſult on the Giver, and a ſpecies of impious ingratitude.

It is commonly ſaid, that he who wants the advice of phyſicians in the regulation of his uſual diet, after the age of thirty, wants alſo underſtanding; a defect which no phyſician can ſupply. It is indeed certain, that, at the age of thirty, a ſufficient degree of experience of what may be agreeable or diſagreeable to the conſtitution may have been collected. But, alas! few of us are willing to do all that we are able; few of us are ſo attentive, in the firſt portion of life, to the animal œconomy, as to remark with accuracy the cauſes of thoſe ſlight indiſpoſitions which are occaſioned by accidental exceſs in the gay and thoughtleſs hours of convivial enjoyment. We ſubmit to them, however they may undermine the conſtitution, from friendly and benevolent motives. We are apt to think, that it would be too ſelfiſh to refuſe to partake of the enjoyments of others merely to preſerve our own health. The midnight aſſembly and the luxurious banquet are often leſs ſought for their own ſakes, than from good nature and a ſocial diſpoſition. But, perhaps, if we conſidered that we are not taking care of ourſelves merely on our own account, but for others, for our parents and our children, for our friends and for the public, we ſhould not deem a ſcrupulous regard to health, though it may lead us to avoid the feaſt and the revel, either ungenerous or unſocial. It would appear in the light of a very ſerious duty, derived from an obedience to the will of heaven, and from the regard we owe to our neighbour; and we ſhould be obliged to confeſs, that the nominal pleaſures of exceſs ought always to give place to real duty.

A ſcrupulous regard to health is, indeed, a duty incumbent on all; but, perhaps, more particularly

to

to be attended to by the learned and ingenious, as they are of all the moſt ſubject to indiſpoſition. A delicate frame is very often aſſociated with a ſtrong intellect; and a life of ſtudy, though a life of labour, is not adapted, like that of the manual labourer, to give elaſticity to the nerves, or vigour to the animal functions. But exceſſive eating, added to exceſſive ſtudy, muſt wear the machine much more than the ſubſtance of which it is conſtituted can long endure. If it is not ſoon broken in pieces, its wheels will be clogged, its ſprings broken, and the whole rendered uſeleſs and burthenſome. It is recorded of Mr. Pope, that he was an immoderate eater, that he kept a ſilver ſaucepan to dreſs dainties for himſelf in the intervals of his meals, and that he died of a ſaucepan of lampreys.

Whatever part of the ſyſtem of human affairs we examine, one truth appears to pervade the whole complicated maſs, which is, that there can be neither wiſdom nor happineſs, nor even enjoyment of the ſubordinate kinds, independently of moderation. In the moſt refined and elevated part of our conduct and purſuits, the ſame truth is no leſs viſible, than in the lower occupations of common life. Sweet are the pleaſures of contemplation, delightful the exerciſe of the mind in reading and reflection; but no pleaſure, however pure, muſt be invariably purſued, till we are removed into the world of ſpirits, and are enabled to enjoy intellectual delights unalloyed and uninterrupted.

No. CII. ON THE PRESENT STATE OF CONVERSATION.

THERE is, perhaps, no method of improving the mind more efficacious, and certainly none more agreeable, than a mutual interchange of ſentiments in an elegant and animated converſation with the learned, the judicious, the learned, and the communicative. Light and heat are elicited by the collision of mind. Truths which appeared dull in the ſolitude of the ſtudy,

are no ſooner agitated in converſation, than they affect the mind with the livelieſt impreſſions. And it is one circumſtance which, in a peculiar manner, recommends the mode of improvement by mutual diſcourſe, that the ſocial affections are no leſs powerfully exerted and exerciſed, than the powers of reaſon. By the diſplay of both, the heart and the underſtanding are at once improved.

Such would be the deſcription of him who ſhould derive his ideas on the ſubject from a choſen few, or from his books. But let him conſider converſation as it really appears in the living world, independently of theoretical and ſpeculative refinement, and I fear, that, inſtead of finding it always attended with improvement, it will often appear to him a fertile ſource of corruption and degeneracy.

A young man who has juſt left his ſchool, full of the ideas which the poets, philoſophers, and hiſtorians of antiquity ſupply, will probably bid adieu to them all at the ſame time that he takes leave of his maſter; unleſs, indeed, his own choice ſhould lead him to cultivate an acquaintance with them in private. Suppoſe him to paſs from the ſchool to an univerſity. There, if he has ſpirit, he will of courſe ſeek the company, and imitate the manners, of thoſe who poſſeſs a like ſpirit, and who are alſo celebrated as men of faſhion. The converſation will therefore turn upon the ſubject of horſes, dogs, drinking, dreſſing, debauchery, or cajoling the old gentleman at home out of his money to be ſpent in theſe laudable purpoſes, or of running in debt with credulous and unfortunate tradeſmen. Such will be the ſublime contemplations, and the philoſophical topics of diſcourſe in the famed academic groves on the banks of the Cam and the Iſis, and in the ſchools of ſcience and theology. Even doctors, profeſſors, tutors, and lecturers, induſtriouſly avoid all topics connected with the ſpecies of learning and ſcience which they profeſs, and moſt agreeably condeſcend to expatiate, in the common and combination room, on dogs, horſes, and all the refined amuſements of Granta and Rhedycina. Not but that there are a few who take a pleaſure in converſing on letters: but they are ſolitary mortals, and themſelves

themſelves are ſtigmatized, in the cant language of the place, with the name of *Quizzes*, and their converſation, with that of an inſufferable *Hore*.

If our ingenious youth ſhould be tranſplanted from the nurſery of a ſchool into the army, he will find the converſation, in almoſt every reſpect, ſimilar to that of the univerſity. There will, indeed, be this difference, that as letters are not the particular buſineſs of a military life, they will ſometimes be the topic of converſation among military men; whereas, in the univerſity, they are entirely laid aſide, leſt they ſhould ſubject the academic to the imputation of pedantry; an imputation deemed infinitely more diſgraceful, than that of genteel ignorance and faſhionable debauchery.

Should he be introduced into the ſociety of nobles and legiſlators, he will ſtill find dogs and horſes, with all their concomitant ſports and amuſements, the favourite topics of diſcourſe. Literature would be voted dulneſs; morality, preaching; philoſophy, nonſenſe; and religion, hypocriſy. His Plato and his Tully will avail him little at the Cock-pit, at a horſe-race, at a gaming-table, in the ſtud, and the dog kennel. Such places are the uſual reſorts of the ſpirited and faſhionable part of very great men; of thoſe, whom the young, allured by the brilliancy of their career, would be moſt likely to follow.

Let him proceed in his enquiry after this refined and elegant converſation, and frequent, according to the uſual intercourſe of neighbourhood, the houſes of the rich, the reſpectable, and faſhionable, in private life. They ſhall be perſons of ſenſe and virtue, and yet nothing ſhall paſs in their converſation from which any of the boaſted advantages of it ſhall be perceived. For what, indeed, are the methods of paſſing time, among perſons of the beſt repute and genteeleſt condition, while they think it indiſpenſably neceſſary to move in the vortex of faſhion? Nothing grave, nothing abſtruſe, nothing ſpeculative; no moral maxim or critical remark, would be admitted in a polite circle of polite viſitors. There is evidently an uneaſineſs, a ſilence, an awkwardneſs, a vacuity, till cards are introduced. It is not a harſh delineation of modern manners to aſſert,

that in general, and even among those who certainly have a right to esteem, there appears to be no taste for any thing that deserves the name of refined and ingenious conversation. The time of a visit is for the most part spent in repeating the doubtful news of the day; in mere chat without consequence or connection; in eating, drinking, and crowning the whole with whist and quadrille. All this may be very innocent and pleasant as a relaxation; and the only point I maintain is, that the species of conversation from which improvement is to be derived, is not often found in the present system of visiting and conversing.

I know not whether our youth, were he to seek the society of men in the professions, would be certain of finding that sort of converse, from which, philosophers inform us, so much moral and intellectual improvement is received. It is, I think, remarked by some one who went into the company of the clergy at one of their feasts, in hopes of finding among them, that elegance and philosophical spirit of converse which he had in vain sought among others, that nothing was talked of with any apparent animation, but the flavour of the venison, the fine relish of the hams, the richness of the pye-crust, and the excellence of the claret. These, indeed, called the most cordial congratulations; and these, interrupted only by the conjectures on the next vacancies in livings, stalls, and mitres, constituted the whole of the discourse in a symposium consisting of the ministers of mankind. If such be the case, we are not to wonder that the sublimer sort of conversation is rarely to be found in the common circles, who are often too ordinary in education, to be able to interchange their sentiments with any considerable advantage to the mind or the morals.

It is said that a celebrated wit had sought the company of Addison with uncommon solicitude, and with a hope of being delighted with that fine humour which is so conspicuous in his writings; but that Addison did not talk, though he paid it all in drinking, which he did to excess; that nature was obliged to throw off the load; upon which circumstance the visitor, on his departure, remarked, that no good thing had come out

out of his mouth that night but the wine. Let it, however, be remembered by those who bring such instances in their own justification, that the taunts of Addison's taciturnity was, a natural diffidence in the company of strangers, to distrusts which he took his glass more freely than he might otherwise have done; and that, among a chosen few, his conversation was at once improving and delightful.

In some circles it is possible to be a very excellent companion without uttering a single sentiment, or a single word more than is necessary to repeat the toast. In these, indeed, the wit of a Swift, the humour of a Quin, and the fine philosophical spirit of an Addison, would not be deemed half so agreeable as the good natured cats of him who counts no hours, but silently ats and inhales and exhales, through a tube of clay, the smoke of tobacco. If such persons are philosophers, one might guess from their taciturnity, that they are the disciples of Pythagoras.

In the lower ranks of mankind we must not expect refinement. Liberal and ingenious ideas must have been collected by reading, before conversation can be advanced to the perfection of which it is capable. We readily therefore pardon those defects which could not easily have been supplied. We are not surprised at rudeness, noise, and nonsense, in the society of the vulgar, and of those who seek relief from lonely labour, in coarse mirth, and unselected society. But that persons who have improved their reason, and who have leisure for all the refinements of intellectual pleasure, should neglect the means of so much advantage and satisfaction as might be derived from conversation properly conducted, is an additional instance of our folly, in disregarding the most obvious means of improving our happiness and our condition.

I know it may be said, that, as relaxation is often the principal object of our mutual intercourse, to render conversation a study, and the effect of care and meditation, is to defeat its purpose. But let it be remembered, that the improvements in conversation which I recommend, contribute no less to encrease the pleasure than the advantage of it. I recommend no difficult,

no improper ſolemnity, or diſagreeable formality; but eaſe, elegance, politeneſs, united with ſenſe, taſte, learning, and with a communicative diſpoſition. Cards are not diſapproved in general; nothing, however light, while it is innocent, is totally prohibited; and all that I contend for is, that, where circumſtances admit, and in a proper alternation, literature, the fine arts, natural and moral philoſophy, hiſtory, and whatever exerciſes the better powers of the underſtanding, ſhould contribute to fill up the many hours which we uſually ſpend in company. Theſe things would often preclude inſipidity, ſcandal, gaming, and intemperance. Such would be their valuable effects conſidered only negatively. But they would do more, they would exalt and refine the human mind, and would prove, what man ſo often boaſts without exhibiting ſufficient proofs of it, that he is an animal not only ſocial, but rational.

No. CIII. ON GOODNESS OF HEART.

WHOEVER has made accurate obſervations on men and manners, will eaſily perceive, that the praiſe of goodneſs of heart is uſually accompanied with an oblique inſinuation of intellectual imbecility. I believe him to be a well-meaning man, ſays the malignant panegyriſt, and if there is any fault in him, it will be found rather in his head than in his heart. Nothing could be better contrived by a crafty and envious world, to render this amiable quality contemptible, than to repreſent it as the effect, or as the companion of folly.

It is, indeed, true, that innocence and integrity are uſually accompanied with ſimplicity; not, however, with that ſort of ſimplicity which is ſometimes ſynonymous with folly; but with an amiable openneſs of manners, which had rather loſe its objects, than obtain them by deceit; which leads the tongue boldly to ſpeak, what the heart honeſtly conceives. If we weigh the ſatisfactions of an open and upright conduct, of a clear conſcience,

conſcience, and of that liberty which we enjoy by thinking, ſpeaking, and acting, without mean and ſervile reſtraints, it will, I believe, be found, that this ſimplicity is true wiſdom, and that the cunning of the worldly wiſe is real and egregious imprudence.

Goodneſs of heart, whether it be a natural or acquired goodneſs, is, indeed, in every reſpect, the higheſt wiſdom. It is the only quality which can reſcue human nature from the diſgrace and miſery of its wretched weakneſſes, and its powerful tendencies to evil. It raiſes the poor worm, that otherwiſe crawls on a dunghill, and flings and bites his wretched companions, to an exalted place in the ſcale of being, and cauſes him to aſſimilate with the divine nature.

I ſhall exhibit to my youthful readers, whoſe hearts are yet ſuſceptible of whatever bias they chuſe to give them, two characters: in one of which appeared goodneſs of heart, and in the other, worldly wiſdom or cunning, or the art of pleaſing for the ſake of profit. If any one ſhould heſitate in chuſing whether of the two ſhall be his model, he need not heſitate at beginning a reformation of himſelf, for he may depend upon it, that his own heart ſtands greatly in need of amendment.

Serpens (for ſuch let us ſuppoſe to be his name) has perſuaded himſelf that he ſees farther into things than the reſt of his ſpecies. He conſiders religion as prieſtcraft, morality as the invention of politicians, and taſte and literature as the amuſements of fools. His philoſophy, and all his better purſuits and ideas, are circumſcribed within limits extremely narrow. Pleaſure and intereſt are his chief good, his only objects of ſerious purſuit; and in the attainment of theſe he is not ſcrupulouſly delicate. There is, indeed, no virtue or good quality, the appearance of which he does not aſſume: becauſe, while mankind are weak enough to judge and eſteem men according to moral and religious prejudices, a plauſible appearance is eſſentially neceſſary to ſucceſs in life. External decency is his higheſt aim. Sincerity or ſound principles would but retard his purpoſes. Compaſſion he never felt, and is equally a ſtranger to love and friendſhip, though he is always profeſſing them to perſons

persons of fortune and distinction, whom he idolizes with religious adoration; and this is the only sentiment which he feels, bordering upon religion.

By a life spent in abject servility, in courting a capricious world, in deceiving the credulous, in contriving schemes of advantage or pleasure, and in hardening his conscience, he has at last, in his fiftieth year, obtained some promotion, and accumulated a handsome sum of money. But he cannot enjoy it now he is possessed of it. The same greedy selfishness which taught him to debase his soul in pursuing interest and private gratification, still operates on his conduct, and renders him a complete miser. Though he has long enjoyed a competency, he never had spirit enough to marry. He was afraid of the expence. He hates his relations, because he thinks they expect his fortune at his decease. He has made no real friends, though he has deceived thousands by professing friendship for the easier accomplishment of his dirty designs. All the neighbours detest him; and he envies every one of them who appears to be happier than himself, which indeed they all do; for his heart is torn with malignity, with fears, anxieties, and covetousness. He bears, however, the character of a shrewd and sensible man, one who knows the world, and learned, at an early age, to make it his bubble. His advice is considered as an oracle in all pecuniary business, and no attorney would be half so much consulted, if he did not render himself almost inaccessible by the moroseness of his temper. As in his youth, he was all submission and gentleness, and perfectly skilled in the celebrated art of pleasing; so now, when the mask is no longer necessary, his natural disposition breaks out in all its horrid deformity. But the misery which he occasions to all around him, falls upon himself, by the just retribution of Providence. The heart, which has been the receptacle of every vice and every meanness, is always the seat of uneasy sensation. The stupid insensibility with respect to the finer feelings, which usually characterizes that sort of shrewd men, who are celebrated in the world as men who [illegible] may, indeed, guard them from pungent affliction;

affliction; but it is itself a curse most devoutly to be deprecated.

Simplicius was the son of parents remarkable for the piety and regularity of their lives. He received a liberal education in its most comprehensive form, and found every moral instruction which he derived from books, and from his preceptor, confirmed by example at home. All his docile sensibilities were gradually united to a state of perfection by the innocence and temperance of his life; by the piety and virtue of his family, in which such respect was paid to him while a boy, that not a word that could convey a loose or improper idea was ever uttered in his presence. He married early, and obeyed the dictates of his heart in selecting a most amiable woman of beauty, taste, and temper, but of little or no fortune. The thread and wise men of the world laughed and pitied. Simplicius, however, had never any reason to repent. His children are his chief delight; but he loves his friends with fervour and unalterable affection; and there is no species of distress which he does not pity and relieve to the full of his power. The amiableness of his manners, and the regularity of his conduct, gave him the advantage of character, the want of which can seldom be supplied by any worldly policy. With this powerful recommendation he has made his way to eminence, and enjoys his honours with the truest relish. It is, indeed, unembittered by any reflection of sinister modes of securing it. He always proceeded in the plain road of common sense and common honesty. He knew of no obliquities; for, indeed, he found the art of life very plain and easy, and by no means such as requires the precepts of a Machiavel. His heart and his understanding are both excellent, and co-operating with each other, have conducted him to happiness through the flowery paths of innocence. His heart has been a perpetual spring of agreeable sensations to himself, and to all who were so fortunate as to be allied to him by kindred, by affinity, by acquaintance, or in the course of his negotiations. A good conscience will cause the evening of life to close in the sweetest serenity, as the day has been chiefly filled by unclouded sunshine.

What we

Whatever the ſhort-ſighted votaries of avarice and ambition may aſſert, there is no doubt, but that real goodneſs of heart is the nobleſt ornament of human nature, and the leaſt fallible ſource of permanent ſatisfaction. I have often therefore lamented, that in the courſe of what is called a liberal education, very little attention has been paid at our beſt ſchools to the culture of the heart. While good ſeeds have been ſown in the underſtanding, the heart has been ſuffered to be overrun with weeds and briars. In truth, learning and abilities, without goodneſs of heart, conſtitute that kind of wiſdom which is fooliſhneſs in the ſight of reaſon and of God. Without goodneſs of heart, man, however accompliſhed, is ſo far from being but a little lower than the angels, that he is ſcarcely above the accurſed ſpirits, and by no means equal to many of the brutes, who often exhibit moſt amiable inſtances of a good heart in the virtues of gratitude, ſincere affection, and fidelity.

No. CIV. ON THE CHARACTERS OF THEOPHRASTUS.

IF portraits of the antient Athenians, painted from the life by the artiſts of the times, had deſcended to the preſent age, they would have attracted univerſal notice, and have been juſtly conſidered as invaluable. The productions, however, of the pencil are not proof againſt the corroſions of time; but though we have no original pictures of the perſons of the antient Athenians, we have admirable ſketches of their minds delineated by Theophraſtus. I do not mean deſcriptions of heroes, philoſophers, or poets. They are to be found in the writings of the hiſtorian. Theophraſtus has taken his pictures from private and common life; from perſons too obſcure to adorn the page of hiſtory, but who conſtitute ſubjects well adapted to the purpoſe of him who ſtudies the anatomy of human nature. It is, indeed, extremely curious and amuſing to diſcover ſtrokes of character

character in the citizens of Athens, who lived above two thouſand years ago, exactly ſimilar to the manners of the preſent day as they appear in London, and in other parts of civilized Europe.

Theophraſtus entered on the undertaking of delineating the characters of his countrymen at the age of ninety-nine; an age at which he had treaſured up a multitude of ideas from converſe and obſervation. His deſign was to ſtigmatize follies, foibles, and little vices rather than atrocious crimes. He meant, as he informs us himſelf in his preface, that poſterity ſhould learn from the patterns which he ſhould leave them, to judge of characters with accurate diſcrimination, and to ſelect ſuch perſons for friendſhip and acquaintance as might communicate excellence equal to their own, by exciting a ſpirit of generous emulation.

I will tranſcribe a ſingle extract for the amuſement of my reader, deſiring him to keep in his mind the idea, that the writer of the character, and the perſon characterized, lived above three hundred years before the Chriſtian æra. It will alſo be proper, in order to receive all the pleaſure which the peruſal of Theophraſtus is capable of affording, that the reader ſhould conſider, whether many features of the character have not fallen under his own obſervation.

The following paſſage is taken from his ſection on the art of pleaſing; and ſhews, that this boaſted art, as it is now taught, is no modern diſcovery; but is, at all times, the genuine offspring of meanneſs and ſelf-intereſt.

"The art of pleaſing," ſays he, "is a kind of behaviour in the company of another, which tends, indeed, to give pleaſure, but not for the beſt of purpoſes. The perſon who ſtudies it, is ſuch an one as, after having ſaluted a man a great way off, and called him the beſt man in the world, and admired him ſufficiently, takes him by both his hands, and will not let him go; but accompanying him a little way, aſks when he ſhall have the pleaſure of ſeeing him again; nor does he take leave after all without a thouſand compliments and praiſes. When he is called in as an arbitrator, he is not only deſirous of pleaſing the party on whoſe

ſide

ſide he appears, but the adverſary alſo, that he may ſeem to be the common friend of both. He tells a foreign gentleman, that he really ſpeaks the language with a better accent than the natives. When he is invited to dinner, he inſiſts upon the gentleman's letting the little children come in, and the moment he ſees them, he declares, they are more like their father than one pig is like another; and taking them by the hand, he kiſſes them, and makes them ſit next to him, and plays with them himſelf, ſaying, here is a little trinket for one, and here is a little hatchet for the other; and he lets them fall aſleep on his lap, ſeeming to be highly delighted, though he ſits on thorns all the while. He ſhaves his face very often; he keeps his teeth accurately clean; lays aſide his clothes, even while they are good, becauſe the faſhion is changed, and takes care to be perfumed with the beſt perfume. In all public places he is ſeen talking, or ſitting, with the principal perſons, &c." It is not conſiſtent with my deſign to fill my paper with citations, or it would be eaſy to produce many antient pieces from this moral painter, which deſerve to be highly eſteemed on account of their age and curioſity. The paintings, it muſt be owned, are rather in the Flemiſh ſtyle, and many of them partake of the caricatura.

But though I commend the pieces as curioſities, I would by no means be underſtood to praiſe them as perfect, or as ſtandards for imitation. Whether they have undergone mutilation or tranſpoſitions, or whether the author, in extreme old age, had not ſpirits to review what he wrote, it is not eaſy to determine: but it is certain, that there is often a total want of connection, and that many ſtrokes are admitted not at all applicable to the character to which they are applied. Indeed it appears probable, that the characters were real ones, and the remarks perſonal. So that though the author began with a general foible or folly, yet, purſuing the model from which he drew in all its parts, he was led, by an accurate delineation of the whole, to ſome particularities not at all connected with the predominant features of the general character.

With reſpect to the ſtyle of this little book, I cannot diſcover any beauties ſo peculiarly ſtriking as could induce

induce Ariſtotle to change this author's name from Tyrtamus to that of Theophraſtus. There were, however, it is probable, in his other works, ſome very diſtinguiſhed excellencies of diction, ſince they procured him, from one of the beſt critics whom the world ever ſaw, a name, which ſignified, that he expreſſed himſelf like a god. Diogenes Laertius informs us, that he wrote no fewer than two hundred and twenty books; but ſcarcely any of them have eſcaped the hand of envious time. The characters, we may venture to imagine, are greatly mutilated, and many of them loſt. It is, indeed, ſuppoſed, that as in this treatiſe he has repreſented faults only, he wrote another, in which he preſented to the view the more amiable picture of virtuous and agreeable characters. Very high commendations are paid to his Treatiſe on Plants, but it is but little read, ſince the great improvements which have been made by the moderns in the ſcience of botany. Upon the whole of his character, Caſaubon appears to have remarked, with juſtice, that he was worthy of that age which produced the glorious triumvirate, Socrates, Plato, and Ariſtotle.

Many commentaries have been written to facilitate the reading of the characters; but I cannot help thinking, that this is one of the few antient books, to the illuſtration of which, learning is leſs neceſſary than a knowledge of the world.

No. CV. ON SEVERAL PASSAGES IN THE ENCHIRIDION, OR MANUAL OF EPICTETUS.

THERE is ſcarcely any of the philoſophical ſects which has not adopted ſome abſurdity amidſt a great variety of wiſe and valuable doctrine. Like all inventors and ſelectors of their own ſyſtems, they have been hurried to exceſs, and have diſgraced the rational parts of their philoſophy by fanciful refinements, or by fooliſh tenets, which could originate only in the madneſs of enthuſiaſm. The ſtoical ſyſtem, beautiful and noble as it is in a general view, abounds with abſurdities.

blemiſhes which have almoſt rendered it contemptible. It may, indeed, be ſaid, in vindication of them, that they have a tendency to raiſe and ſtrengthen human nature; while the errors of many other ſyſtems tend only to indulge its paſſions, and to increaſe its infirmity.

I ſhall preſent my reader with a few extracts from the admirable Enchiridion; diveſting them of the abſurd doctrines, and retaining only what is really practicable and intereſting to mankind at large, independently of any philoſophical ſyſtem. The paſſages are well known to the learned, to whoſe notice it would be ſuperfluous to addreſs them. They are more particularly intended for the uſe of the young; and of thoſe who, from their engagements in active or commercial life, have not time for the ſtudy of Epictetus. Readers of this deſcription will, I hope, find them not only very curious but uſeful ſpecimens of heathen wiſdom. I ſhall tranſcribe the few paſſages which the limits of my paper will admit, from the tranſlation of a lady, who has long done honour to her ſex, and to Engliſh literature.

"Require not things to happen as you wiſh; but wiſh them to happen as they do happen, and you will go on well.

"Remember that you muſt behave in life as at an entertainment. Is any thing brought round to you? Put out your hand and take your ſhare with moderation. Does it paſs by you? Do not ſtop it. Is it not yet come? Do not ſtretch forth your deſire towards it, but wait till it reaches you. Thus do with regard to children, to a wife, to public poſts, to riches; and you will be ſome time or other a worthy partner of the feaſts of the gods.

"Remember that you are an actor in a drama, of ſuch kind as the author pleaſes to make it. If ſhort, of a ſhort one; if long, of a long one. If it be his pleaſure you ſhould act a poor man, a cripple, a governor, or a private perſon, ſee that you act it naturally. For this is your buſineſs, to act well the character aſſigned you. To chuſe it, is another's.

"If you have an earneſt deſire of attaining to philoſophy, prepare yourſelf from the very firſt to be

laughed at, to be sneered by the multitude, to hear them say, "he is returned to us a philosopher all at once," and, "whence this supercilious look?" Now, for your part, do not have a supercilious look indeed; but still keep steadily to those things which appear best to you, as one appointed by God to this station. For remember, if you adhere to the same point, those very persons who at first ridiculed, will afterwards admire you; but if you are conquered by them, you will incur a double ridicule.

"When a neighbour's boy has had a slight accident, broken a cup, for instance, we are perfectly ready to say, "These are things that will happen." Be assured then, that when your own cup likewise is broken, you ought to be affected just as when another's cup is broken. Transfer this in like manner to other things. Is the child or wife of another dead? There is no one who would not say, "This is an accident to which human nature is liable." But if any one's own child happens to die, it is instantly, "Alas, how wretched am I!" But it should be remembered, how we are affected in hearing the same thing concerning others.

"If a person had delivered up your body to any one whom he had met in the way, you would certainly be angry. And do you feel no shame in delivering up your own mind to be disconcerted and confounded by any one who happens to give you ill language?

"Duties are universally measured by relations. Is any one a father? In this are implied, as duty, taking care of him, submitting to him in all things, patiently receiving his reproaches, his correction. But he is a bad father. Is your natural tie then to a good father? No; but to a father. Is a brother unjust? Well preserve your own situation towards him; consider not what he does, but what you are to do. In this manner you will find, from the idea of a neighbour, a citizen, a general, the corresponding duties, if you accustom yourselves to contemplate the several relations.

"It is incumbent on every one to offer libations and sacrifices conformably to the customs of his country, with purity, and not in a slovenly manner, nor negligently, nor beyond his ability.

"Immediately

"Immediately preſcribe ſome character and form of behaviour to yourſelf, which you may preſerve, both alone and in company.

"We muſt not diſcourſe on any of the common ſubjects, of gladiators, or horſe-races or athletic champions, or feaſts, the vulgar topics of converſation; but principally not of men, ſo as either to blame, or praiſe, or make compariſons. If you are able, by your own converſation, bring over that of your company to proper ſubjects; but, if you happen to be taken among perſons of ideas totally different from yours, be ſilent.

"Let not your laughter be much, nor on many occaſions, nor profuſe. Avoid ſwearing, if poſſible, altogether; if not, as far as you are able.

"Avoid public and vulgar entertainments: but, if ever an occaſion calls you to them, keep your attention upon the ſtretch, that you may not imperceptibly ſlide into vulgar manners. For be aſſured, that if a perſon be ever ſo ſound himſelf, yet if his companion be infected, he who converſes with him will be infected likewiſe.

"Before marriage preſerve yourſelf pure; but do not, therefore, be troubleſome, and full of reproofs, to thoſe who are licentious, nor frequently boaſt that you yourſelf are not.

"If any perſon tells you, that ſuch a perſon ſpeaks ill of you, do not make excuſes about what is ſaid of you; but anſwer; "He does not know my other faults, elſe he would not have mentioned only theſe."

"In parties of converſation, avoid a frequent and exceſſive mention of your own actions and dangers; for, however agreeable it may be to yourſelf to mention the riſques you have run, it is not equally agreeable to others to hear your adventures. Avoid likewiſe an endeavour to excite laughter; for this is a ſlippery point, which may throw you into vulgar manners; and beſides, may be apt to leſſen you in the eſteem of your acquaintance. Approaches to indecent diſcourſe are likewiſe dangerous. Whenever, therefore, any thing of this ſort happens, if there be a proper opportunity, rebuke him who makes advances that way; or, at leaſt, by ſilence and

bluſhing,

blushing, and a forbidding look, shew yourself displeased by such talk.

"If you are struck by the appearance of any permitted pleasure, guard yourself against being hurried away by it; but let the affair wait your leisure, and procure yourself some delay. Then bring to your mind both points of time; that, in which you shall enjoy the pleasure, and that, in which you will repent and reproach yourself, after you have enjoyed it: and set before you, in opposition to these, how you will rejoice and applaud yourself, if you abstain. And even, though it should appear to you a reasonable gratification, take heed, that its enticing, and agreeable and attractive force may not subdue you; but set in opposition to this, how much better it is, to be conscious of having gained so great a victory.

"When you do any thing from a clear judgment that it ought to be done, never shun the being seen to do it, even though the world should make a wrong supposition about it; for, if you do not act right, shun the action itself; but if you do, why are you afraid of those who censure you wrongly?

"If you have assumed any character above your strength, you have both made an ill figure in that, and quitted one which you might have supported.

"Women, from fourteen years old, are flattered with the title of mistress by the men. Therefore, perceiving that they are regarded only as qualified to give the men pleasure, they begin to adorn themselves, and in that to place all their hopes. It is worth while, therefore, to fix our attention on making them sensible that they are esteemed for nothing else, but the appearance of a decent, and modest, and discreet behaviour.

"It is a mark of want of genius, to spend much time in things relating to the body; as to be long in our exercises, in eating and drinking. These should be done incidentally and slightly; and our whole attention be engaged in the care of the understanding.

"Never call yourself a philosopher, nor talk a great deal among the unlearned about theorems; but act conformably to them. Thus, at entertainments, do not talk how persons ought to eat; but eat as you ought.

There is great danger in immediately throwing what you have not digeſted. And if any one tells that you know nothing, and you are not nettled then you may be ſure that you have begun your buſi

" Sheep do not produce the graſs, to ſhow how they have eaten; but, inwardly digeſting their, they outwardly produce wool and milk. Thus, t fore, do you likewiſe not ſhew theorems to the learned, but the actions produced by them, after have been digeſted.

" The condition and characteriſtic of a vulgar p are, that he never expects either benefit or hurt himſelf; but from externals. The condition and racteriſtic of a philoſopher are, that he expects all and benefit from himſelf.

" Whatever rules you have deliberately propoſ yourſelf for the conduct of life, abide by them many laws, and as if you would be guilty of impie tranſgreſſing any of them; and do not regard what an ſays of you, for this, after all, is no concern of y How long will you defer to think yourſelf worth the nobleſt improvements, and in no inſtance to t greſs the diſtinctions of reaſon? You are no lon boy, but a grown man. If, therefore, you will b gligent and ſlothful, and always add procraſtinati procraſtination, purpoſe to purpoſe, and fix day day in which you will attend to yourſelf, you wil ſenſibly continue without proficiency; and living dying, perſevere in being one of the vulgar. Thi ſtant then, think yourſelf worthy of living as a grown up, and a proficient. Let whatever appea be the beſt, be to you an inviolable law. And if inſtance of pain or pleaſure, or glory or diſgrace ſet before you, remember that now is the combat, the olympiad comes on, nor can it be put off; and by once being worſted and giving way, proficien loſt; or, by the contrary, preſerved. Thus Soc became perfect, improving himſelf by every thing, tending to nothing but reaſon. And, though you not yet a Socrates, you ought, however, to live as deſirous of becoming a Socrates

" Upon all occaſions we ought to have this fa

of Socrates at hand, "O Crito, if it thus pleases the gods, thus let it be! Anytus and Melitus may kill me indeed, but hurt me they cannot."

The conferences of Epictetus, from which, indeed, the manual is in great measure collected, quaint as they appear, abound with pithy remarks, such as [illegible] much more to the mind of a reflecting reader, than [illegible] the ear. The gold, however, as it happens in [illegible] mines, is surrounded with much dross. The [illegible] manner in which the conferences appear in a [illegible] tion, however excellent, has deterred many from [illegible] using them, who would have found their [illegible] amply rewarded. I cannot, therefore, help [illegible], for the sake of liberal and studious young men, that all the valuable matter were extracted, and presented to their view, with accuracy; but, at the same time, with all the ornaments of an elegant and flowing diction. I should, indeed, think it an excellent mode of improving the minds and morals of those who are in the course of their education, if some one passage, like those cited above, were selected as a text or subject on which the preceptor might expatiate. For, next to the scriptures themselves, the writings of the stoics contribute most to raise and rescue human nature from the humiliation and wretchedness into which it is prone to fall, by natural degeneracy, inherent weakness, and acquired corruption. They operate on the mind like those medicines on the body which are called bracers, or corroboratives, and surely that philosophy ought to be encouraged by every moralist and statesman, which adds nerves to virtue, and gives stability to empire.

No. CVI. ON SWEETNESS AND DELICACY OF STYLE.

As there is in some flowers an exquisite scent, and in some fruits a delicious flavour, to express which no language has a name; so there is in style a [illegible]

and a delicacy which eludes deſcription, and ca
be perceived by the ſenſibility of taſte.

But though it may be difficult to analyſe this agr
quality, or to teach a writer how to infuſe it i
works, yet it is by no means equally arduous to
out a few authors, in whom both the obſervat
others, and our own feelings, have diſcovered it.
indeed, is the only method of communicating it
though it is not to be taught by didactic and
precepts, it may be acquired by the contagious inf
of a captivating example.

Sweetneſs is chiefly to be found in Lyric poetry
is by no means confined to it. Though Voſſiu
opinion, that ſweetneſs is peculiar to Lyric, as g
to the epic, ſimplicity to the paſtoral, ſoftneſs
elegiac, jocularity to the comic, pathos to the
bitterneſs to the ſatyric, and pungency to the epi
matic; yet I rather think, that they all admit, or
occaſions, ſomething of this captivating quality. H
who will furniſh models of every ſtyle, often
among his ruder beauties, a delicate ſweetneſs of d
which, beſides its own inherent power of pleaſing, e
liſhes all the rougher parts by the power of contraſ

Theocritus is all ſweetneſs; and if a reader,
good ear, ſhould not underſtand the bard of Syr
he might ſtill be delighted with the delicious ho
the doric dialect.

Many of the little, but elegant, compoſitions
anthologiæ, owe all their excellence to the ſelect
words, which convey enchanting muſic to the
They ſeem, indeed, to trickle like liquid honey
the honeycomb, and this without any affectati
the writers; for ſuch are the peculiar beauties
Greek language, that it is difficult to write on ſu
connected with pleaſure, love, and beauty, w
uſing ſuch expreſſions as, beſides their real mea
excite an idea of ſweetneſs, ſimilar to the objec
preſented.

Sweetneſs is the peculiar excellence of the
bard of Teos. The bacchanalian ſongs of m
times partake very little of thoſe delicate charms
diſtinguiſh a ſtyle truly anacreontic. It does not l

appear, that the modern bacchanals have thought it possible that their joys should admit of delicacy. The songs, therefore, which have been written to enliven and stimulate their mirth, have usually been of a coarser kind, and such as necessarily excluded sweetness of composition. They seem to have considered a Bacchus as he is rudely represented on a sign-post, and not as he is described by the poets and sculptors of antiquity, a most graceful and elegant figure. Anacreon, after all, like the Greek epigrammatists, must be acknowledged to owe much of his sweetness to a language, which cannot be otherwise than sweet on certain subjects, without unnatural violence.

The Latin language, though susceptible of peculiar delicacy, is certainly less capable of sweetness than the dialect of Athens, Ionia, and Doris. But still there are many authors in it, who have derived much of the power of pleasing the human race, during near twenty centuries, from the singular sweetness of their style.

Catullus, I believe, deserves to be mentioned among the first of those who have emulated the Greeks in their distinguished excellence. Few books would have been better calculated to give boys a true taste for sweet composition, if the decency of the poet's sentiments had been equal to the delicacy of his style.

Horace was a very Proteus in the circumstance of a versatile and variegated diction. His odes abound with stanzas, and his other works with heroic verse, which evidently prove, that if he had chosen to vie with Virgil in strength and dignity, he would have approached his rival. But he was a man of pleasure, and his favourite style is that in which he celebrates love and wine. In this there is a remarkable [illegible]; and I know not whether the [illegible], or that charm of his writings, which resulted from study and happiness united, may not be said to consist in sweetness and delicacy. Such is the delightful sweetness of the ninth ode of the fourth book, and the fourth of the third, that all readers have been charmed with them; and Julius Scaliger, a very warm critic, has asserted, that he had rather be the author of them than of all Pindar's odes, or than be elevated to the rank of a monarch

It is, I think, certain, that many of the odes of Horace, and many of the works of other poets of equal fame, have delighted mankind from one generation to another, far leſs by their ſentiments than by thoſe congenial beauties, a ſweetneſs of language, a delicate choice of words, and a well modulated collocation.

The modeſt bard of Mantua indiſputably owes his influence over the human mind, to his talent in attempering, in a moſt judicious union, ſoftneſs, ſweetneſs, and the niceſt delicacy, with the moſt majeſtic grandeur.

Among the proſe writers of Greece and Rome, every reader of taſte will immediately obſerve, that Herodotus and Xenophon, Cæſar and Cicero, claim the firſt place in the excellence of a ſweet ſtyle. The two Plinies and Paterculus have a conſiderable ſhare of it. Thucydides, Salluſt, and Tacitus are too fond of auſterity to admit any great portion of ſweetneſs.

Many of the modern Latin poets have diſtinguiſhed themſelves by the ſweetneſs of their verſe. Some of them have, however, carried it to exceſs, and have written in the worſt manner of Grotius, Johannes Secundus, and Boniſonius. Sweetneſs ought to be diſtinguiſhed from luſciouſneſs; the one affects us with the ſenſations durably agreeable; the other quickly cloys and palls the appetite.

The eminent French writers, who certainly poſſeſs taſte, have diſplayed a remarkable ſweetneſs of ſtyle. The Italians can ſcarcely compoſe without diſplaying it. He who has formed a taſte for this quality, will find it fully gratified in the writings of Fontaine, Metaſtaſio, and, indeed, in all the celebrated authors of France and Italy. Thoſe nations, in modern times, have been more defective in ſtrength and nerve, than in any of the ſofter qualities, the purpoſe of which is to pleaſe.

Though the French are diſpoſed to deny the Engliſh the praiſe of taſte, I cannot help thinking, that we have writers who can rival them in their pretenſions to every excellence which can adorn compoſition. Our Addiſon, like ſome of the moſt celebrated ancients, poſſeſſes that ſweetneſs, that delicacy, and that grace, which is formed to pleaſe the human mind, under all the

the revolutions of time, of fashion, and of capricious taste. It is not only the excellent matter which produces the effect of gently composing our passions while we are reading Addison; but it is also that sweet style, which cannot be read and tasted without communicating to the mind something of its own equability. Sir William Temple was, indeed, the model of Addison, and he is remarkable for the sweetness of his style, especially if he is compared with the writers of his own time.

All our eminent poets have judiciously mingled sweetness with strength, and grace with dignity. Waller has usually obtained the praise of sweetness; but he has been greatly exceeded by his successors in this and every other species of poetry. If that sort of genius which constitutes a Homer, a Shakespeare, a Milton, has not been common among us; yet the subordinate species, which is displayed in elegant mediocrity, and in what we call pretty and pleasing opuscula, has been no where more abundant.

It appears to me, that the later writers of prose have rather affected the masculine and nervous, than the sweet and graceful. The late Mr. Harris is, indeed, an exception; for he collected the purest honey from the flowers of Attica. The author of Fitzosborne's letters has exhibited both grace and sweetness, and I wish they were not sometimes injured by verbosity. Johnson, Hawkesworth, Robertson, are chiefly admired for strength and force. Hume has now and then displayed something of Addisonian sweetness in a few of his moral essays. It is to be wished he had displayed also something of the Addisonian goodness of heart. The Warburtonian school, as Hume called it, though it has produced ingenious and nervous writers, cannot boast either of sweetness or graceful[illegible]. It has [illegible] much in violent controversy and arbitrary [illegible], both of which usually bid defiance to the Graces, and prefer bitterness and acrimony to sweetness.

Though it may not be easy to define the whole of that, whatever it is, which constitutes sweetness of style, yet it is by no means difficult to discover one or two circumstances which are highly conducive to it. It is,

indeed, obvious to obſerve, that the frequent uſe o liquid letters, and of labials combined with ſyllable conſiſting of vowels with few conſonants, contribut greatly to ſweeten the diction. But ſo nice a poi is real excellence, that the ſmalleſt exceſs or affectatio of any particular beauty will totally deſtroy all i agreeable effect. It muſt reſult from nature, cultivated indeed, but not too cloſely confined and directed, b art. Alliteration is conducive to ſweetneſs, and is figure frequently uſed by the beſt writers, antient an modern. Uſed with caution it cannot fail to pleaſe; bu the cauſe of the pleaſure ſhould be latent. When thi figure obtrudes itſelf too often, and in exceſs, as it doe in ſeveral modern writers, it loſes all its grace, and th reader reſents and loaths the paltry artifice of a write who depends on ſo poor a claim to applauſe. This, in deed, and all other ornaments are to be uſed, as it ha been obſerved, like ſalt at a meal, which agreeabl ſeaſons every diſh when mixed in moderation, but whic would ſpoil the whole, if it were rendered the predo minant ingredient in the repaſt.

No. CVII. HINTS TO THOSE WHO ARE DE SIGNED FOR THE PROFESSION OF PHYSIC.

IT was always a part of my deſign, in theſe papers to ſuggeſt a few hints of advice to young perſons who are juſt entering on any of the liberal profeſſions not, indeed, with a preſumptuous intention to direct them in a technical or ſcientific practice, but merely to give them ſome general ideas, which may render their views more liberal, and their minds more generous, or arm them with ſome uſeful precautions. I remember too well the impertinence of the ſophiſt who read lecture to Hannibal on the art of war, to think of in ſtructing any perſons in the peculiar or mechanical ar and ſcience, which they have made the ſtudy of thei lives. But there are certain univerſal truths which men, attached to a particular purſuit, ſometimes over look

look. There is alſo a certain enlargement of mind, which is loſt in the narrow habits and confined views of thoſe who take an active part in a lucrative profeſſion. He who ſurveys life in an extenſive proſpect, may ſee a variety of magnificent objects which eſcape the eye, which is conſtantly fixed on a few ſingle circumſtances, and confined within a narrow circle. It is the buſineſs of the moraliſt to inſpect every part of human life, to endeavour to correct its errors, and promote all the excellence and happineſs of which it is capable.

It has been juſtly remarked, that they who enter on the profeſſion of medicine in any of its branches, have commonly depended for ſucceſs, rather on the cultivation of the graces than the ſciences. And it is certain, that many perſons whoſe ſolid attainments were very moderate, have run away with the greateſt ſhare of wealth and popularity, with few other recommendations than a fine perſon, a flowy dreſs, a fingular equipage, and an undaunted effrontery.

But ſince internal ſatisfaction, a conſciouſneſs of having done all that was poſſible to prepare for a profeſſion, and of having pretended to no more than we are able to perform, is a purer ſource of happineſs, than the applauſe, and even the guineas of the ignorant multitude; I adviſe every pupil, who values ſubſtantial happineſs more than the phantom of it, to devote the firſt period of his life to a very ſerious purſuit of every part of knowledge which contributes to give him, not only a practical, but a theoretical ſkill in his profeſſion; not only the contracted ideas of a mercenary practitioner, but the comprehenſive ſentiments of a ſtudent in philoſophy.

The foundation ſhould be laid in an education truly liberal. It is really lamentable to obſerve the extreme ignorance of thoſe among medical practitioners, who are applied to in the firſt inſtance, and who conſtitute the moſt numerous claſs. They are taken from a writing ſchool, or perhaps a grammar ſchool, at the age of fourteen, and bound apprentices. They have uſually acquired a good hand writing; but their knowledge of the claſſics is ſeldom worth mentioning; and, upon the whole, their education may be ſaid to be about equal

to that of a pauper in a parish charity school. Their b
finess is to stand behind the counter, and compou
medicines by the prescriptions of the doctor. These a
usually in Latin, written very badly, and full of affect
abbreviations. They are, indeed, often so ænigmatic
that nothing less than the sagacity of an Œdipus can
solve their difficulties. The poor lad, if he has tim
will toil at his dictionary, where, however, he often to
in vain; but if he has not time, which is usually t
case, he takes the most expeditious method of doi
business. He is ashamed to confess his ignorance, a
therefore puts up any medicine which his c njectu
suggests; the phial is wrapt up, dispatched with all e
pedition, and the patient poisoned.

After having spent seven years in a shop pounding
drugs and spreading plasters; and after having acqui
a little paltry portion of mechanical knowledge
constant habit, he is dismissed as complete; and g
into the country a bold professor of chirurgery a
pharmacy. With a smart dress, an unblushing cou
tenance, and a voluble tongue, he is sure of succe
and bids defiance to all the learning in the world.
his own opinion he is another Hippocrates or Heberde
and, indeed, he is an object of real wonder to
country people; for he collects a few hard words fr
his dictionary, which he utters with great gravity amo
gossips and farmers, who consider him as a very learn
man, as well as prodigiously clever in his professi
Those who could bear witness against his skill, are
secured and silenced in the church-yard.

I assert, that a knowledge of Greek as well as La
is really necessary to the apothecary, if he would perfo
his business with that accuracy which is certainly
quired in so important an employment. A boy, d
tined to this employment, should by no means le
his school till the age of sixteen or seventeen. T
knowledge of the learned languages, acquired bef
that time, is merely elementary; it is only of use a
leads to farther improvement in the languages.
cannot qualify for any profession, much less for
apothecaries, the names of whose instruments, me
cin

cines, and operations, are, for the most part, either wholly Greek, or of Greek extraction.

But, indeed, if he wishes to raise his profession above the level of an empiric, or a farrier, he should acquire a liberal education for its own sake, independently of its use in a mercenary view; for the sake of polishing his mind, and elevating his sentiments. With a liberal education and an extensive practice, he is in fact a physician, though called an apothecary; and though he should neither have purchased a diploma, nor have earned a regular degree by spending his time, money, and health in an English university, he is a gentleman; and the peculiar utility of his employments, when judiciously and humanely conducted, entitle him to the company and conversation of all who deserve that distinction.

There never was an age in which they who intend to support the dignified character of graduated physicians, had better opportunities for improvement in physiology. Lectures, as well as books, in anatomy, chemistry, and every part of science and natural philosophy, never more abounded. Let the student devote himself to these with long and serious application, and depend more upon them, than on the caprice of fashion, or any singularity in his chariot or livery. A popular physician in a great capital, and indeed any where, is a very important member of society, considered merely in a political view. The lives, limbs, health, and spirits of a very great part of the subjects of a kingdom depend upon his skill and honest. A man who undertakes this office, and recommends himself by address and artifice, without qualifying himself with every preparatory knowledge, and who abuses the confidence of those who fly to him as to a guardian angel, in the deepest distress, has very little claim to the title of an honest man, and deserves to be stigmatized and punished with the worst of villains, and the vilest of characters.

It has been observed, and regretted, that some individuals in this liberal profession have exhibited such an attention to interest, as is incompatible with the common feelings of humanity. Such persons are their own enemies; for no gratification of sordid avarice can equal the delicious sensations of him, who derives in

exerciſing his ſkill, in diffuſing joy through the haunts of miſery, and in relieving the ſick, the maimed, the halt, and the blind.

There is, indeed, ſomething godlike in the medical profeſſion, when it is humanely and diſintereſtedly exerciſed. Every one, it is true, ought to pay that regard to intereſt, which prudence, and a love of his own family demand; but he who alſo delights in relieving, from the ſatisfactions of ſympathy and a ſenſe of duty, may be ſaid to reſemble the great model of every perfection, Jeſus Chriſt, who went about doing good, and healing all manner of ſickneſs and diſeaſes among the people.

No. CVIII. THE COMPLAINTS AGAINST MODERN LITERATURE PROBABLY ILL-FOUNDED.

TO complain of the preſent, and to praiſe the paſt, has ſo long been the favourite topic of diſappointment, or of ignorance, that every ſtricture on the degeneracy of the times is looked upon as the effuſion of ill nature, or the reſult of ſuperficial obſervation: but the abſurdity of declamatory invective ought not to preclude the cool remarks of truth, reaſon, and experience.

The practice of vice, or virtue, has indeed varied at different periods, rather in the mode, than in the degree, but the ſtate of literature has ſuffered more violent revolutions, it has ſometimes ſhone with the brighteſt luſtre, and at others has been totally overſhadowed with the darkneſs of barbariſm.

To review the ſtate of learning from the earlieſt periods, and to inveſtigate the cauſes of its fluctuation, is a taſk that requires much labour, ſagacity, and erudition. Mere ſuperficial enquiries will, however, ſuffice to examine the juſtice of the charge of literary degeneracy in the preſent age, and, if it be well founded, to diſcover the cauſe of it.

It has been obſerved by an ingenious writer, that as every age has been mark'd by ſome peculiarity, from which

which it has derived its characteristic appellation; for the present, were it to be distinguished by a name from its most prevalent humour, might be called, *the age of authors*. Of late years, almost every man has felt an ambition of appearing in print, from the voluminous lexicographer, down to the scribbler in a pamphlet or a newspaper. It is, indeed, natural to suppose, that of a great number of competitors, some would reach the prize; and that the universal combination of intellects would effect some stupendous work, which should exceed all the productions of our predecessors, and demand the admiration of the latest posterity. It has, however, been observed, that the learning of the present age is not deep, though diffusive; and that its productions are not excellent, though numerous.

The multiplicity of competitors is an argument of their hasty production; and hastiness is, at least, a presumptive proof of their want of merit. In this point, the literary and the natural world resemble each other. The productions of nature, whether vegetable or animal, as they are either of a slow or speedy growth, are known to be durable or transitory, solid or unsubstantial. The oak and the cedar plant are long before they attain perfection, but are still longer before they decay: while the butterfly and the flower of a day perish as they arise, almost within a diurnal revolution of the sun. The works of Virgil cost him much time and labour, but they have resisted near two thousand years universally admired, while the compositions of that poet, who boasted he could write two or three hundred verses while he stood on one leg, were lost in a space almost as short as that in which they were produced.

But the hasty formation of literary works in modern times, is not a greater obstacle to their excellence, than the mercenary motives of their authors. The office of instructing mankind in morality, and of informing them in science, was once reserved for those alone who were particularly adapted to the task by the impulses of genius, by peculiar opportunities, and by singular application. In these times, however, the profession of an author is become a lucrative employment, and is practised rather by those who feel the inconvenience of

hunger,

hunger, than by thoſe who are ſtimulated with the hope of immortality. But it is a known truth, that avarice contracts the mind, and renders it incapable of elevated ſentiments and generous enterprizes. It ceaſes therefore to be matter of wonder, that works are deſtitute of ſpirit, when they proceed not from the noble ardour inſpired by the love of fame, but from the frigid incitements of the love of money.

The depraved taſte of readers is another cauſe of the degeneracy of writers. They who write for the public, muſt gratify the taſte of the public. In vain are their compoſitions formed on the model of the beſt writers, and regulated by the precepts of the moſt judicious critics, if they conform not to the popular caprice, and the miſtaken judgment of the vulgar. In an age when the taſte for reading is univerſal, many works, contemptible both in deſign and execution, will be received by ſome readers, with diſtinguiſhed applauſe. The want of the merits of juſt reaſoning and pure language is, with the greater part, the half-learned and the ignorant no objection. In truth, unconnected thoughts, and ſuperficial declamation, are congenial to minds unaccuſtomed to accurate thinking, and inſenſible of the charms of finiſhed excellence. Hence writers of acknowledged abilities and learning have been known, when they aimed at popularity, to relinquiſh real excellence, and adopt a falſe taſte, in oppoſition to their own judgment.

After all, it may not perhaps be abſurd, to attribute many of the complaints againſt the preſent ſtate of letters to ignorance, envy, and caprice. In every department of literature, in the gay regions of fancy, and in the depths of philoſophy and ſcience, many authors there are of this age and nation, who have acquired an illuſtrious reputation by deſerving it: and if they want that originality of thought and ſolidity of learning which mark ſome of the productions of our firſt writers, yet have they a force, elegance, and correctneſs of ſtyle, unknown to their predeceſſors.

No. CIX. ON THE CAUSES AND FOLLY OF DISSENTIONS IN A COUNTRY NEIGHBOURHOOD.

IT ſeems extraordinary, that with all our pretenſions to the ſocial affections and to chriſtianity, there are few country towns or villages, in which the families, which are reckoned genteel by the right of fortune and of ſelf-eſtimation, live upon terms of cordial and ſincere friendſhip. One might, I believe, venture to go farther, and to aſſert, that there are few where a general enmity and diſlike do not lurk, under the formality of ceremonious viſits, and civil ſalutation.

The foundation of all the uneaſineſs is a fooliſh pride, which, though it was not made for ſo weak a creature as man, yet adheres ſo cloſely to him, that he can ſeldom diveſt himſelf of it, without ſuch an effort as few minds are able to make. Philoſophy is vainly applied; for few are prouder than philoſophers. Religion only can effectually eradicate a vice ſo deeply rooted; that amiable religion, which teaches us to love our neighbours as ourſelves; and which has informed us of a truth which experience abundantly confirms, that from pride only cometh contention.

The moſt trifling diſtinction or appearance of ſuperiority, is ſure to excite all the heart burnings of ſecret envy and jealouſy. Inſtead of rejoicing at any fortunate event which contributes to the happineſs of a neighbour, the greater part ſecretly repine at it, and endeavour to leſſen the ſatisfaction it might afford, by diſſeminating ſome mortifying ſurmiſe or inſinuation. Indeed, the fortunate perſon ſometimes deſerves ſome humiliation; for as his neighbours are endeavouring to lower him to their own level, he, on the other hand, oſtentatiouſly diſplays his ſuperiority, and labours to depreſs them below their due rank, that his own elevation may be more conſpicuous. It would be entertaining to

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behold the little contrivances which the petty gentry invent for the purpoſe of eclipſing each other, if there were not always ſomething of a malignity which diſguſts and hurts the mind of an humane man. The rivalry is by no means of an amicable ſort; and though the parties are wonderfully civil when they meet, they often hate each other with the greateſt inveteracy. Nothing would, indeed, give them greater pleaſure, than to hear of each other's loſſes or ruin, though they would not fail to viſit on the occaſion, and to ſympathiſe in the politeſt and moſt approved faſhion.

Scandal, indeed, who has long reigned with arbitrary ſway in country towns, is uſually the cauſe of all that latent hatred which poiſons the happineſs of families whoſe birth or fortune has placed them in the ſame neighbourhood; and who, enjoying plenty, might alſo enjoy peace, if they could prevail upon themſelves to turn a deaf ear to the tale-bearer. But ſuch is the perverſeneſs or malignity of many, that though they have themſelves but juſt ſuffered from the falſe reports of ſlanderers, they liſten, with delight, to the next whiſper, that flies like the arrow in the dark, and wounds a neighbour's reputation. If any favourable report begins to prevail, it is with difficulty admitted; it is doubted, contradicted, or extenuated. But there is no lie ſo improbably falſe, ſo little like the truth, but it will be joyfully received and believed without examination, ſo long as it tends to lower an object of envy in the eſteem of a neighbourhood, to injure the intereſt of a rival in vanity, or to wound the heart of him whom we hate, only becauſe we feel the weight of his real ſuperiority.

It is to be wiſhed, that people would conſider from how contemptible a ſource moſt of thoſe calumnies originate, which induce neighbours to entertain a bad opinion of each other, and, in conſequence, to live in a ſtate of conſtant, though ſecret enmity. They uſually come from domeſtic ſervants, who, in revenge for a juſt reprimand, or from the wickedneſs of an ungrateful heart, delight in diſſeminating the moſt cruel tales without the ſmalleſt foundation in reality. Or, ſuppoſing ſomething ſimilar to the calumny did happen

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in a neighbour's houſe, it is ſo diſguiſed, altered, and exaggerated, by the time it has gone from the top of the town to the bottom, that what was, in truth, no more than a trifle ſcarcely worth attention, becomes a charge of a moſt atrocious and injurious kind, when it has been toſſed from tongue to tongue. The vileſt menial ſhall utter a lie, in the meaneſt ſhop of the moſt paltry town; and, in the ſpace of half an hour, it ſhall be republiſhed with additions and embelliſhments, as a known fact, by the Lady of the Manor.

The petty offices and diſtinctions of churchwardens, ſurveyors, mayors, lords of the manor, commiſſioners of turnpike-roads, and ſimilar rural dignities, do indeed often fill their poſſeſſors, and their ladies, with ſo high a ſenſe of their own importance, and at the ſame time excite ſo much envy in the little minds which aſpire at ſuch little honours, that, in proportion as the great perſonage advances in the path of glory, he is often obliged to relinquiſh the comforts of good neighbourhood. It is not, indeed, to be wondered at, if thoſe who have had little or no education, and whoſe views have been confined to horſes, dogs, and the affairs of a veſtry and a court-leet, ſhould value themſelves too much on petty diſtinction; and ſhould ſuppoſe the title of Eſquire, Lord of the Manor, or Juſtice of Peace, ſuch honours as may juſtify them in treating others with contumely. Neither is it wonderful, that they who have never wandered beyond the limits of their native pariſh, ſhould ſurvey ſuch diſtinctions with an envious eye. All men ought, indeed, to aſpire at diſtinction, as it may lead them to aſpire at uſefulneſs and virtue; but it is certainly deſirable, for the ſake of tranquillity, that envy and malice ſhould not be mixed with laudable emulation.

But there are other cauſes beſides the love of ſcandal and the gratification of vanity, which powerfully operate in interrupting the harmony of a good neighbourhood. Avarice is the occaſion of many and indeterminable diſagreements. In what part of the country can we fix our reſidence, where ſome of the clergy are not objects of diſlike, becauſe a regard to their wives and children, whoſe bread depends upon their lives, induces

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them to inſiſt on thoſe dues which the laws have allowed them. The clergyman in the moſt deſart parts of the country, is uſually a man of learning, and of a polite mind, who might diffuſe a taſte for elegant and improving converſation; but he is excluded from the ſociety of his pariſhioners, becauſe he makes a juſt claim upon their property. The moſt ſhocking calumnies are propagated againſt him and his family; every thing is done which can mortify and diſtreſs him, and he is frequently involved for life by the farmers, and a pettifogger at their head, in vexatious and expenſive litigation. He who preaches peace, and who might ſoften, by the influence of poliſhed manners, the remains of brutality among his ſavage and narrow-minded neighbours, is hunted by them till he is forced to take refuge in the lonely retreat of his parſonage.

The various meetings which are neceſſary to conduct pariſh and other public buſineſs in the country, are often productive of violent animoſities. An oppoſition formed at a veſtry, or a turnpike-meeting, is ſometimes carried on with more acrimony than in the Houſe of Com ons. It would not be ſo lamentable, if the conſequences of the diſpute terminated at the time and place in which it aroſe; but it uſually happens, that if the gentlemen have diſagreed in the veſtry, the ladies, at the next tea-drinking, put on ſullen looks, and commence a ſecret attack on each other's perſons, dreſs, character, and conduct. Hoſtilities, which owe their riſe to a difference of opinion concerning the mending of a road, or the repairing of a ſteeple, are carried on under the cover of external civility, and continue from generation to generation.

It would be a very valuable point gained, if we could prevail on the many thouſands, who, with all the external means of happineſs, lead uncomfortable lives from the diſſentions of their neighbourhood, to conſider duly the importance of a friendly intercourſe with thoſe in whoſe vicinity they have been placed by Providence. They may be confidently aſſured, that no pleaſure ariſing from ſcandal, from petty diſtinctions, from trifling matters of intereſt, or from influence over pariſh or county meetings, can be compared to the

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ſatisfaction of living in love, and in a conſtant interchange of thoſe good offices which alleviate adverſity, and give to proſperity its ſweeteſt enjoyments. The qualities indiſpenſably neceſſary to the accompliſhment of this deſirable purpoſe, are benevolence and humility.

No. CX. THE IMPRUDENCE OF AN EARLY ATTACHMENT TO ACTING PLAYS, IN A LETTER.

AS I was ſauntering, a few days ago, on one of the public walks, I could not help particularly remarking a young man, whoſe dreſs ſhewed marks of a ſhabby gentility, and whoſe countenance wore the aſpect of a ſettled melancholy.

The appearance of wretchedneſs, in whatever ſituation, is always ſufficient to awaken my curioſity. I felt myſelf irreſiſtibly impelled to enquire into the hiſtory of a perſon who ſeemed to be completely miſerable. After having walked a conſiderable time, I perceived him to throw himſelf, in a diſconſolate attitude, on one of the ſeats of the walk. I did not neglect the opportunity; but ſeating myſelf by his ſide, prevailed on him, after ſome introductory converſation, to give me his hiſtory, which he did in the following words:

"Yes, Sir," ſaid he, "though my preſent appearance may ſeem to invalidate my aſſertion, I aſſure you "I was the ſon of one of the moſt opulent traders "in the metropolis. I might at this time have been "enjoying all the happineſs that affluence can beſtow; "but now, alas! I have no where to lay my head, "no refuge to which I can fly for comfort. I am abandoned to the wide world without a friend; and one "conſideration aggravates all my miſery I have de"ſerved my ſufferings, and cannot juſtly complain."

Here he pauſed to conceal a tear which was juſt burſting from his eyes. After he had a little recovered himſelf,

himſelf, his countenance gradually grew more ſerene, and he proceed d with leſs emotion.

" When I was at the age of eleven, my father " placed me at a celebrated grammar-ſchool— " there I ſpent the happieſt days of my life. Nature, " as I was told, had given me parts; I made a rapid " progreſs in claſſical learning; all was encourage- " ment, all was hope, and all was happineſs. But, in " the midſt of my improvement, my father reſolved, " in oppoſition to the advice of my maſter, to remove " me from ſchool, and to ſettle me in his own counting- " houſe. My maſter urged, that though I might per- " haps ſucceed in a learned profeſſion, yet the vivacity " of my diſpoſition would be an obſtacle to my proſpe- " rity in a mercantile employment. My father, ſen- " ſible of the lucrative advantages of an eſtabliſhed " trade, was deaf to theſe remonſtrances; and on a " fatal day I entered into engagements to plod at the " deſk and the counter for ſeven years.

" But nature is not to be conſtrained by indentures. " Inſtead of caſting up ſums, and meaſuring ells, I em- " ployed my time in the peruſal of Shakeſpeare, in " compoſing epilogues and farces, and in diſcuſſing " the merits of every new dramatic production. In- " ſtead of ſpending my evenings in poſting accounts, " and examining my ledger, I was always attending " the performances of a Foote or a Garrick. At length, " by conſtantly frequenting the playhouſes, and mixing " with contemptible ſciolifts, who called themſelves " theatrical critics, I became ſo enamoured of the " ſtage, as to look upon dramatic entertainments as " conſtituting the moſt important buſineſs, as well as " the moſt agreeable enjoyment of human life. The " ſhop continually reſounded with my rants, in imita- " tion of ſome favourite actor; and I went ſo far as " to treat with the purchaſers of a yard of Iriſh, with a " theatrical tone, and a dramatic action.

" I had ſo great an opinion of my own talents, that, " like the immortal Shakeſpeare, I was ambitious of " ſhining both as an actor and a writer. Accordingly " I finiſhed a comedy with great care and pains, and " preſented it to one of the managers, who returned

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" it upon my hands, with evident marks of contempt.
" By no means dejected, I was refolved to try my fuc-
" cefs as an actor. But having, with great difficulty,
" obtained permiffion to fpeak before the managers,
" and a circle of their friends, who feemed to enjoy
" my diftrefs, I was again rejected.

" Though I could not fucceed at the theatres, I was
" refolved to exert my abilities at fpouting and dif-
" puting clubs. And here, indeed, I eafily made a
" confpicuous figure, as I had the advantage of a
" claffical education, and moft of my competitors had
" no education at all. The moft important topics of
" religion, learning, and politics I difcuffed with
" more volubility than the graveft prelate, the pro-
" foundeft academic, or the craftieft ftatefman. But I
" triumphed, as it were, without an enemy, and the
" facility of the conqueft diminifhed the pleafure of it.
" I foon became weary of dry argumentation, and
" eagerly panted to wear the buffkin, and to mouth the
" fonorous periods of fome tragic bard.

" It happened that I had formed a connection
" with a young member of the club, whofe genius was
" entirely fimilar to my own, and who had been en-
" gaged with a ftrolling company of players. He had
" often folicited me to go with him on an acting tour
" into the north of England, and I had as often re-
" fufed, from a principle of pride. But at length, an
" ardent defire of exhibiting on a ftage, overcame every
" regard to duty, and every compunction of confcience.
" In a fatal hour (I bluſh to mention it), I embezzled
" a fum of money with which I was truſted in the
" courſe of buſineſs, packed up my clothes and ac-
" companied a ſet of vagabonds, who, like myſelf, had
" abandoned every reputable occupation, and devoted
" themſelves to infamy and indigence, for the ſake of
" enjoying the plaudits of a few ruffics aſſembled in a
" barn.

" And now commences the æra of all my miſery.
" The money I had fraudulently taken, was ſoon
" ſquandered away in a ſociety of thoughtleſs mortals,
" who regarded not to morrow, if they could feaſt to-
" day. We were, indeed, received with applauſe;

" but

"but the audience was commonly ſo ſcanty, that the "expences of repreſentation often exceeded the re- "ceipts. In every town we were looked upon with "ſuſpicion, and treated as vagrants. We were ſome- "times reduced to ſuch extremities, by the expences "of travelling, and the loſſes of acting to empty "barns, that we have wanted even food to ſupport "nature. Above charity, we could not be relieved, "and deſtitute of credit, we could not be truſted. At "length I ſaw my folly, and after various reſolves, "ſent to a friend to enquire whether my father was "diſpoſed to receive me, ſhould I return and confeſs "my fault. How, alas! was I ſtruck, when I was "told in anſwer, that my father died a few days ago "of a broken heart; and that his death was ſo ſudden, "that he had not time to alter his will, in which, in "the firſt rage after his diſcovery of my elopement, he "had cut me off with a ſhilling.

"It is impoſſible to give you an adequate idea of "my grief on this occaſion, and I ſhall only inform "you, that it would have proved fatal, had it not "been ſoon removed by emotions of a different kind. "During my indiſpoſition, one of the actreſſes of our "company, whoſe beauty is only exceeded by the "goodneſs of her heart, watched me with all the "anxiety of a parent, and ſoothed me under the hor- "rors of deſpair, with the ſofteſt blandiſhments of "tenderneſs. I ſoon felt a flame kindling in my "breaſt, which was anſwered with a ſympathetic "paſſion. In ſhort, I was no ſooner reſtored to health "and vigour, than I married the lovely Emily: we "have now been united near a year, and yeſterday ſhe "was ſafely delivered of twins. That ſhe is well, "thank Heaven; but, alas, the reflection, that I am "deſtitute of all the means that can give her eaſe, or "provide for her offspring, ſharpens all the darts of "ill fortune, and embitters every woe."

Here he ſtopped, and I was obliged to leave him, after having given him an invitation to my houſe, where I hope to be able to alleviate his misfortunes, without hurting his ſenſibility. But I cannot help expreſſing my wiſh, that all who, deluded by a heated imagination,

imagination, feel themselves inclined to quit the comforts of a parent and a home, in pursuit of a profession which is prohibited by law, and which constantly entails on its followers misery and disgrace, may avoid his wretchedness, by avoiding his conduct.

No. CXI. ON THE PLEASURES OF REFLECTION.

THAT the enjoyments of the understanding exceed the pleasures of sense, is a truth confessed by all who are capable of exerting the faculties of thinking in their full vigour. But by these pleasures are generally understood sublime contemplations on subjects of science and abstruse disquisition, contemplations which can only be the result of uncommon powers, and extraordinary efforts.

But there are intellectual pleasures of another kind, to the enjoyment of which, neither great abilities nor learning are required. These are no other than the pleasures of reflection, which are open to the illiterate mechanic, as well as to the sage philosopher, and constitute some of the sweetest satisfactions of human life.

There are few who have not felt pleasing sensations arising from a retrospective view of the best period of their lives. To recollect the puerile amusements, the petty anxieties, and the eager pursuits of childhood, is a task in which all delight. It is common to observe, that on no subject do men dwell with such pleasure, as the boyish tricks and wanton pranks which they practised at school. The hoary head looks back with a smile of complacency, mixed with regret, on the season when health glowed on the cheek, when lively spirits warmed the heart, and when tool'd through the nerves with vigour.

Cicero has remarked, that events the most disagreeable, during their immediate influence, give an exquisite satisfaction when their consequences have ceased, and Xenophon relates his companions, under the hardships they

they endured, with the conſideration, that the remem brance of their ſufferings would one day give the ſatisfaction. That theſe ſentiments are juſt, is w known to thoſe who have enjoyed the converſati of the ſoldier. Battles, ſkirmiſhes, and ſieges, at whic perhaps, he trembled during the action, furniſh hi with topics of converſation, and ſources of pleaſur for the remainder of his life.

Reflection is the propereſt employment, and t ſweeteſt ſatisfaction, in a rational old age. Deſtitute ſtrength and vigour, neceſſary for bodily exertions, a furniſhed with obſervations by experience, the old m finds his greateſt pleaſure to conſiſt in wandering in im gination over paſt ſcenes of delight, in recounting t adventures of his youth, the viciſſitudes of human lif and the public events to which he is proud of havi been an eye-witneſs. Of ſo exalted a nature are the enjoyments, that theologiſts have not heſitated to affe that to recollect a well-ſpent life, is to anticipate t bliſs of a future exiſtence.

The profeſſors of philoſophy, who will be acknow ledged to have underſtood the nature of true and ſu ſtantial pleaſure better than the buſy, the gay, and t diſſipated, have ever ſhewn a predilection for priva and ſolitude. No other cauſe have they aſſigned f their conduct in forſaking ſociety, than that the noi and hurry of the world is incompatible with the exertic of calm reaſon and diſpaſſionate reflection. T apophthegm of that antient, who ſaid, "he was nev "leſs alone than when by himſelf," is not to be conſ dered merely as an epigrammatic turn. In vain was it purſue philoſophy in the Suburra; ſhe was only to b courted with ſucceſs, in the ſequeſtered ſhade of rur retirement.

Were the powers of reflection cultivated by habi mankind would at all times be able to derive a pleaſu from their own breaſts, as rational as it is exalted. T the attainment of this happineſs, a ſtrict adherence t the rules of virtue is neceſſary; for let it be remem bered, that none can feel the pleaſures of reflectio who do not enjoy the peace of innocence.

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No. CXI

No. CXII. HINTS TO THOSE WHO ARE DESIGNED FOR THE PROFESSION OF THE LAW.

THERE is no order in the community more contemptible than that of thoſe practitioners in the law, who, without one liberal principle of juſtice or equity, poſſeſs a ſkill in little elſe but quibbles, and in thoſe points by which villany is taught to proceed with impunity, cunning enabled to elude the ſpirit by miſrepreſenting the letter, and truth perplexed, obſcured, and loſt, in the mazes of chicanery. It is indeed ſurpriſing, that many who call themſelves men of honour, and who profeſs to have had a liberal education, ſhould allow themſelves, in the practice of their profeſſion, to aſſert palpable falſehood in order to confound the cleareſt evidence; and defend, with all the appearance of ſincere conviction, what they know to be indefenſible. It is not an admiſſible apology to aſſert, that their profeſſion requires ſuch an abatement; for a ſimilar juſtification might be offered by the ſharper or the highwayman. There are, undoubtedly, certain laws of honour and truth eſtabliſhed in the heart of every honeſt man, of which no regard for lucre, and no jeſuitical pretence of profeſſional neceſſity, can juſtify the infringement.

There ſeems, indeed, to be a very unfortunate error in many among the ſtudents of the law, who value abilities and technical knowledge at a high rate, but entertain no great eſteem for goodneſs of heart, and integrity of conduct. While the world allows them abilities and knowledge, they depend with ſecurity on ſucceſs, though they ſhould be notoriouſly unneceſſary in public, and debauched in private life. Indeed, they have had living examples to prove, that however bad the morals of the man, if the impudence and eloquence of the lawyer are approved, he may have what briefs he pleaſes, and even be advanced to the dignity of a

Lord Chancellor. An infamous character, blafted with imputations of the moft atrocious kind in the nobler private and domeftic life, may be introduced, by known influence, and his fuppofed abilities, to the moft exalted feat, where law is to be corrected by equity, and where the conference of the judge is the chief controul

Whatever be the abilities of a man, yet if he is notoriously irregular and intemperate in the violation of thofe laws which are prior to all human laws, I cannot vote to be promoted to any offices of truft or honour, particularly in the law. If the governing part of a nation were lavifh in its profeffion of a belief in the national religion, men who are remarkable for breaking the laws of that religion, would be at leaft neglected, if not difgraced. The advancement of fuch men to the higheft offices in the law, is a difgrace to the government, and an injury to the people, whom it greatly corrupts, not only by the example, but by leading them to fuppofe, that the governors of the nation, whom they naturally fuppofe after their own felves, conſider religion and morality merely as engines of ſtate.

Though, therefore, the fcandal may fee [illegible] offences committed and even repented, [illegible] not be obferved. If a man of fuch [illegible] will find pretences to the exhibition of a [illegible] he [illegible] with fuch men who more [illegible] [illegible] to a bad man's houſe to religious [illegible] of others, but the [illegible] of [illegible] [illegible] or perſons of [illegible] [illegible] with this, except [illegible] [illegible] if he pleaſe, to the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

, with their usual appendages, a peerage and a
on.

ith respect to the modes of preparation for this
ition, I see, with regret, that an illiberal method
ils, which confists in confining the future advocate,
clerk in a merchant's counting house, to the desk
one practising lawyer, and teaching him the or-
y business almost mechanically. There he sits, and
s a great number of dry formalities, such as, if he
ded to them, could not enlarge his mind; such, in-
, as, without a remarkable dulness of disposition,
must attend to. After labouring for several years
manual employment, as sedentary, and scarcely
liberal than that of the weaver or the watchmaker,
omes forth a formidable barrister; formidable, in-
, in some respects, as he has probably acquired a
deal of that low and dirty practice, and that nar-
and confined mode of thinking, which a liberal
l would despise too much to be able to acquire.
s, as it were, a spider, and can spin cobwebs in
lark and foul recesses of the heart, to catch those
mative objects, which a more generous animal
d not deign to entwine.

he true method of arriving at an eligible species of
ence in the study of the law is, to enlarge the ca
y of the mind by a most comprehensive and classical
ation; and then to furnish it with some portion of
e species of human knowledge. A general and en
d philosophy, moral, natural, and theological,
t to form the firm basis of the future superstructure.
this should be added history, ancient and modern;
cal jurisprudence, and a particular acquaintance
the spirit of laws in all the civilized nations of
piety. Long and accurate observation of men and
ners ought to be added, and the virtues of a com
; benevolence and humanity should complete the
. Such should be the preparation; what it is,
ave already seen. But sometimes even the toil of the
ng desk, as well as every other serious preparation,
mitted, and the student called to the bar, puts a
wig over his powdered hair and pig tail, and

flatte

ſtarts up a pleader; ready to undertake any cauſe either of property, or of life.

Whoever has read the works of Cicero, will remember how great a ſhare of learning he requires in his orator, who was, indeed, a pleader, or advocate; but not ſuch a pleader, or ſuch an advocate, as many of thoſe who have diſgraced the modern courts of judicature. The great ſtateſmen of Rome ſupported the character of lawyers with a peculiar dignity, unknown to modern inſtitutions. Adorned with philoſophy, as well as law, they deſcended to the courts to defend their clients; not with the hope of a paltry fee, but induced by the pure motives of friendſhip and humanity; by a deſire of doing good, and a regard for juſtice. Men, it is true, muſt live by their profeſſions; and, therefore, the diſintereſtedneſs of the antients, who had other reſources, cannot be univerſally imitated. But, ſurely, in an age that pretends to peculiar illumination and philanthropy, and in a people who have long profeſſed a moſt humane religion, it is wonderful to find men, who aſſume ſo important a profeſſion, ready to defend any ſide for pay; and debaſing their characters by an affectation of extreme libertiniſm, of infidelity, and of every kind of proſligacy, which tends to harden the heart, and to deaden the feelings of humanity, no leſs than to ſtifle the ſentiments of true honour.

No. CXIII. ON SOME INCONVENIENCES WHICH UNAVOIDABLY ATTEND LIVING WRITERS.

THE compoſition of a book has often been compared to the furniſhing of a feaſt, in which, whatever art may have been exerted, and variety produced, it ſeldom happens that every palate is equally pleaſed. Sometimes the diſhes are not dreſſed and ſeaſoned as they ought to be; and ſometimes the organs of ſenſation in the gueſts are languid and indiſpoſed.

No

No work, however excellent, ever yet appeared, which was not blamed, as well as praised, by many; but we hesitate not to pronounce that good, which retains, during a considerable time, a majority of suffrages in its favour. Longinus, very reasonably, makes the favourable opinion of various nations, for many ages, an infallible criterion of an author's singular excellence. And it is certain, that to call in question the merits of those books which have long survived their authors, contributes more to disgrace the critic, than to diminish the reputation of the author.

But it is not so with living writers. They labour under peculiar disadvantages; not only from the difficulty of arriving at distinction after so many illustrious predecessors, but from the prejudices and the envy of their equals and contemporaries. Men have always felt an inclination to exalt departed genius, not only from a sincere admiration of it, but also with a secret desire to degrade living merit, by introducing an invidious comparison. No one aspires at the distinctions of fortune, or civil honours, without exciting jealousy and envy. It would be therefore unreasonable to suppose, that literary ambition should be exempted from the attendants of all ambition. It aims at peculiar distinction, and must therefore excite peculiar opposition.

There never yet was a moral writer, however sincere, whose life and external manners corresponded, in every respect, with the dignity of his writings; and who did not, in some degree, disappoint those who were led, by the admiration of his works, to approach his person, and to seek his company and conversation in the ordinary scenes of familiar life. Too high an expectation is usually formed of him; and we do not consider, that in his book we survey only the picture of his mind; a picture, which is usually sullied and deformed by the crazy frame in which it is confined. When he sat down to write, his soul was probably in its proper state, all spiritual, and all contemplative. No sooner has he laid aside his pen, and departed from his library, than he is necessarily engaged in the common pursuits of mankind; and displays, like them, many frailties, and many of those faults which he has very sincerely con-

demned in his [illegible]. But when
tator, unacqua[illegible]ue, manners, and the
ftancy of the [illegible]art, beholds this dif
between the w[illegible]k and his behaviour,
precipitately ana[illegible]y indulges his cenſure
learns to deſpiſe h[illegible]whom, at a diſtance, he ad
Thus are enemies a[illegible]al miniators multiplied, w
any other failings [illegible] part of the injured
than the common [illegible]lities attendant on th
improved ſtate of hu[illegible]n nature. Foibles and
which would ſcarcely be noticed in others, are n
remarked in him, but remembered and related ir
pany as matter of entertainment. Even his fi
is doubted, and the writer is lowered by the
fections of the man; though the imperfections a
the common characteriſtics of humanity. If
written againſt avarice or ambition, and happe
honeſt induſtry or good fortune, to gain money or
tion, he is immediately repreſented as a hypocrite
withſtanding he may have a family dependent up
for ſupport, or may have worn himſelf out in the
of the public, without ſeeking or gaining any
emolument than what may afford him an humb
quiet retreat in his old age.

It is not eaſy to write, without ſometimes app
to aſſume an air of ſuperiority. Moral precepts
often be ineffectual, if they were not enforced in
which, though by no means dogmatical, is yet
due degree, authoritative. The neighbours, a
familiar acquaintance of the moraliſt, who are
tomed to eſtimate importance by property, and te
of the weight of a man's opinions by the weigh
purſe, are offended to find him, who has not a
a county-meeting, nor an acre of arable or paſ
the face of the earth, daring to expreſs himſelf
much freedom, as if he were animated with th
ſciouſneſs of keeping a pack of fox hounds, or ha
ſiderable influence at the election of a knight
ſhire. Nevertheleſs, if what he writes be true
being great, he who is armed with it will certain
vail. Reſiſtance or contradiction will be ineff
Nothing, therefore, remains but ridicule and det

to ſap the fortreſs, which is proof againſt aſſault. The writer, therefore, is repreſented by the neighbouring gentlemen as an oddity, a melancholy recluſe, and perhaps a little cracked; both he and his family are pitied by the humane ladies, for being perpetually confined to muſty books, and total ſtrangers to all true pleaſure. Between the ſippings of the tea, and the dealing of the cards, much criticiſm is diſplayed, in which, it is not eaſy to determine which is the more conſpicuous, ignorance or ill-nature. It is not uncommon for ladies, who can hardly write their names, or indite a love-letter, without Entick's ſpelling dictionary, to decide on the merit of a celebrated poem, or any other new publication, with all the authority of an Ariſtotle, or the foolish virulence of a Zoilus. And who, [illegible], can controvert a remark, however injudicious or malignant, when it proceeds from lips, which add a [illegible] and ſweetneſs to all they utter? [illegible] even the veteran virgin may be allowed to conſole herſelf, in the interval [illegible], with the ſeverity of literary criticiſm. It is eſtimated be owned, that many [illegible] ters are publiſhed [illegible] table; but there [illegible] known whence they originate, they are ſuffered, [illegible] candid and ſenſible perſons, to drop, ſtill-born, from their prolific parents. Yet, ſometimes, they ſtrip into life, and are able to murder many a reputation before their own final extinction.

Every thing excellent is to be paid for at a certain price of inconvenience or difficulty. The calumnies of envy, ignorance, and impertinence, muſt be ſuſtained by him who endeavours, by worthy means, to procure the eſteem of the worthy. He muſt weigh the praiſes againſt the cenſures, and enjoy the predominant applauſe, while he neglects the ſevere remarks of impertinence or ill-temper, as trifles light as air. No truth has been more repeatedly uttered, than that nothing in this ſublunary ſtate is, in every reſpect, what we wiſh it. We muſt then learn to ſubmit to neceſſity, and turn our attention from our evils, to our advantages. After all our complaints, Providence is uſually found kind and impartial; and, if we poſſeſs but

humility and patience, we ſhall diſcover, under our moſt diſagreeable ſituation, ſome copious ſource of placid enjoyment. The ill uſage of the world will recoil from the heart, which is ſhielded with faith and innocence, as the billows are reverberated from the rock.

Whatever difficulties or injuries a writer may ſuſtain, he may conſole himſelf, if he has always taken the part of truth and virtue, that he has employed the talents which God gave him, in a manner at leaſt inoffenſive; and that, it is probable, many, in the great maſs of mankind, may poſſeſs a kindred ſpirit, and at ſome favourable moment may receive pleaſure and advantage from his lucubrations, even when he is united with the duſt from which he was taken, and become equally inſenſible to cenſure or applauſe.

No. CXIV. ON THE OBLIGATIONS WHICH LEARNING OWES TO THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION.

MANY among thoſe who have made the greateſt pretenſions to learning have profeſſed themſelves enemies to Revelation. It is not, indeed, difficult to account for their rejection of a religion which is all humility, and by no means calculated to pleaſe ſuch as conſider the applauſe of men as the moſt valuable object, and who pride themſelves on the infallibility of their own intellects. To the bold, the conceited, and the half-learned pretender to philoſophy, who is weak enough to think his reaſon commenſurate to every object which falls under its notice, that ſyſtem, which requires the exerciſe of faith more than of reaſon, appears, as the ſcriptures themſelves obſerve, fooliſhneſs. Pride, and a very ſilly kind of pride, ſuch, indeed, as ariſes from narrow views of things, and an ignorance of human nature, is the foundation of infidelity.

It

It is, however, no leſs ungrateful, than fooliſh and wicked, in the ſons of learning, to devote their abilities to the extermination of the national religion. For it is really true, that all the antient learning which now remains, was preſerved by ſome peculiar circumſtances attending the propagation of Chriſtianity; and, I believe, it will be thought very probable, that if the antient languages, and the books written in them, had been entirely loſt, the civilized nations of Europe would have ſtill continued in a ſtate of darkneſs and barbariſm. Real ſuperſtition would then, indeed, have reigned triumphant; and the philoſopher, as he calls himſelf, who is now writing down Chriſtianity, would have been trembling at witches and goblins, ſpells and enchantments. He makes uſe of that very light, which has directed his ſteps in the paths of learning, to diſcover the moſt probable means of extinguiſhing the ſource of all illumination.

I was led into this train of reflections by the peruſal of a charge of a late very learned archdeacon of London, in which he evinces, that our Saviour ſpoke moſt truly in more ſenſes than one, when he ſaid of himſelf, "I AM THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD."

When any ſpecies of literary induſtry is conſidered as a duty founded on religion, care will be taken to preſerve it. It might otherwiſe, from the indolence and infirmity of the human mind, have been loſt amidſt revolutions, perſecutions, diſtreſs, and the fury of conqueſt. In every difficulty, the Chriſtians fled for comfort to their ſcriptures, and watched over them with peculiar vigilance. The Septuagint preſerved, in the worſt times, a knowledge of Greek; and the Latin tranſlations, which were multiplied with avidity, reſcued the Latin language from a total oblivion. Joſephus was ſtudied, and therefore preſerved by the Chriſtians more carefully than by the Jews; and the neceſſity of Greek for the underſtanding of the New Teſtament, cauſed that language not only to be ſaved from the ravages of time, but alſo to be ſtudied with devout attention.

The Fathers of the church wrote in Greek during three centuries; and at a time when the Latin language

was gradually decaying, the Latin fathers contributed ſomething to its reſtoration; and wrote, as well as their coëval writers among the Pagans, not indeed with Auguſtan elegance, but ſtill well enough to preſerve a ſkill in the conſtruction and vocabulary of the language.

A conſiderable knowledge of hiſtory, and ſomething of chronology and philoſophy, was neceſſary in ſtudying and defending the ſcriptures, even in the earlieſt ages; and many Chriſtians appeared well ſkilled in theſe parts of learning, at a time when they were generally neglected. Religion and conſcience operated as a ſtimulus, when all other motives were inſufficient to retard the mind in its ſwift progreſs down the declivity.

With a view, and ſolely with a view, to enable eccleſiaſtics to read and underſtand the ſcriptures, even in the moſt diſmal night of ignorance, there were ſome places of inſtruction in cathedrals and monaſteries, in which the embers of literature, if we may venture to uſe that expreſſion, were preſerved from total extinction; in which a ſpark lay latent, which was one day to relume a light to lighten the univerſe.

The little learning of thoſe unfortunate ages, though it did not enable the perſons who poſſeſſed it to taſte and underſtand the beauties of the antient poets and philoſophers, yet gave them ſome idea of the value of books in general, and enabled them to tranſcribe, with tolerable accuracy, even what they did not accurately underſtand. Thus were thoſe ineſtimable treaſures of all elegance and pleaſing knowledge, the old Greek and Latin authors, handed down to happier ages; to thoſe who were able to unlock them, and pour out their riches for the general utility. Nor are we indebted to Chriſtians for the claſſics only; but alſo for the Roman law, and the codes of Juſtinian and Theodoſius. Books, which were deſtroyed by ignorant and angry kings and conquerors, found a ſafe aſylum in religious houſes; and even Monkery, which has been juſtly reprobated as one of the follies of human nature, became, under the direction of Providence, the inſtrument of many of thoſe bleſſings which now contribute greatly to the happineſs and dignity of an enlightened empire.

The

"The revival of learning, as it is termed, or its emancipation from churches and monasteries, and general diffusion over the world, is greatly owing to the efforts of ecclesiastics. There arose, in that auspicious morning, a constellation of polite and profound Christian scholars, whose effulgence has scarcely been outshone by any succeeding luminaries in the literary horizon.

"The best scholars of modern times, not only in theology, but in every part of human learning, have been Christian divines. They were led by their pursuit of religious knowledge, into the collateral paths of philosophy, philology, and all elegant and useful literature.

"It is to the piety of Christians that we owe the venerable foundations of schools and colleges, those institutions, which, though they have often been perverted, have still kept the light burning like the vestal fire, and handed the torch from one generation to another like the runners in the torch race. It was the love of Christ which taught those towers to rise on the banks of the Cam and the Isis, and planted fountains of learning in every considerable town throughout the kingdom.

"'In the gospel then,' (says the learned divine who suggested this subject,) 'and to those who embraced it, are due our grateful acknowledgments for the 'learning that is at present in the world. The 'infidels, educated in Christian countries, owe what 'learning they have to Christianity, and act the part 'of those brutes, which, when they have sucked the 'dam, turn about and strike her."

No. CXV. CURSORY REMARKS ON THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF DR. JORTIN.

THE mind feels a ſecret complacency in contemplating characters eminent for virtue, learning and religion; and there are few who are not delighted as well as inſtructed by the praiſes beſtowed on departed merit. Notwithſtanding the depravity of human nature, virtue ſtill appears amiable to the vicious, and knowledge to the ignorant. Experience, indeed, ſeems to confirm the opinion of Plato, that goodneſs, excluſive of its collateral advantages, is poſſeſſed of charms irreſiſtibly captivating.

A review of the life of the late Dr. Jortin cannot but ſuggeſt the moſt pleaſing reflections. As a poet, a divine, a philoſopher, and a man, he ſerved the cauſe of religion, learning, and morality. There are, indeed, many writers whoſe reputation is more diffuſed among the vulgar and illiterate, but few will be found whoſe names ſtand higher than Dr. Jortin's in the eſteem of the judicious. His Latin poetry is claſſical, elegant. His diſcourſes and diſſertations ſenſible, ingenious, and argumentative. His remarks on eccleſiaſtical hiſtory intereſting and impartial. His ſermons replete with ſound ſenſe and rational morality, expreſſed in a ſtyle ſimple, pure, and perſpicuous.

Simplicity of ſtyle is a grace, which, though it may not captivate at firſt ſight, is ſure in the end to give permanent ſatisfaction. It does not excite admiration, but it raiſes eſteem. It does not warm to rapture, but it ſoothes to complacency. Unſkilful writers ſeldom aim at this excellence. They imagine that what is natural and common cannot be beautiful. Every thing in their compoſitions muſt be ſtrained, every thing affected: but Dr. Jortin had ſtudied the antients, and perhaps formed himſelf on the model of Xenophon. He wrote on ſubjects of morality, and morality is founded

on

on reason, and reason is always cool and dispassionate. A florid declamation, embellished with rhetorical figures, and animated with pathetic description, may indeed amuse the fancy, and raise a transient emotion in the heart; but rational discourse alone can convince the understanding, and reform the conduct.

The first efforts of genius have commonly been in poetry. Unrestrained by the frigidity of argument, and the confinement of rules, the young mind gladly indulges the flights of imagination. Cicero, as well as many other ancient philosophers, orators, and historians, is known to have sacrificed to the Muses in his earlier productions. Dr. Jortin adds to the number of those who confirm the observation. In his *Lusus Poetici*, one of the first of his works, are united classical language, tender sentiment, and harmonious verse. Among the modern Latin poets, there are few who do not yield to Dr Jortin. His Sapphics, on the fury of Bacchus and Ariadne, are easy, elegant, and poetical. The little ode, in which the calm life of the philosopher is compared to the gentle stream gliding through a silent grove, is highly pleasing to the mind, and is perfectly elegant in the composition. The hymns are indeed all excellent. The poem on the Immortality of the Mind is ingenious, poetical, and an exact imitation of the style of Lucretius. In short, the whole collection is such as would scarcely have disgraced a Roman in the age of an Augustus.

Time, if it cool not the fire of imagination, certainly strengthens the powers of the judgment. As our author advanced in life, he cultivated his reason rather than his fancy, and desisted from his efforts in poetry, to exert his abilities in the disquisitions of criticism. His observations on one of the fathers of English poetry, need but to be more generally known, in order to be more generally approved.

Classical productions are rather amusing than instructive. His works of this kind are all juvenile, and naturally flowed from a classical education. These, however, were but preparatory to his higher delights, and soon gave way to the more important enquiries which

were peculiar to his profeſſion. His diſcourſes on the Chriſtian Religion, one of the firſt fruits of his theological purſuits, abound with that ſound ſenſe and ſolid argument, which entitle their author to a rank very near the celebrated Grotius.

His diſſertations are equally remarkable for taſte, learning, originality, and ingenuity.

His remarks on Eccleſiaſtical hiſtory are full of manly ſenſe, ingenious ſtrictures, and profound erudition. The work is highly beneficial to mankind, as it repreſents, in its proper light, that ſuperſtition which diſgraced human nature, and gives a right ſenſe of the advantages derived from religious reformation. He every where expreſſes himſelf with peculiar vehemence againſt the infatuation of bigotry and fanaticiſm. Convinced that true happineſs is founded on a right uſe of the reaſoning powers, he makes it the ſcope of all his religious works, to lead mankind from the errors of imagination, to the dictates of diſpaſſionate reaſon.

Poſthumous publications, it has been remarked, are uſually inferior in merit to thoſe which are publiſhed during an author's life. And, indeed, the opinion ſeems plauſible; as it may be preſumed, that an author's reaſon for not publiſhing his works, is a conſciouſneſs of their inferiority. The Sermons of Dr. Jortin are, however, an exception. Good ſenſe and ſound morality appear in them, not, indeed, dreſſed out in the meretricious ornaments of a florid ſtyle, but in all the manly force, and ſimple graces, of natural eloquence. The ſame caprice, which raiſes to reputation thoſe trifling diſcourſes which have nothing to recommend them but a prettineſs of fancy, and a flowery language, will again conſign them to oblivion: but the ſermons of Dr. Jortin will always be read with pleaſure and edification.

The tranſition from an author's writings to his life, is frequently diſadvantageous to his character. Dr. Jortin, however, when no longer conſidered as an author, but as a man, is far from being leſſened in our opinion. A ſimplicity of manners, an inoffenſive behaviour, an univerſal benevolence, candour, modeſty, and good ſenſe,

were

were his characteriſtics. Though his genius, and love of letters, led him to chooſe the ſtill vale of ſequeſtered life, yet was his merit conſpicuous enough to attract the notice of a certain primate who did honour to epiſcopacy. Unknown by perſonal acquaintance, and unrecommended by the ſolicitations of friends, or the interpoſition of power, he was preferred, by Archbiſhop Herring, to a valuable benefice in London, as a reward for his exertions as a ſcholar and a divine. Some time after he became chaplain to a late biſhop of London, who gave him the vicarage of Kenſington, and appointed him archdeacon of his dioceſe. This was all the preferment he had, nor had he this till he was advanced in life. He did not, however, repine. Thus he ſpeaks of himſelf: "Not to his erudition but to his conſtant love and purſuit of it he owes a ſituation and a ſtation better than he expected, and as good as he ought to deſire."

No. CXVI. ON THE UNION OF EXTRAVAGANCE IN TRIFLES AND VICE, WITH PARSIMONY IN ALL THE TRULY HONOURABLE, USEFUL, AND NECESSARY EXPENCES.

NO appearance in the moral world is more remarkable, than that combination which is often obſerved in the ſame character, of avarice with profuſion, of meanneſs with liberality. Vanity, ſelfiſhneſs, and a want of ſerious principles, are ſtriking circumſtances in the manners of the preſent age; and as vanity leads to expenſive oſtentation, to ſelfiſhneſs, and want of principle, have a natural tendency to produce covetouſneſs and rapacity. Very few reſtraints are allowed to operate on the modes of acquiring or of laying money, except the fear of detection. There is ſcarcely

any meanneſs or baſeneſs to [illegible] y perſons, wh make the greateſt ſhew in dr[illegible], and equipag are not ready to ſubmit under the certainty of concea ment.

The time has been, when a great family, reſiding i a great houſe of a village, was conſidered as a bleſſin to all the neighbouring country. The poor were em ployed in adorning and improving the grounds a about it. The table in the parlour was always ope for the reception of the gentlemen who reſided withi ten miles of the houſe; and the kitchen afforded warmt and plenty to the poor and induſtrious tenant or la bourer. The rich man reſided in the houſe of hi fathers, and ſpent his money among thoſe who earne it for him by the ſweat of their brows. But, accordin to the modern ſyſtem of faſhionable manners, ſuch kind of life would be deemed intolerably dull, as wel as antiquated and vulgar. The family, therefore, ſpen as little time as poſſible at the noble ſeat of their an ceſtors, but haſten to the ſea-ſide, or the watering-places where they hire a little hut, or cabin, and laviſh thei money on ſtrangers, with few returns of gratitude, or a rational ſatisfaction. The farmer, who lives in thei native village, returning weary from his plough, ſhake his head as he paſſes the cold kitchen, and turns with pit and contempt from the ſmokeleſs roof. The ſervant are pinched, and even envy the comparative plenty an independence of the next cottagers. The whole countr rings with reports of the meanneſs and poor living at th great houſe. In the mean time, the lord and lady, th baronet or eſquire, with their reſpective families, an figuring, as it is called, in all the profuſion of emulou extravagance, at Bath, or Brighthelmſtone. While the grudge the bread and cheeſe which is conſumed in thei own houſe, or refuſe to contribute to a brief, or an charitable inſtitution among their poor neighbours a home, they ſubſcribe, moſt liberally, to an infamou maſter of the ceremonies, and to every faſhionabl amuſement; they give feaſts to ſtrangers whom the ſhall never ſee any more, and whoſe principal recom mendation is, that they appear, from their externa

ſplendour

ſplendour, not to want aſſiſtance. Their vanity is gratified in ſeeing the great and the rich at their table; and what ſignifies it, they think, if the wretches at home, whom nobody knows, ſtarve and rot on the dunghills whence they originated. They grudge the poor even ſmall beer in their own houſes; but drench every rich gueſt, who viſits them at their lodgings, with champagne and burgundy. How ſhall we account for ſuch inconſiſtency, but by ſuppoſing that theſe perſonages poſſeſs large eſtates and little ſouls, immenſe vanity and diminutive underſtandings; and that the badneſs is only exceeded by the meanneſs of their hearts?

It is eaſy to obſerve perſons of this deſcription, who will not heſitate to expend many hundreds in dreſs alone, but who, when a book is praiſed in their preſence, will ſpare no trouble in finding ſomebody of whom they may borrow it, alleging, in excuſe, that books are ſo dear, it is impoſſible to buy every thing that comes out. The price of the book ſhall be three ſhillings, and it ſhall contain amuſement for three weeks, and yet they will not buy it becauſe it would be extravagant; though they will not ſcruple to expend three guineas, any night in the week, for three hours paſtime in a party at the public places of diverſion. The milleners, the hair-dreſſers, the perfumers bills, ſhall amount to many hundreds a year; but five pounds expended at the bookſeller's would be downright prodigality. Guineas flow, without reſtraint, in ſubſcriptions to balls, concerts, aſſemblies; to dancing maſters, muſic maſters, and to players: but when the pariſh lecturer's book is brought, or the Marine Society, or the Magdalen, or the Infirmary, or the contribution for the Releaſe of Priſoners for Small Debts, or the ſufferers in Barbadoes, or the priſoners of war, are recommended as fit objects to receive their ſuperfluities, they immediately look grave, complain that taxes riſe, and rents fall; and aſſert, with an unfeeling heart, that theſe are not times to admit of any expences which are not abſolutely neceſſary.

The education of their children ought certainly to conſtitute one of the firſt cares of the rich; and no reaſonable expence ſhould be withheld in the accompliſhment

of

of it. But there are many great families, in which this is one of the smallest articles of annual expenditure.

Indeed, in all necessary and laudable expences, a degree of frugality is displayed which approaches to extreme meanness and parsimony. The poor tradesmen who supply the ordinary articles of domestic consumption, are not only denied their price, but, after every abatement, are obliged to wait an unreasonable time for their money. So far are such persons from possessing an inclination to be generous, that it grieves them to be just. But though they who furnish commodities, without which life cannot be supported, are ill used and defrauded, whoever can supply any circumstances of dress, equipage, luxury, by which selfishness and vanity may be gratified, are profusely and immediately rewarded. Men of letters, or ingenuity in the professions, are kept at a distance; but the door is always open to players, and to signiors and signioras. Chaplains and tutors are out of fashion; but their place is abundantly supplied by fiddlers, pipers, caperers, and scaramouches. A dancing or music-master, who can enable the young ladies to display a fine finger or a fine foot, is immediately considered as the best friend of the family, made a companion, invited to the table, paid extravagantly, and complimented with thanks and presents; neither is it wonderful, if the young ladies fall in love with these fine gentlemen, and marry them; since they appear both in their own and their parents eyes, to possess the sum [illegible] of all human excellence. As to the person who [illegible] employed to form their minds, he is usually [illegible] from the recommendation of cheapness, and [illegible] most part, made an object of ridicule [illegible] not the art of Novera and Gallini.

An [illegible] in [illegible] ght, is [illegible] tred trad, and [illegible] hap pness of its possessor, but [illegible] he is con nected, and who deserved [illegible] been, when the poor were thought [illegible] that reputation, [illegible] the [illegible] ministers to luxury, vice, and vanity [illegible] in the tables [illegible] charitable foundations, [illegible] highest [illegible]

we

were of opinion, that to be good was eſſential to the character of true gentility. But now, if we were to aſk the repreſentative of a rich family, where he had beſtowed the ſuperfluities of the laſt year, he might anſwer, that he had depoſited ſome ſhare of it in the pocket of an Italian, who had the extraordinary merit of being able to ſtand longer on one leg than the reſt of the two legged and unfeathered race. He might anſwer, that he had loſt it at the gaming table; ſpent it in the tavern and brothel; ſported it away at Newmarket; lavithed it on dogs, horſes, jockies; and left the poor and the deſerving to the care of Providence.

That Providence, whoſe bleſſings he abuſes and perverts, ſeldom fails to puniſh his ingratitude. For as all his external circumſtances have more in them of ſhew than of ſolidity, ſo alſo have all his boaſted enjoyments, and all that happineſs, which he thinks to derive from riches, independently of their proper application.

No. CXVII. ON A TASTE FOR THE CULTIVATION OF FLOWERS, AND OF BEAUTIFUL SHRUBS AND TREES.

BEAUTY of every kind is formed to captivate, and there is this peculiar advantage in contemplating the beauties of vegetable nature, that we may permit our hearts to be enſnared by them, without apprehenſion of a dangerous or a diſhonourable ſervitude. A taſte for the beauties of vegetation is the mark of a pure and innocent mind, and, at the ſame time, one of the beſt preſervatives of purity and innocence. It diverts the attention from the turbulent ſcenes of folly, and ſuperinduces a placid tranquillity, highly favourable to the gentler virtues, and to the permanency of our moſt refined enjoyments.

I have often been ſurpriſed to find thoſe, who poſſeſſed a very acute ſuſceptibility of artificial or literary grace, and were powerfully affected by the beauties of a poem,

a poem, a piece of sculpture, or a painting, not at all more sensible of the charms of a tree, or a floweret, than a common and inelegant spectator. They have dwelt with rapture on a fine description of the Vale of Tempe, they have entered into all the delight which a Shakespeare or a Milton meant to communicate in their enchanting pictures of flowery and sylvan scenes, and yet can walk through a wood, or tread on a bank of violets and primroses, without appearing to be affected with any peculiar pleasure. This is certainly the effect of a superficial judgment; for there is no truth of which philosophers have been longer convinced, than that the realities of nature infinitely exceed the most perfect productions of imitating art.

The beauty of colour, though justly esteemed subordinate to that of shape, is yet found to delight the eye more immediately, and more universally. When colour and shape are united in perfection, he who can view them with insensibility, must resign all pretensions to delicacy of perception. Such an union has been usually effected by nature in the formation of a flower.

There is scarcely a single object in all the vegetable world, in which so many agreeable qualities are combined, as in the queen of flowers, the rose. Nature certainly meant to regale the senses of her favourite with an object, which presents to him at once freshness, fragrancy, colour, and shape. The very soul seems to be refreshed on the bare recollection of the pleasure which the senses receive in contemplating, in a fine vernal morning, the charms of the pink, the violet, the honey suckle, the hyacinth, the narcissus, the jonquil, the rocket, the tulip, and a thousand others, in every variety of figure, scent, and hue; for nature is no less remarkable for the accuracy and beauty of her works, than for variety and profusion. Defects are always discovered in the works of art when they are examined with a microscope, but a close examination of a leaf of a flower, is like taking [illegible] from the face of beauty. The finest needle ever polished, and pointed by the most [illegible], when it is viewed by the [illegible] microscope, quite [illegible], while the sting of a bee, however magnified, still retains [illegible]

its

its original acuteneſs of termination. The ſerrated border in the petal of a flower, and the fringe on the wing of a fly, diſplay an accuracy of delineation which no pencil ever yet could rival. The taſte of the florift has not, indeed, been much admired, or generally aſpired at; while that of the connoiſſeur in painting, is conſidered as a mark of elegance of character, and an honourable diſtinction. Yet, ſurely, it is an inconſiſtency to be tranſported with the workmanſhip of a poor mortal, and to feel no raptures in ſurveying thoſe highly finiſhed pictures, in which it is eaſy to trace the finger of the Deity.

The poets have given us moſt luxuriant deſcriptions of gardens and of rural ſcenery; and though they are thought by ſome to have exceeded reality, they have indeed ſcarcely equalled it. Enter a modern ſhrubbery, formed of a ſelection of the moſt agreeable flowering ſhrubs, and conſider, whether there is any thing in the garden of Alcinous, in the fields of Elyſium, in Milton's Paradiſe, to be compared with the intermixture of the lilac, the ſyringa, the laburnum, the double-bloſſomed cherry, peach, and almond; with the rubinia, the jeſſamine, the moſs roſe, the magnolia, and a great number of others, leſs common, but not of greater, though perhaps of equal, beauty. As we walk under cluſters of flowers, white as ſnow, tinged with gold, purple as the grape, blue as the expanſe of heaven, and bluſhing like the cheek of youth, we are led to imagine ourſelves in fairy land, or in another and a better world; where every delicate ſenſe is delighted, and all around breathes fragrance, and expands beauty; where the heart ſeems to participate in the joy of laughing nature. Groves and gardens have, indeed, been always ſuppoſed to ſooth the mind into a placid temper, peculiarly favourable to the indulgence of contemplation.

The excellent taſte which now prevails in gardening, uſually combines the ſhrubbery and the grove. The tall trees of the foreſt conſtitute the back ground in the living landſcape, and the ſhrubs, beneath and before them, form the underwood, in a delightful reſemblance to the natural coppice, and the uncultivated

vated forest. The plane tree is one of the first beauties among those which are now most frequently planted in our gardens. Its large leaf, and permanent verdure, render it peculiarly fitted to afford a shade. I always consider it as a classical tree, for the antient writers often mention it; and some of the finest philosophical dialogues of antiquity passed under the cool retreat of its broad and vivid foliage. Socrates sought no other theatre than the turf that grew under the plane tree, on the banks of the Ilissus. The weeping-willow, that droops over the babbling stream, constitutes one of those fine beauties which partake of the melancholy and romantic. Such, indeed, are the charms of its luxuriant branches, that, when properly situated, it is of itself an enchanting picture. Beautiful as are all the features of the modern garden, I should not hesitate to allot the first place in an estimate of horticultural graces to the weeping-willow. The weeping birch is at all times pleasing, and a most delightful object in winter. Observe yonder tall stem, rising from the interstices of a craggy rock, covered with a rind white and glossy like silver, and drooping with ten thousand fine twigs, so attenuated as to appear almost capillary. View it when sprinkled with hoar frost, or with snow, and if you have a soul capable of being charmed with natural beauty, you will be sensibly affected at the sight with a sweet complacency. An old oak is not often found in our gardens, because of its tardy vegetation, but whenever it appears in them, it produces all the effect of graceful majesty, and one may contemplate it for hours with still new delight. The [illegible], the conical poplar of Lombardy, the [illegible], the soft lime, the elegant mountain [illegible], the [illegible] fir, the glossy laurel, these all form [illegible] and delightful pictures, that while I [illegible] to expatiate over the lawn, and pene[illegible] of the wood and garden, I shall not [illegible] to saunter in the picture galleries of [illegible].

The taste for plantation prevails [illegible] country, and it ought to be encouraged, as it is a never-failing source of pleasure to the planter, and of improvement to the community. But it is to be hoped,

that while we plant the tree for ornament, we shall not forget to drop the acorn, and raise that heart of oak, which bears an analogy to the bravery of the people; and has ever been to this land, *et praesidium et decus*, both a bulwark and a beauty.

No. CXVIII. ON THE CHARACTER OF ADDISON AS A POET.

THE lustre of a great name not only sets off real beauties to the greatest advantage, but adds a grace to deformity, and converts a defect to an excellence. The enthusiastical admirers of a favourite author, like ardent lovers, view those objects with rapture, which cause in others indifference or disgust. Without considering the inequalities of the same genius, and the diversities of subjects, they are led to conclude, from the excellence of one part of an author's works, that all are excellent; and that whatever bears his signature, is genuine wit, and just taste.

I know not whether even Mr. Addison, who is so deservedly esteemed the honour of our nation, was not indebted for a small part of his reputation to the blind bigotry of prejudice. On any other supposition I know not how he could have been admired as a very eminent poet. The dispassionate temperature which constituted a solid judgment, and qualified him for the cool disquisitions of criticism and morality, rendered him incapable of that animated spirit which is the soul of poetry. But the reader is unwilling to believe, that so accurate a critic, and so correct a writer, is himself faulty; and, therefore, when he passes from his prose to his poetry, and observes a manifest inferiority and deficiency of merit in the latter, he rather inclines to distrust his own judgment than the abilities of the author. Reader after reader has toiled through the same dull rhimes, perhaps blind to their faults, or, if sensible of their defects, yet inclined

inclined to join in their praiſe, in oppoſition to conviction, from a dread of the imputation of a depraved taſte. Had not a veneration for his name prevented critics from ſpeaking their real ſentiments, though Addiſon would, as a moral eſſayiſt, moſt juſtly have been called the Socrates, Plato, or Xenophon of his age; yet he would never have been eſteemed the firſt of poets.

It would be injuſtice, while we inſpect theſe volumes, to paſs over in ſilence, the elegant poem which is prefixed to the works of Addiſon, on the death of their author. The melancholy flow of the verſe is well adapted to expreſs the tenderneſs of the ſentiments. The beauty of the imagery, and the energy of the expreſſion, entitle this little piece to a very reſpectable rank among the elegiac compoſitions of the Engliſh writers. It was for a long time little regarded; but the attention lately paid to it, and the commendations beſtowed on it, are proofs that literary merit, however unnoticed for a time, through accident, prejudice, or party, is ſure to receive the applauſe it deſerves from impartial poſterity.

At the end of the verſes of Addiſon to Mr. Dryden, we are told, that the author was but twenty-two years of age when he wrote them. Whether the age was affixed to extenuate the imperfections, or to enhance the merits of the poem, certain it is, that both theſe intentions are fruſtrated by its extreme inſignificance and futility. The production is unworthy the age of twenty-two. Mr. Pope is known to have written his paſtorals, which infinitely exceed the verſification of Addiſon, at ſixteen; and Milton acquired an elegance in Latin verſe at an earlier period. The thoughts in this piece are not ſtriking, the ſtyle is contemptible, and the negligence in the rhime alone would, in the preſent refinement of taſte, conſign the work to oblivion.

That all his pieces are upon a level with this, cannot be aſſerted. That ſome of them abound with grand conceptions, and have many good lines, muſt be confeſſed. But allowing Addiſon all the merit in his poetry, which candour, or even partiality in his favour can allow, he never can be juſtly eſteemed one of the firſt poets of the nation. I never heard that Socrates

increaſed

increated his fame by his poetical version of Æsop's Fables, and the best prose writer in the best age of Rome wrote the line, "*O fortunatam, natam, me consule, Romam.*" The truth is, nature usually bestows her gifts with a prudent liberality even to her favourites. One might on this occasion apply to Addison the pointing of Martial, "*Ha, Cicero nobis.*" This character of a bad poet you have in common with the great Cicero.

To oppose opinions universally received, is to incur the imputation of vanity, ignorance, and want of taste. But as every individual has a right to private judgement, and may offer his sentiments to others, while he does it with modesty, protests a possibility of mistake, and keeps his mind open to conviction, I have ventured to advance an opinion against the poetical merit of Addison; regardless how it may alarm those who submit their judgments to the direction of others, and who pay an implicit obedience to authority.

No. CXIX. THE FOLLY OF BRINGING UP CHILDREN TO A LEARNED PROFESSION, WITHOUT THE PROBABILITY OF PROVIDING THEM WITH A COMPETENCY.

"THAT admiration is the effect of ignorance, is a truth universally confessed, and nothing so forcibly excites the wonder of the illiterate Plebeian, as the character of profound erudition.

Dazzled by the splendor of literary honours, many an honest parent has prevented his son from acquiring a fortune behind the counter, to see him starve in a pulpit.

These reflections were occasioned by meeting an old friend at a coffee house one evening last week. His looks were meagre, his cloaths shabby, and he sufficiently apologized for the sullinels of his coat, by the following narrative.

"My father," said he, after some preliminary conversation, "was a shoemaker of tolerable business in "London; a very honest man, and very much given to "reading godly books, whenever he could steal a "moment from the lap-stone and the last. As I was "the only child, he took great delight in me, and "used frequently to say, that he hoped in time to see "me Archbishop of Canterbury, and no such great "matters neither; for as to my parentage, I was as "good as many a one that had worn a mitre; and he "would make me as good a *scholard* too, or it should "go hard with him.

"My destination to the church was thus unalterably "fixed before I was five years old; and in consequence "of it, I was put to a grammar school in the city, "whence, after a thousand perils of the cane, and perils "of the rod, I went to the University on an exhibition "of fifteen pounds a year, which my father obtained "from one of the city companies, with no small dif-"ficulty. So scanty an allowance would by no means "defray the enormous expence of university education; "and my father, whose pride would not let me ap-"pear meaner than my companions, very readily "agreed to pay me forty pounds out of the yearly "profits of his trade, and to debar himself many in-"nocent gratifications, in order to accomplish in me "the grand object of all his ambition.

"In consequence of my father's desire, that I should "complete the full term of academical education, I did "not go into orders till I was of seven years standing, "and had taken the degree of Master of Arts. I was "therefore incapable of receiving any pecuniary "emoluments from my studies, till I was six and "twenty. Then, however, I was resolved to make a "bold push, and to free my father from the burthen "of supporting me with half the profits of his labours. "The old man was eager that I should attempt to get "some kind of preferment; not, as he would gene-"rously say, that he wanted to withdraw his assistance, "but that he thought it was high time to begin to look "up at the Bishopric.

"I hastened

" I haſtened to London as the moſt ample field for " the diſplay of my abilities, and the acquiſition of " money and fame. Soon after my arrival, I heard of " a vacant Lectureſhip; and though I was an entire " ſtranger to every one of the pariſhioners, I reſolved " to truſt my cauſe to honeſt endeavours, and a ſedu- " lous canvaſs. I ſhall not trouble you with an enu- " meration of the ſeveral indignities I ſuffered (for I " had not loſt my univerſity pride), from being under " the neceſſity to addreſs, with the moſt abject ſuppli " cations, chandlers, barbers, and green-grocers. Suf " fice it to acquaint you, that myſelf, and another " young clergyman of regular education, appeared, " on the day of election, to have but ſeventeen votes " between us; and that a methodiſtical enthuſiaſt, who " had once been a carpenter, bore away the prize with " a majority of a hundred and twenty.

" Though diſappointed, I was not dejected; and I " applied to a certain Rector for his Curacy, the duty " of which, conſiſted in prayers twice a day, a ſermon " on Sundays, and innumerable burials, chriſtenings, " and weddings. I thought myſelf happy, however, " in being offered forty guineas a year, without ſur- " plus, or ſurplice fees; but how was I chagrined, on " being told by the Rector, on the very firſt Sunday I " went to officiate, that I need not trouble myſelf, as " another gentleman had undertaken the whole duty " at forty pounds!

" I waited now a conſiderable time in expectation that " ſomething would fall; but heard of nothing in which " there was the leaſt probability of ſucceſs, unſupported, " as I was by friends, and unknown to fame. At laſt, " I was informed by an acquaintance, that a certain " Clergyman in the city was about to reſign his " Lectureſhip, and that he would probably reſign in my " favour, if I were early enough in my application. " I made all the haſte I poſſibly could to reach this " gentleman before his reſignation; and found very " little difficulty in perſuading him to intercede in my " favour. In ſhort, his endeavours, joined to my own, " ſecured the Lectureſhip, and I was unanimouſly cho- " ſen. The electors, however, expreſſed a deſire, that

" I would quit my place of reſidence, which was at a " diſtance, and live in the pariſh. To this requeſt I " conſented; and immediately fixed myſelf in a decent " family, where I lodged and boarded for fifty pounds " a year; and as I was not ſo ambitious as my father, " I congratulated myſelf on the happy event, and ſat " down contented and ſatisfied. But, alas! how was " I confounded, when my collectors brought the an- " nual contribution, to find it amount to no more than " an exact ſum of twenty-one pounds two ſhillings and " three-pence three farthings! I was under an imme- " diate neceſſity of diſcharging my lodging, reſigning " my preferment, and quietly decamping with the loſs " of no inconſiderable ſum.

" Thus, Sir," ſaid he, " have I now for theſe " twenty years been toſſed about in the world, without " any fixed reſidence, and without any certain proſpect " of my bread. I muſt not however complain, as I " am well aſſured there are many in the metropolis in " ſituations very ſimilar to mine. Yet ſometimes, I " own, I cannot help being fooliſh enough to imagine, " that I might, perhaps, have been happier, and I am " ſure I could have been richer, had I been brought up " to my paternal awl and laſt. My poor father died " about two years ago, and I have reaſon to think, his " diſappointment and ſorrow for my ill-ſucceſs haſtened " his diſſolution.

" I now ſupport myſelf tolerably well in the capacity " of, what the world ludicrouſly calls, a Hackney " Parſon. And though I do not get quite ſo much " as a journeyman ſhoemaker, I make ſhift to keep " ſoul and body together; and I thank God for that. " If, Sir, you could recommend me, here is my ad- " dreſs, up four pair of ſtairs."——

He was proceeding, but he had too powerfully excited my ſympathy; and after conſoling him to the beſt of my power, I took my leave of him, not without ſevere reflections on thoſe parents, who, to indulge a childiſh vanity, bring up their offſpring to miſery and want.

No. CXX.

No. CXX. ON DECENCY, AS THE ONLY MOTIVE OF OUR APPARENT VIRTUES, AND PARTICULARLY OF OUR RELIGIOUS BEHAVIOUR.

WHATEVER may be the vices of this age, it cannot be ſaid to be particularly diſtinguiſhed by hypocriſy. Selfiſhneſs reigns triumphant; and men, for the moſt part, purſue whatever they think conducive to their own pleaſure or intereſt, without regarding appearances, or the opinions of others, except, indeed, when their intereſt or their pleaſure are immediately concerned.

Even they who fill offices of confidence and honour in the community, are, in this age, fond of diveſting themſelves of that external dignity with which the wiſdom of our anceſtors judged it right to ſurround them. They deſcend with a peculiar kind of pride from their natural or political eminence, and will not even diſplay the appearance of thoſe virtues and abilities which are abſolutely neceſſary in their offices and ſtations. They oſtentatiouſly exhibit a careleſſneſs and profligacy in their converſation and behaviour, which, if they really poſſeſs, ought to diſplace them from their rank, and ſtrip them of their bluſhing honours.

In thoſe who fill public offices, or who are fixed in the more important profeſſions, a regard to external decency is itſelf a virtue. But, in truth, if the preſent diſordered ſtate of things would permit, none ought to fill thoſe offices and profeſſions, whoſe regard to decency does not ariſe from a regard to virtue.

There are, indeed, many who are eſteemed good ſort of perſons, but whoſe goodneſs is unprincipled, and appears to ariſe ſolely from a regard to external decorum, or, what is called, the ſaving of appearances. And this motive, poor and contemptible as it is, is

compariſon with rational principles ariſing from c
viction, is very often the only avowed motive for
regular performance of all external duties; but m
particularly of thoſe which concern religion. T
following imaginary tranſaction will, perhaps, ſugg
an idea of that poor and political decency which i
thought a very extraordinary effort of virtue to ma
tain. Let us then invent a ſcene of fiction by way
exemplification.

"We muſt have a Faſt Day ſoon," ſays the Stat
man, "for the Americans have had one already
"It is unneceſſary," replies the Privy Counſellor in
jockey dreſs, aiming at a wretched pun, "it is al
"farce." "Between friends," ſubjoins the Stat
man, "I am not fonder of ſuch formalities than
"are; but you know it is decent, and we muſt c
"form, externally at leaſt, to the prejudices of
"mob." "It is decent, my Lord," re-echoes
bench of Biſhops.

"There is a Sermon preached to-day before
"Houſe of Lords," ſays a member; "True," I
another, "but I vote it a *Bore*; and beſides, I am
"gaged to ſee a fine bitch pointer that I think of b
"ing." "Well," reſumes the other, "but let us m
"a party of two or three to church, becauſe it
"decent." "We beg, my Lords," ſoftly whiſpers
epiſcopal voice, "you would not put yourſelves to
"ſmalleſt inconvenience, for half a dozen of us h
"determined, though we have a thouſand engagemer
"to poſtpone them an hour or two for the ſake of
"cency. Decency, my Lord, muſt ſuperſede ev
"conſideration." "Will you go to church, my L
"Duke?" ſays one, lowly bowing to his patr
"No; I think it decent, but you will be there
"that account; and as I am engaged to-day at
"liards, I muſt beg to be excuſed:—but I h
"there will be enough there to make a decent
"pearance."

Among the gay ſenators of the Britiſh empire it
been obſerved, that very few, of late, have diſplayed
this inſtance even that ſubordinate virtue of which

ſpe

ſpeak, a regard to external decency. Weſtminſter Abbey, indeed, is not a place to be frequented for pleaſure by thoſe who chiefly ſhine in the ſtand at a horſe-race. One or two officers however do attend a ſermon officially, and a few others for the ſake of decency; but the knowing ones conſider the whole buſineſs, to expreſs their own ideas in their own language, as a curſed lounge. This buſineſs, therefore, and many others of a moſt ſolemn, ſacred, and venerable nature, being conſidered merely as incumbrances by the jolly part, which is the greater part, they are utterly neglected, or attended by a few only, whoſe intereſt compels them to have a regard to decency.

Our religion teaches us to ſeparate one day out of ſeven for religious purpoſes. But many of the wiſe men, who were born to be our Engliſh Solons and Lycurgi, conſider the inſtitution merely as a fooliſh ſuperſtition; and therefore ſpend the Sabbath, like the charming people abroad, at cards and in diſſipation, and very much lament thoſe groſs prejudices of the common people, which render it decent and prudent not to open the theatres, and enliven the horrid dullneſs of the Seventh Day by public diverſions. Even mighty good ſort of people, as they are uſually called, heſitate not to confeſs, that a regard to external decency is one of the chief motives of their regular conduct in obſerving the Sabbath, and other virtuous practices of our forefathers.

It would not be difficult to trace this motive of decency in many of the apparent virtues, which diſplay themſelves with no little oſtentation, in every department of human life. But it is really better to pay that deference to virtue which ariſes from aſſuming the appearances, than by impudent and avowed contempt of it, to injure others by the example. To have merely a regard to decency in common life, and in a wicked and unprincipled age, becomes, in ſome degree, virtuous. We will not, therefore, expoſe this unſound virtue to ſevere cenſure, except when it appears in religion, where, whatever appearances are inſincere, conſtitute hypocriſy of a moſt deteſtable kind; hypocriſy, founded on ſelf-intereſt. It is the man of *decent* character (and with this view alone he is decent), who

tleman, or, indeed, who is capable of spendir time in amuſement, without injuring the pub his own family, ought to be ſuffered to partake of If he gives up his hours, his labour, and his the to the purſuit, he has earned a right to the e ſince the object is of a nature which cannot be a priated while alive and at liberty. A fellow-cr is agreeably amuſed and benefited, and no man re ſince the bird that flies in the air no more belongs tenant of the manſion-houſe, than the ſun beam equally ſhines on the cottage and the palace. is the opulence, and little the grandeur, which a diſpoſition which would undoubtedly engroſs, were poſſible, the light and the air.

With reſpect to the matter of a treſpaſs, it is ce that a Lord of the Manor is no leſs liable to be ſecuted for it on his own manor than any other p whether qualified or unqualified. It ſhews, ther the ignorance, as well as arbitrary diſpoſition of petty princes, when they claim the privilege of pre for prey, without controul, on their neighbour's and of excluding all others from their own. In it is extremely doubtful what privileges the L the manor poſſeſſes; and whether he has a better to hunt and ſhoot, without a particular grant fo king, than the meaneſt man of whom he holds l whatſoever. The contemptuous laws which have made on this ſubject certainly were calculated amuſement. [illegible] ſhould be [illegible] Ruſtic Lord, and the miſchief of them, once [illegible] for [illegible] and [illegible] exiſtence.

[illegible] which [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

destroying Game; clothe him in green plush, and send him to provide pheasants, and bid defiance to his superiors, whenever the master has company to dine with him, and wishes to save an article in the butcher's account. This green-coated hero, who is usually one of the greatest scoundrels in the parish, sallies forth under the protection of the lord or lady of the manor; and if he meets a curate, or an apothecary, or a reputable tradesman, or even a neighbouring lord of the manor, boldly insults them, threatens to shoot their dogs, or seize their fowling pieces; and justifies all his insolence by alleging, that what he does or says is all by his master's order. Appeal to that master, and, probably, the insults are aggravated; or, if he pretends to uncommon affability, he will allow that the fellow is apt to be a little foul mouthed; but, upon the whole, is a very faithful servant. The low wretch himself might, indeed, be punished both for his trespass and his ill usage; but though he insulted his prosecutors in the field, he is ready, like all upstart and petty potentates, to bend on his knees for mercy, and usually disarms the generous by pleading a wife and his children. I know not which ought to predominate, compassion for the poor deluded peasant, or contempt for his employer. It is surely enough that the rich man claims an exclusive right to the commoners of nature himself; and he ought by no means to be suffered to commission the lowest plebeian to do that which he prohibits in gentlemen of the professions; of fortunes is independent, if not for great, as his own, and of minds often much greater.

It is in the power of these hirelings, who seldom possess much principle, to involve all the country in animosity. The landed gentry usually possess a share of pride fully proportionate to their estate and mansion house. The hireling of one trespasses on the dominions of another. Reprisals are made. Each defends his representatives. One think himself a gree (for that is the phrase) as the other. No concessions can possibly be made. Hatred, of the bitterest and most rancorous kind mutually takes possession of these lords in miniature; and many a hunting would end, if vassals could

be procured, like that of Chevy Chace, in a bloody battle.

If compaſſion did not intervene, one might be much entertained with ſo ludicrous an object, as that of creatures, who pretend to reaſon, benevolence, chriſtianity, and education, rendering their exiſtence, mutually painful, by fierce quarrels, ſecret but venomous hatred, expenſive and vexatious litigations, occaſioned by objects of a nature truly trifling in themſelves, and which, allowing them every poſſible praiſe, can be called no more than innocent diverſions. Are we not ſtill children with all our beard and gravity about us, if we always play till we quarrel? Our conduct, in this reſpect, is almoſt too abſurd to admit of ſerious expoſtulation. It may furniſh ſcenes for mirth at a puppet-ſhew, or a farce at Bartholomew Fair.

However, I think it neceſſary, before I conclude this ſubject, to declare, for the ſake of avoiding the malignant miſinterpretations of goſſips and ſcandal-dealers by profeſſion, that there are no alluſions in this paper either perſonal or local; and that I have not been pleading for a privilege in which I am intereſted, not being inclined to hunt, nor able to ſhoot.

I will beg leave to add one paſſage on the ſubject from Blackſtone, for the information of thoſe among ſportſmen, who are too tenacious of their excluſive rights, and who are able to read it.

"Another violent alteration of the Engliſh conſti-
"tution, conſiſted in the depopulation of whole coun-
"tries for the purpoſes of the King's royal diverſion;
"and ſubjecting both them, and all the antient foreſts
"of the kingdom, to the unreaſonable ſeverity of
"Foreſt Laws, imported from the continent; whereby
"the ſlaughter of a beaſt was made almoſt as penal as
"the death of a man. In the Saxon times, though no
"man was allowed to kill or chaſe the King's deer,
"yet he might ſtart any game, purſue and kill it,
"upon his own eſtate. But the rigour of theſe new
"conſtitutions veſted the ſole property of all the
"Game in England in the King alone; and no
"man was allowed to diſturb any fowl of the air, or
"any beaſt of the field, of ſuch kinds as were ſpecially

"reſerved

" reſerved for the royal amuſement of the Sovereign, " without expreſs licence from the King, by the grant " of a chace or free warren: and thoſe franchiſes were " granted as much with a view to preſerve the breed " of animals, as to indulge the ſubject. From a ſimilar " principle to which, though the Foreſt Laws are now " mitigated, and by degrees grown entirely obſolete; " yet from this root has ſprung a baſtard ſlip, known by " the name of the Game Law, now arrived to, and " wantoning in, its higheſt vigour, both founded upon " the ſame unreaſonable notions of permanent property " in wild creatures; and both productive of the ſame " tyranny to the commons: but with this difference; " that the Foreſt Laws eſtabliſhed only one mighty " hunter throughout the land, *the Game Laws have* " *raiſed a little Nimrod in every manor.* And in one " reſpect the antient law was much leſs unreaſonable " than the modern; for the King's grantee of a chace " or free warren might kill game in every part of his " franchiſe; but now, though a freeholder of leſs than " one hundred a year is forbidden to kill a partridge on " his own eſtate, yet nobody elſe (not even the lord of " the manor, unleſs he hath a grant of free warren) can " do it without committing a treſpaſs, and ſubjecting " himſelf to an action."

No. CXXII. ON THE IMPORTANCE OF GOVERNING THE TEMPER.

NOTWITHSTANDING the many complaints of the calamities of human life, it is certain, that more conſtant uneaſineſs ariſes from ill temper than from ill fortune. In vain has Providence beſtowed every external bleſſing, if care has not been taken by ourſelves to ſmooth the aſperities of the temper. A bad temper embitters every ſweet, and converts a paradiſe into a place of torment.

The government of the temper then, on which the happineſs of the human race ſo greatly depends, can

never

never be too frequently, or too forcibly recom
But as it was found by ſome of the antients on
moſt efficacious methods of deterring young per
any diſagreeable or vicious conduct, to point ou
character in which it appeared in all its deformit
exhibit a picture, in which I hope a bad temper
pear, as it really is, a moſt unamiable object.

It is by no means uncommon to obſerve th
have been flattered for ſuperficial qualities at a
age, and engaged in ſo conſtant a ſeries of d
pleaſure, as to leave no time for the culture of t
becoming, in the middle and advanced period
melancholy inſtances of the miſerable effects
from an ungoverned temper. A certain lady,
ſhall diſtinguiſh by the name of Hiſpulla, was co
from her infancy for a fine complexion. She
deed, no very amiable expreſſion in her eyes, bu
million of her cheeks did not fail to attract ad
and ſhe was convinced by her glaſs, and by the
tions of the young men, that ſhe was another and
Helen. She had every opportunity of impro
mind; but as we naturally beſtow our firſt car
quality which we moſt value, ſhe could never
attention either to books or to oral inſtruction.
the age of fifteen or ſixteen, could ſcarcely w
name legibly, or read a ſentence without h
Her perſonal charms were, however, powerful
to captivate the heart of a thoughtleſs heir, w
older than herſelf. Her vanity, rather than l
was gratified by the alliance: and when ſhe ſh
aſſiduities of promiſcuous ſuitors at an end, ſh
herſelf gradually ſinking in the dead calm of in
When love was no more, other paſſions ſprung
all the luxuriancy of rank weeds, in a ſoil whe
latary herb has been planted in the vernal ſeaſon
that fruitful plant, which bears every kind o
quality in abundance, took root in her he
flouriſhed, like the nettle or the hemlock, on t
of the ſtagnant pool.

Her huſband was the firſt to feel its banefu
Though the match was greatly to her advan
perſuaded herſelf that ſhe might have done bet

that her good fortune was by no means adequate to the price which her beauty and merit might have justly claimed. With this conviction, and without any habits or abilities which might lead her to seek amusement in books, she found no diversion so congenial to her heart, as the tormenting a good natured, young, and agreeable husband, who, by marrying, had excluded her from the probability of a title. As a small compensation for the injury received, she assumed an absolute dominion over him, his fortune, and his family. He durst not differ in opinion from her; for on the slightest opposition, her eyes dart fire, her cheeks glow with indignation, and her tongue utters every bitter word which rage and malice can dictate. The comfort of every meal is poisoned by a quarrel; and an angry vociferation is re-echoed from the parlour to the kitchen, from the cellar to the garret, by night and by day, except in the awful and ominous pause of a sullen silence.

The poor husband, who, with every amiable disposition, potsessed also the virtue of patience, bore the evil as long as human nature could bear it; but as years advanced, and her fury increased, he sought a refuge at the tavern, and in the compelling juice of the grape. Here strife and vexation soon laid him in the only secure asylum from the flings and arrows of an outrageous temper, the silent tomb.

The children, after suffering every species of persecution which an angry, though foolishly fond mother, could inflict, no sooner arrived at maturity, than they began to look for happiness in an escape from home, where neither peace nor calm could find a place. The daughters married meanly, unworthily, and wretchedly, contented to take refuge from the rage of a furious mother in the arms of footmen and hair dressers. The sons ran away, and became vagrant and wretched debauchees, till, in mere despair, one of them enlisted as a soldier in the East India service, and the other put an end to his own existence.

The mother, after breathing a few natural tears, and wiping them soon, began to feel her pride and pothon amply gratified in an absolute dominion over an estate, a mansion house, and a train of servants, whose dependant situation made them bear her fury with little resist-

ance.

ance. But she enjoyed her reign but a short time; as her mind was incapable of resting on itself for port, she sought relief from the bottle of cordial; heated one day with a large draught, and a violent pa with one of the maids, she burst a blood vessel, and pired in a scolding fit, her tongue still quivering her heart had ceased its pulsation.

I believe the originals of such a picture as this, much less common in the present age, than they in the last century. Ladies were then secluded from world till marriage, and as they were very superfici educated in every thing but potting and preserving, no wonder if they became termagants or viragos. T had no right ideas of themselves or the world aro and yielded, without opposition, to those violent e tions, which arise, perhaps, in every mind when totally uncultivated.

Culture of the understanding is, indeed, one of the methods of subduing the heart to softness, and redeem it from that savage state in which it too often comes fi the hands of nature. The more our reason is stren ened, the better she is enabled to keep her seat on throne, and to govern those passions which were appo ed to be her subjects; but which too often rebel, succeed in their unnatural revolt. But, besides the e of mental culture, in calling forth and increasing powers of the reasoning faculty, it seems to possess influence in humanizing the feelings, and meliorat the native disposition. Music, painting, and poe teach the mind to select the agreeable parts of those jects which surround us, and by habituating it to a s and permanent delight, gradually superinduce an hi tual good humour. It is of infinite importance to h piness to accustom the mind, from infancy, to turn fi deformed and painful scenes, and to contemplate wh ever can be found of moral and natural beauty. T spirits, under this benign management, contract a mi iness, and learn to flow all cheerily in their smooth yielding channels; while, on the contrary, if the you mind is teased, fretted, and neglected, the passage the spirits become rugged, abrupt, exasperated, and whole nervous system seems to acquire an excessive i

tabil

tability. The ill treatment of children has not only made them wretched at the time, but wretched for life; tearing the fine contexture of their nerves, and roughening, by example, and by ſome ſecret and internal influence, the very conſtitution of their tempers.

So much of the happineſs of private life, and the virtues of mothers and daughters, in particular, depends on the government of the temper, that the temper ought to be a principal object of regard in a well-conducted education. The ſuffering of children to tyrannize, without controul, over ſervants and inferiors, is, I am convinced, the ruin of many an amiable diſpoſition. The virtues of humanity, benevolence, humility, cannot be too early enforced; at the ſame time care ſhould be taken that an infant of two or three years old ſhould never be beaten or ſpoken to harſhly for any offence which it can poſſibly commit. In ſhort, let every method be uſed which reaſon, religion, prudence, and experience can ſuggeſt, to accompliſh the purpoſe of ſweetening the temper, and baniſhing the furies from ſociety. May the endeavours be ſucceſsful; and may we only read, that there have, indeed, been ſuch animals as ſhrews and viragos, but that the breed is extinct in England, like the breed of wolves!

I have been much pleaſed with the lovely picture of Serena, in Mr. Hayley's inſtructive poem, the Triumphs of Temper; and I cannot conclude, without earneſtly entreating the ladies to view it as a looking glaſs, by which they may learn to dreſs their minds in a manner which can never be out of faſhion; but which will enable them to ſecure, as well as extend, their conqueſts; and to charm, even when the lilies and roſes are all withered. If the poem ſhould effect its very laudable purpoſe, the Virtues, the Muſes, and the Graces, ſhould unite to form a wreath for the poet's brow, and hail him as the reſtorer of a golden age. While every mother, wife, and daughter, aſpires at the virtues of a Serena, let Alecto, Megara, and Tiſiphone, be confined in chains to the infernal regions, and forbidden ever more to aſſume and aſſume the ſhape of a Britiſh lady!

No. CXXIII. ON THE MORAL EFFECTS A GOOD TRAGEDY.

IT is with regret I obſerve, that a taſte for the no part of theatrical amuſements, the repreſentatio tragedy, is rather on the decline. It ſtrongly mark frivolity of an age, when the buſkin is excluded fo ſock, and the public attention too much engage dancers, ſingers, and harlequins, to admit the ſeri yet lively pleaſures of the Tragic Muſe.

There ſeems to me to be no method more effectu ſoftening the ferocity, and improving the minds, o lower claſſes of a great capital, than the frequent e bition of tragical pieces, in which the diſtreſs is ca to the higheſt extreme, and the moral at once ſelf- dent, affecting, and inſtructive. The multitudes of who cannot read, or, if they could, have neither nor abilities for deriving much advantage from read are powerfully impreſſed, through the medium of the and ears, with thoſe important truths, which, while illuminate the underſtanding, correct and mollify heart. Benevolence, juſtice, heroiſm, and the wiſdo moderating the paſſions, are plainly pointed out, forcibly recommended to thoſe ſavage ſons of unc vated nature, who have few opportunities, and w have no inclination for inſtruction, if it did not pr itſelf under the form of a delightful amuſement. human heart in general, whether it beats in the boſo him who has been improved by education, or of the lected child of poverty, is taught to exerciſe ſome moſt amiable propenſities by the indulgence of comm ration in ſcenes of fancied woe. Were the Theatre u certain regulations, a man might go to it as he go church, to learn his duty, and it might juſtly be hono with the appellation, which it has often aſſumed, an called the School of Virtue.

There are certainly a thouſand tragedies of more ſical merit, but few better calculated to ſave the num

and important claſſes of the plebeian order from wallowing in vice, theft, intemperance, and wretchedneſs of every kind, than the tragedy of George Barnwell. Common and illiterate minds cannot follow the high flights of ſublime poetry, nor underſtand the beauties of blank verſe; but the language of Lillo in this humble tale, is level to the loweſt degree of intellect. It muſt, indeed, give pleaſure to every friend of unaſſuming merit, to find the due tribute of applauſe paid to the modeſt Lillo by one of the beſt of all modern judges, the Critic and Philoſopher of Salisbury. He, whoſe taſte was formed on the pureſt models, and corrected by the ſtricteſt rules, has not heſitated to place the Fatal Curioſity in the very firſt rank of dramatic compoſitions. And George Barnwell, however it may be affectedly deſpiſed by the fully votaries of faſhion, who abominate it as low, deſerve no leſs to be eſteemed for its moral excellence, than the other for its claſſical. It has, perhaps, ſaved as many from an ignominious end, as the Beggars Opera has haſtened to it. That any moraliſt, or man of obſervation, can entertain a doubt concerning the effect on the upper gallery of a play in which thieves and harlots are repreſented as amiable and innocent characters, and all the reſt of ſociety as rogues, evinces, in this inſtance, an ignorance of human nature. The repreſentation of the Beggars Opera is not only an outrage on civiliſed ſociety, but an extreme act of cruelty to thoſe wretched boys and girls, who have been allured to the paths of deſtruction, by viewing them thus ſtrewed with artificial flowers. Take away the diſgrace, the ſhame, and the hell ſome ſenſibilities of timid vice, and you remove a reſtraint, the force of whoſe operation neither precepts nor laws can ever ſupply. Suppoſe a country lad, with all his native modeſty about him, allured to the Theatre by the Beggars Opera. In a few hours he undergoes a perfect metamorphoſis. He thinks himſelf illuminated, and deſpiſes the old homeſt folks at home, who have hitherto conſoled him, as he ſuppoſes, in childiſh ignorance. His perverted ambition takes an unfortunate turn; and if he arrives not at the honour of dying like a Macheath, he will at leaſt endeavour to deſerve it. Such, I am well aſſured, is often a true caſe; but even the miſerable

creatures who are far gone in the paths which lead through villany to ruin may be called back by the melancholy tale of poor George Barnwell. There are many other Tragedies in the English language which convey admirable morals to the lower claſſes, and have undoubtedly reſcued many a wretch, who was deaf to a parent's voice and a preacher's admonition, from the dominion of an evil ſpirit.

But, indeed, there is no claſs of the people, however refined and poliſhed, which may not receive ſuch benefits from a well written Tragedy, as ſcarcely any other mode of inſtruction can afford. He who has entered into all the feelings of a Shakeſpeare, an Otway, a Rowe, an Addiſon, may be ſaid to have aſſimilated with their ſouls, and ſnatched a ſacred ſpark, which cannot fail to kindle ſomething in himſelf reſembling the ethereal fire of that genius. His nature will be improved, and a ſpecies of wiſdom and elevation of ſpirit, which was in vain ſought for in academic groves, may at laſt be imbibed in the Theatres. Philoſophy may catch a warmth of the drama, which is capable of advancing it to nobler heights than ſhe would otherwiſe have attained. Socrates, whoſe benevolence and wiſdom appeared to have ſomething of divinity, was the voluntary aſſiſtant of Euripides in the compoſition of his tragedies; and undoubtedly was of opinion, that he taught philoſophy to inſtruct the bulk of mankind in the moſt effectual manner, when he introduced her to their notice in the buſkin.

Inſtructive, entertaining, animating, and ennobling as is the ſpirit of the tragic muſe, is it not wonderful that many can ſlight its efficacy, or view its fine productions on the ſtage with perfect indifference? Yet, he who ſurveys the ſcene in the theatre where opinions and fashions take their place, will find many a painted and powdered figure of both ſexes, which appears to view a Lear, a Shore, a Hamlet, and a Harlequin, with the ſame heavy eye, not ſhewing one emotion, except it be of laughter while nature is moſt powerfully attracting the tears from ſome of tears, wherever it has not been choked by affectation, by a natural or an acquired Dapedare. It ſeems, indeed, to be a part of the contemptible vanity which characterizes the age, to laugh at public ſpectacles

who

when others are serious, and to be serious when others laugh. "Who, indeed," says the fine bred lady, "would be sincerely affected by any thing said or done "by the low creatures on the stage?"

Some spectators, on the other hand, lose all the effect of the piece by attending to the identical men and women who act, rather than to the characters which they represent. They also admire Mr. or Mrs. such an one's coat, gown, cap, shoe, leg, or hand, but forget the hero and the heroine, the poet and the poem.

The calls for ridicule, which greatly prevails in a mean, selfish, debauched, and trifling age, contributes to prevent the genuine effect of Tragedy. Great laughers are seldom susceptible of deep or serious impressions. While the dead lie scattered on the stage, and every thing is presented to the view which ought to excite pity and terror, the joker dissipates the sweet sorrow of sympathy by the introduction of a ludicrous idea. Ridicule indeed, seems to become a weapon in the hands of the wicked, destructive of taste, feeling, morality, and religion.

The addition of a ludicrous epilogue, a farce, pantomime entertainment, and of dances between the acts, has often been lamented as destructive of the effects of the finest tragedy. It is true, that they who live to please, must please in order to live; and therefore the players and their managers are not culpable. They must not only provide manly amusements for men, but childish diversions for children and school boys. These entertainments have, indeed, often that ingenuity and drollery in them, which may, at a proper season, relax the most rigid philosophy. I venture not the things themselves, but the time of their introduction. After the soul has been deeply impressed with serious and virtuous sentiments, it is surely lamentable, that every mark should be effaced by harlequins and buffoons. It must be remembered, that I am speaking only of the moral effects of the drama, and I believe every one will agree, that there would be more successfully produced, if the entertainment, as it is called by way of eminence, preceded the Tragedy. The spectator would then retire to his pillow with his fancy full of fine poetic images, and his

heart

heart glowing with every elevated idea of moral rectitude. But now, his feelings are so trifled with and tantalized, that at last he grows callous to the tenderest pathos, and attends the theatre merely as a critic in acting, instead of an interested partaker in the scenes which pass in review.

In times, when manly minds are necessary to save a sinking empire, and retard the decline of a degenerating people, every mode of improving the hearts of the community at large, in the serious and severer virtues, ought to be applied with avidity. The Theatre opens a fine school for the accomplishment of this end; and it would certainly contribute greatly to accelerate the general improvement, if there were less singing, dancing, and buffoonery, and more Tragedy. But some great man, by which epithet I mean, in this place, a titled and fashionable man, must set the example of admiring it, or else all the muses themselves might rack their inventions in composing the melancholy tale, with no other effect than that of diffusing sleep or smiles throughout Pit, Box, and Gallery.

It is remarkable that, since this Paper was published, Tragedy has become fashionable. I arrogate to them the merit of producing this change; but I cannot help feeling a satisfaction in it, as it is certainly conducive to national reformation.

No. CXXIV. ON THE INFLUENCE OF POLITICS, AS A SUBJECT OF CONVERSATION, ON THE STATE OF LITERATURE.

IT is a mark of the social and public spirit of this nation, that there is scarcely a member of it who does not bestow a very considerable portion of his time and thoughts in studying its political welfare, its interest, and its honour. Though this general taste for politics, from the highest to the lowest orders of the people, has afforded subjects for comic ridicule, yet I cannot help considering

conſidering it both as a proof of uncommon liberality, and as one of the firmeſt ſupports of civil liberty. It kindles and keeps alive an ardent love of freedom. It has hitherto preſerved that glorious gift of God from the rude hand of tyranny, and tends, perhaps, more than any other cauſe, to communicate the noble fire of true patriotiſm to the boſoms of poſterity. While we watch vigilantly over every political meaſure, and communicate an alarm through the empire, with a ſpeed almoſt equal to the ſhock of electricity, there will be no danger leſt a King ſhould eſtabliſh deſpotiſm, even though he were to invade the rights of his people at the head of his ſtanding army.

But as zeal without knowledge is ſubverſive of the purpoſe which it means to promote; it becomes a true friend to his country, to endeavour to unite with the love of liberty the love of knowledge. It unfortunately happens, that political ſubjects are of ſo warm and animating a nature, that they not only appear to intereſt in a very high degree, but to engroſs the attention. The newſpapers form the whole library of the politician, the coffee-houſe is his ſchool, and he prefers the Gazette, and an acrimonious pamphlet, for or againſt the miniſtry, to all that was ever written by a Homer, or diſcovered by a Newton.

To be a competent judge either of political meaſures or events, it is neceſſary to poſſeſs an enlightened underſtanding, and the liberal ſpirit of philoſophy; it is neceſſary to have read hiſtory, and to have formed right ideas of the nature of man and of civil ſociety. But I know not how it happens, the moſt ignorant and paſſionate are apt to be the moſt deciſive in delivering their ſentiments on the very complicated ſubjects of political controverſy. A man, whoſe education never extended beyond writing and the four rules, will determine at once, and with the moſt authoritative air, ſuch queſtions as would perplex the wiſeſt ſtateſman adorned with all human learning, and aſſiſted by the experience and advice of the moſt cultivated perſons in the nation. Even gentlemen, according to the common acceptation of that title, or thoſe who have fortunes, and have received the common inſtruction

of

of the times, are ſeldom able to judge with pr
in politics, though they are uſually inclined to
with paſſion. Is it poſſible that, from having
only the firſt elements of Latin and French, and t
of dancing, fencing, and fiddling, in perfection,
ſhould be qualified, I do not ſay to ſit as a Se
but to expatiate, with ſufficient judgment and i
gence, on the propriety and nature of any public
action, or ſyſtem of government? But he is wo
eſtate of a thouſand a year, and therefore, thou
his other merit, in kind and degree, may be lik
of a maſter of the ceremonies, or that of a ſkilful
and whipper-in, he thinks he has a right to gi
to the neighbourhood in political converſation.
ideas are confined to narrow li its; and as his
tiſm is for the moſt part ſpite, ſo his ſupport of
niſtry is, in ſome reſpects, ſelf-intereſt. It muſt
for a man, whoſe mind is not enlarged and culti
cannot entertain ſo liberal a ſyſtem of opinions as
of real patriotiſm.

But even, among perſons whoſe minds are ſuffic
improved to diſtinguiſh and purſue the good of
and of ſociety, independently either of paſſion
private advantage, the rage for politics often pr
too far, and abſorbs all other objects. In vain
the hand of art preſent the picture or repeat the m
of muſic; for the eye is blind, the ear is deaf
but the news and the newſpaper. Poetry, phil
elegant and polite letters, in all their ramifica
diſplay their alluring charms in vain to him,
head and heart ſtill vibrate with the harſh an
cordant ſounds of a political diſpute at the ta
Thoſe books, whoſe tendency is only to promot
gant pleaſures or advance ſcience, which flatt
party, and gratify no malignant paſſion, are ſu
to fall into oblivion; while a pamphlet, which eſ
the cauſe of any political men or meaſures, ho
inconſiderable its literary merit, is extolled as o
the firſt productions of modern literature. But m
is the food furniſhed to the mind of man by the
mation of a party bigot. From a taſte for traſh,
diſreliſh of the wholeſome food of the mind, and

the conſequent neglect of ſolid learning, mere politicians are prevented from receiving valuable improvement; and the community, together with literature, is at laſt deeply injured. For when learning is little reſpected, it will naturally decline; and that the mental darkneſs conſequent on its decline, leads to the eſtabliſhment of deſpotiſm, every one who has ſurveyed the pictures of mankind, as pourtrayed by the pencil of hiſtory, will immediately acknowledge. What did Athens and Rome retain of their antient dignity when their learning and their arts were no more? That the light of learning ſhould ever again be extinguiſhed, may appear a viſionary idea to an Engliſhman; but ſo it did to a Roman, in the days of Cicero. Notwithſtanding the multiplication of books by the art of printing, both they, and all value for them, may vaniſh, together with the power of underſtanding them, if the fury of politics ſhould occaſion a contempt for letters and for education, and ſhould convert the leaders of a people into Goths and Vandals.

He who would add an elegance to politics, and diſtinguiſh his converſation on the ſubject from the vociferation of porters in an alehouſe, ſhould inſpect the finiſhed pieces of antiquity, and learn to view public acts and counſels in the light in which they appeared to thoſe whom the world has long conſidered as ſome of the beſt and politeſt teachers of political wiſdom. If he poſſeſſes not taſte enough to reliſh the works of poetical imagination, let him confine himſelf to ſuch authors as Thucydides and Xenophon, Polybius and Plutarch, Livy and Salluſt. Politics will aſſume new grace by communicating with hiſtory and philoſophy; and political converſation, inſtead of a vague, paſſionate, and declamatory effuſion of undigeſted ideas, will become a moſt liberal exerciſe of the faculties, and form a mental banquet, at which the beſt and wiſeſt of mankind might indulge their finer appetites with inſatiable avidity. What can conſtitute a more rational object of contemplation than the noble fabric of ſociety, civilized by arts, letters, and religion? What can better employ our ſagacity, than to devile modes for its improvement and preſervation?

Not only the understanding, the taste, the tem
people, but the spirit also, will be greatly impr
learning politics of the Greeks and Romans. No
feeling ever yet read Livy without learning t
slavery, and to glow with a love and emulation o
virtue. The Greek and Roman spirit cannot be t
encouraged by those who have a just idea of the
of a true Englishman, and desire to maintain it
let it be remembered, that the Athenians, in th
glorious periods, were as much attached to poli
news as Britons ever were; but that they pr
amidst the warmest contest, a refined taste and
passion for the politest learning, and the pro
philosophy.

No. CXXV. ON BUFFOONERY IN CO SATION.

IT is sweet, says the agreeable poet of Ve
to lay aside our wisdom, and to indulge, o
per occasion, a species of temporary folly. He,
must be outrageously severe, who would prohi
pleasing mode of passing our leisure hours, wh
consistent with innocence, and the nature of
eminently distinguished by the fine faculties of
fancy, memory, and reflection. Charming
social hour when solidity of judgment is enliv
brilliancy of wit, and the lively sallies of imag
by a sweet interchange of pensive gravity. Lat
dom, and the undisturbed flexion of the fa
which naturally arise in cultivated minds, form
delightful recreation, and dismiss the mind
serious employments with new alacrity. Those
the nations who were most celebrated for their
were remarkable for a cheerful and equable gaie
often diverted themselves, in their intervals of
meditation, with jests and drollery. Who more
ful than the gentle Socrates? Who more delight
a joke than the dignified Cicero? But, at t

e, they were equally capable of maintaining a legiti-
te conversation in all its gravity and elegance. The
versations of Socrates, preserved by his eloquent
iples, breathe a wisdom approaching to divine;
l Cicero's book, *de Oratore*, is one of the noblest
numents of polished urbanity, as are many of his
losophical pieces of speculative wisdom.

lut there prevails, at present, a taste for low and
ly mirth, which totally precludes all delicacy of
timent, all exercise of reason and invention, and al-
ll degrades us to the level of those ludicrous animals,
om nature has rendered so wonderfully expert in
art of mimickry. Many persons, who imagine them-
ves remarkably endowed with humour, and the
ver of delighting whatever company they deign
bless with their presence, are apt to give their
igues a licence to wander without the reins of judg-
nt, to affect uncommon expressions, attitudes, gri-
ces, and modes of address and behaviour; and to
gine, that oddity is humour, eccentricity wit,
vnright nonsense prodigiously droll, and rudeness
nitely entertaining. If the company are as foolish as
pretended wit; or, indeed, if they are very polite
l good natured, they seldom refuse the easy tribute
a laugh, either real or affected; and the joker, ani-
ted by his fancied encouragement, proceeds in his ex-
agant sallies, till his assumed folly approaches very
rly to real idiotism. In the mean time, as he draws
attention of the company on himself, and engrosses
the time and talk, he not only lower himself, but
vents others from rising; relaxes the tone of his own
d, and of all around, to a state of imbecility, and at
e prevents the opportunity and the power of uttering
ngle idea worth remembrance. Noise and laughter
but meagre food for the mind; and however pleased
ple may appear, they commonly retire from the
pany in which these have formed the only entertain-
nt, with an unsatisfied and uneasy vacuity, with dis-
and disagreeable reflection.

r very often happens, that these facetious gentlemen
upon more expeditious methods of becoming
ligiously entertaining than any thing which requires

utterance. They enter a room, and ſit down g
with their wigs on one ſide, or with the bac
of it over their forehead. They take great deli
the practical joke; and if they can pick your
of your handkerchief, ſmut your face, draw you
from under you, or make you a fool, as they
they conſider themſelves as other Yoricks, and
lows of infinite humour, endowed with peculiar
for ſetting the table on a roar. It might, inde
ſaid with truth, that they literally make fools of
ſelves, and appear ambitious of ſupplying that
which was once very common, but is now either
out of faſhion, or introduced in diſguiſe; I me
order of profeſſed and hireling fools, for the amu
of the nobility. It has indeed been jocularly ſai
many of the nobility in the preſent age, exerc
office in their own perſons to ſave expence.

Now, though there were nothing criminal in bu
ry, yet as it tends, when too long continued, to v
the faculties of the mind, to exclude all attention
thing ſerious, and to diveſt converſation of its po
affording improvement as well as pleaſure, it is ce
to be wiſhed that it were, in ſome meaſure, reſtr
I ſay reſtrained only; for I do not know any juſt
why any method of innocently amuſing the
during a ſhort interval of inaction, ſhould be
forbidden. Man is an animal that delights in va
mirth and mimickry, jeſt and jollity, *quips and*
and wanton wiles and laughter, holding both his
are certainly no leſs allowable as the means of
ation, than cards, backgammon, billiards, a
bottle. He is wiſe who requires moderation in al
indulgences; but he who inveighs againſt any of
in the groſs, and without exception, has taken
eſtimate of human nature, and is not to be conſ
as a moraliſt, but as a declaimer. If any one
will admit of univerſal application, it is that whi
rects us to obſerve the golden mean.

I could never admire the wiſdom of certain
elected legiſlators of graceful behaviour, who ſe
forbid us to laugh, with much greater ſtrictneſs tha
would have prohibited the violation of the decal

To be remarkable for laughing, is not only ungraceful, but a ſign of folly. But God has diſtinguiſhed man by the power of riſibility, and there is no reaſon why he ſhould not exerciſe it on proper occaſions; and, perhaps, there would be no occaſion more proper, than when a diſciplined fop ſhews by his behaviour, that he prefers the varniſh of external grace to honour and to honeſty.

Wit, it has been ſaid, does not naturally excite laughter. But this obſervation, though true in part, is not univerſally true; for wit, united with humour, poſſeſſes ſuch a command of the riſible muſcles, that he muſt be a ſtoic, or a very ill-natured man, who is able to reſiſt the impulſe. I ſhould, indeed, have no favourable opinion of that man's heart or diſpoſition, who could be preſent at a truly comic ſcene without laying aſide his ſeverity, and ſhaking his ſides with as much glee as the ingenuous child of nature. And if it is a weakneſs not to be able to refrain from laughter at a ludicrous object, it is a weakneſs of all others the moſt pardonable; and it is ſurely better to be weak than malignant. But, in truth, the weakneſs conſiſts only in laughing immoderately, or frequently without an adequate object.

In every convivial meeting of elegant and poliſhed company, the Muſes and the Graces ſhould be of the party. The firſt honours and attention ſhould be paid to them; but let not Comus and Jocus be forbidden to follow in their train, and under their command. The entertainment will be thus heightened and varied, and good ſenſe and decorum derive new luſtre from good-humour. We would, indeed, reſtrain that exceſſive and rude mirth which originates in levity and folly, and becomes what is called buffoonery; but far be it from us to baniſh that ſprightlineſs which naturally reſults from the gaiety of innocence. Joy, while we are bleſſed with health and eaſe, and what the ſtoics call ΕΥΡΟΙΑ, or the well flowing of the ſtream of life, is gratitude and obedience.

No. CXXVI. ON THE STYLE OF XENOPHO AND PLATO.

WRITERS, who have diſplayed any of tha uniform peculiarity in their ſtyle which render it eaſily imitable, however popular they may becom at their firſt appearance by gratifying the paſſion fo novelty, are by no means the moſt perfect writers; bu are to be claſſed with thoſe artiſts of the pencil, whos the painters diſtinguiſh by the appellation of Manneriſts Simplicity of diction, as it is one of the moſt engagin beauties, is alſo one of the moſt difficult to imitate It exhibits no prominency of feature, but diſplays on whole, properly embelliſhed with a thouſand littl graces, no one of which obtrudes itſelf in ſuch a man ner as to deſtroy the appearance of a perfect ſymmetry In this ſpecies of excellence Xenophon is confeſſedl a model. He has been called the Attic Muſe and th Attic Bee. It has been ſaid, that the Muſes would expreſs themſelves in his language, that his ſtyle i ſweeter than honey, that the Graces themſelves appear to have aſſiſted in its formation; but though all thi praiſe is juſtly due, yet it would be difficult to point out any one beauty which recurs ſo often in the ſame form, as to characteriſe his compoſition.

But the numerous writers who have imitated th Rambler, or the Adventurer, are diſcovered in thei affectation, before the reader has peruſed a ſingle page The very peculiar manner of thoſe excellent perform ances has been eaſily imitated by inferior writers, an more eaſily caricatured. Addiſon is ſimple and natural and, conſequently, has not often been mimicked wit equal ſucceſs. Indeed, the nearer we approach t the manner of Addiſon, the more agreeable is ou ſtyle; but, I believe, none ever admired the ſtyle o the Rambler, but in the hands of its original author The ſatirical writer of Lexiphanes eaſily rendered i ridiculous

ridiculous: and though, in ſome of Addiſon's proſaic pieces, there is a very ſerious and good imitation of it, yet we are rather diſpoſed to ſmile than admire. Affectation always borders on burleſque; but a manner, which derives its graces from nature, cannot be rendered ridiculous. The ſtyle of Xenophon, like the philoſopher whom he records, is proof againſt the ſportive and malignant buffoonery of an Ariſtophanes.

It is however certain, that every beauty cannot be combined under one form. If the ſtyle of Xenophon diſplays grace, eaſe, and ſweetneſs; it is deficient in magnificence, in weight, in authority, and in dignity. But it ſhould be remembered, that the Venus of Medici is not to be cenſured, becauſe it wants the nerves and muſcles of the Farneſian Hercules. It appears to me, however, that though ſome of the moſt popular writers of England yield to Xenophon in the ſofter graces, they greatly excel him in maſculine beauty. The authors of the Rambler, of the Adventurer, and ſome of their imitators, will be found to poſſeſs a ſuperiority in this reſpect, on a fair compariſon. Indeed, if there were more ſingularities and deviations from ſimplicity than are to be found in thoſe volumes, their excellent ſenſe and fine morality ought to exalt their authors to a degree of honour, far ſuperior to any which can be derived from a ſkill in compoſition.

According to the opinions of the beſt judges, antient and modern, the greateſt maſter of the beauties of ſtyle whom the world ever ſaw, was the divine Plato. The antients heſitated not to aſſert, in the zeal of their admiration, that if Jupiter were to ſpeak in the language of Greece, he would infallibly expreſs himſelf in the diction of Plato. He poſſeſſed the art of combining ſeverity with grace, and ſweetneſs with grandeur; and to him we owe a ſimilar combination, in the great orator and philoſopher of Rome, who formed his ſtyle on the model of Plato, and has given us a reſemblance ſcarcely leſs exact than that of the buſt to its mould, or of the waxen ſeal to the ſculptured gem.

The introductions to the dialogues of Cicero are always peculiarly beautiful; ſo alſo are thoſe of Plato.

It is agreeable to call to mind the ſweet ſpot which Plato repreſents as the ſcenes where the dialogues paſſed, in language no leſs delightful than the ſcene itſelf.

The river Ilifus glided over the pebbles in a clear ſtream, but ſo ſhallow that you might have walked through it without any great inconvenience. At a ſmall diſtance roſe a tall plane tree, ſpreading its broad ſhade to a conſiderable diſtance, and flouriſhing in all the mature luxuriance of ſummer beauty. At the root of the tree iſſued a ſpring, dedicated to Achelous and the Nymphs, and remarkable for its cool and limpid water. The ſofteſt herbage grew round its little banks, the verdure of which was rendered perpetual by the refreſhing moiſture of the ſpring, as it flowed down a gentle declivity. A ſweet and cooling breeze generally breathed along the ſhade, and great numbers of Cicadæ, taking ſhelter from the ſun, reſorted to the coverts, and made an agreeable kind of natural muſic with their little notes, which ſeldom ceaſed. Plato adds ſeveral other agreeable heightenings of the ſcene, in which moral and philoſophical beauty was to emulate the beauties of nature. The language of Plato adds charms to the whole, as variegated colours illuminate and embelliſh the plain ſketches of the chalk or pencilled outline.

It is no wonder that philoſophy, recommended by ſuch graces as theſe, was found to render her votaries enamoured. Virtue and public ſpirit can ſcarcely ever want their admirers and followers, when they are decorated in a manner which ſets off their own lovelineſs to the greateſt advantage. It is to be lamented, for the ſake of virtue, that Lord Shafteſbury was a ſceptic. His ſtyle was a fine imitation of Plato, and diſplays ſuch beauties, as might conceal the ugline's of a deformed ſyſtem. Mr. Harris has alſo exhibited the Platonic graces in high perfection; and I cannot help conſidering it as a mark of defective taſte that he is not more popular. His ſtyle appears to be one of the moſt elegant, claſſical, and judiciouſly ornamented among all the Engliſh writers of the preſent century. They who have raiſed their taſte ſo as to perceive his beauties, will conſider the ſtyle of many writers, whom they once admired, as comparatively barbarous. He who never

raiſed

taſted the pine-apple, the peach, and the nectarine, may probably ſuppoſe that he enjoys the moſt exquiſite flavour of the fruit garden while he is feaſting on a pippin; as he, who never partook of the pippin, may devour a crab, and admire it as a delicacy.

A critic of antiquity, Dionyſius the Halicarnaſſian, has diſcovered many and great faults in the ſtyle of Plato. He ſeems to think the epithets too poetical, the metaphors too bold, the matter too allegorical. Pompey the Great diſputed the point with him; and there is a curious letter extant on the ſubject, from the critic to the ſtateſman. It is, indeed, obvious to remark, that, though Plato would not admit Homer into his republic, he has admitted many of his beauties into his ſtyle; and has often written with an enthuſiaſtic warmth, which they, who have not partaken of the afflatus to which he ſomewhere pretended, cannot entirely approve. A cold critic, like Dionyſius, would naturally be diſguſted with it; but we cannot liſten to his cenſures of a noble genius, who ſnatched graces beyond the reach of art; whom Pompey approved, and whom Tully almoſt idolized. When ſpecimens of perfect compoſition were to be pointed out, the choice has fallen on the Georgics of Virgil, and the Menexenus of Plato.

Both Xenophon and Plato diſplay, what is more valuable than all verbal elegance, a fine ſyſtem of morality, which long ſhone forth in the world as a light unequalled, till the Sun of revelation aroſe. If Xenophon's memoirs were diveſted of a few ſuperfluities and a few abſurdities, I ſhould not fear to aſſert, that they approach very nearly to the Goſpel, in the exhibition of inſtructive leſſons, and a ſublime, yet encouraging example, of all human excellence; for, with reſpect to the calumnies advanced againſt Socrates, they undoubtedly originated from the father of lies. And thoſe writers are to be eſteemed the enemies to human virtue and happineſs, who employ their ingenuity in detracting from illuſtrious and eſtabliſhed reputation.

No. CXXVII. ON THE ADVANTAGES DERIVABLE FROM NATIONAL ADVERSITY.

IT is very certain that national prosperity, as it is comprehended in the idea of numerous fleets and armies, of extensive empire, large revenues, advantageous commerce, and a profusion of money in specie, is a kind of good by no means necessarily connected with moral good, or with the substantial happiness of individuals. It makes a splendid figure in imagination's eye; but to reason, it appears in a very questionable shape, and experience is able to evince, that it has always diffused profligacy and misery through the walks of private life; and, by introducing luxury, licentiousness, indolence, and corruption, has at once destroyed all that can render human nature dignified and happy, and precipitated the decline and the downfal of empires themselves, while triumphing in [illegible] glory.

It has been observed, that the Bodies Political and Natural [illegible] A human [illegible] and plethoric, will often have the [illegible] of strength, as well as magnitude; though [illegible] facilitate the [illegible] movements, [illegible] greater danger of a hasty [illegible] [illegible] in muscular force, [illegible] till, by the [illegible] and augmentation of weight, [illegible] at last, [illegible] Rome. Luxury, the [illegible] falsely called [illegible] of empires, and [illegible] their longer [illegible]

There is, undoubtedly, [illegible] of magnitude, at which, when [illegible] necessary, undergo [illegible] its peccant humours [illegible]

and conſequent decline. Perhaps our own country has already arrived at that degree, and is now, under the operation of Divine Providence, ſuffering the amputation of its morbid excreſcences for the ſalvation of its health and exiſtence. It may loſe ſome of its revenues; but it will ſave and meliorate its morals and its liberty. Miniſters may be ſhaken from their ſeats, penſioners and placemen may be reduced to deſpair, funds may be annihilated, and eſtates brought down to their natural value; but freedom, but virtue, but induſtry, but the Britiſh conſtitution, but human nature, ſhall ſurvive the wreck, and emerge, like ſilver and gold when tried by the fire, with new value and additional luſtre. After a ſtate of political adverſity, ſomething may take place in the ſociety, ſimilar to the expected renovation of all things, after the general conflagration of the univerſe.

Diſtreſs and difficulty are known to operate in private life, as the ſpurs of diligence. Powers, which would for ever have lain dormant in the halcyon days of eaſe and plenty, have been called forth by adverſity, and have advanced their poſſeſſor to the moſt enviable heights of virtue, happineſs, and glory. Man is naturally indolent, and, when undiſturbed, will bask and ſleep in the ſunſhine till the ſleep of death; but, when routed by the blaſt and the thunder, he riſes, ſtrains every ſinew, and marches on to enterprize. Succeſs will almoſt infallibly attend great exertions uniformly and reſolutely continued; ſo that what begun in miſery ends in triumph, as the ſun which roſe in a miſt deſcends with ſerenity, and paints the whole horizon with gold and purple.

Public induſtry may be excited in the ſame manner, and in the ſame degree, by public misfortunes. The nation is impoveriſhed, or in other words, its ſuperfluities are retrenched. It is an event devoutly to be wiſhed. Luxury, with ten thouſand evils in her train, is obliged to withdraw, and the humble virtues, whom ſhe had driven, by her inſolence, into exile, cheerfully advance from their concealment. Induſtry and frugality take the lead; but to what a degree of vigour muſt every muſcle of the body politic be braced, when every

member is, in ſome meaſure, actuated by induſtr
frugality. No man ever yet exerted himſelf to t
moſt of his ſtrength; nor is it on record, that an
was ever yet ſo exhauſted, but that, while it en
liberty, it might draw new reſources from its own
Though the tree is lopped, yet, ſo long as the ro
mains unhurt, it will throw out a greater luxuria
branches, produce fruit of better flavour, and
freſh vigour from the axe. If one has accidentall
turbed an ant hill, or broken the fabric of the
though the little animals appeared before to ha
erted their utmoſt efforts, yet it is amazing, with
additional diligence they apply themſelves to rep
depredation. Not a moment is allowed for deſpon
The earth and the air glow with motion, an
misfortune ſeems immediately to add to their f
and ultimately both to their ſtore and ſecurity.

The beautiful deſcription which Virgil has
us of the buſy ſcene in which the Tyrians are enga
building Carthage, repreſents, in a moſt lively m
the alacrity with which human creatures are fo
exert themſelves, when inſtigated by the ſtimu
neceſſity. An emulation of labour ſeizes every b
No murmuring, no complainings in the ſtreet
every one feels himſelf happy, in proportion as he r
himſelf uſeful. Men's abilities riſe with the occ
and political evil, like other evil, under the cond
a merciful deity, has produced extenſive gooc
calling forth ſome of the nobleſt exertions, and
perfect characters which have adorned the reco
human nature.

There is one beneficial effect of national adverſi
greater importance than any which I have enume
It ſubdues the haughty ſoul elevated with riches
inebriated with exceſs, and turns the attention
King of kings, the Lord of lords, the only Ru
princes, who, from His throne, beholds all nation
bids the ſceptre to depart from the wicked t
righteous. It teaches us to rely leſs upon our G
auxiliaries, our muſquets, our mortars, our cannor
copper-bottomed men of war, our generals, an
admirals, than on the Lord of Hoſts.

When he fights for us we ſhall conquer. Without him, we ſhall in vain put our truſt in a Burgoyne, a Keppel, or a Cornwallis; but "the ball of empire "ſhall continue to roll on weſtward as it has ever yet "done, till it ſtops in America, a world unknown to "the antients, and which may ſave the tears of ſome "future Alexander."

If Providence ſhall have decreed the downfal of Britiſh ſupremacy, happy ſhould I be to have ſuggeſted one idea which may ſtimulate the exertions of my countrymen, once more to raiſe the noble column on the baſis of liberty and virtue; or which may conſole them on its ruins, and teach them, while they ſit by the waters of bitterneſs, and hang their harps on the willow, to think of Him who can make rivers of comfort to flow in the dreary deſert.

No. CXXVIII. ON SOME OF THE FALSE PRETENSIONS AND IMPOSITIONS OF THE ARTFUL AND AVARICIOUS.

NOTWITHSTANDING the pretenſions of religion, philoſophy, and education, the greater part of mankind appears to be reſtrained in their actual conduct by few efficient principles, but thoſe which are dictated by a regard to intereſt. To the love of gain, and the weakneſs or want of principles, it muſt be imputed, that every occupation and department of life abounds with impoſture. A maſque is eaſily put on. Appearances are, indeed, far more eaſily aſſumed than realities; and they are often more ſucceſsful and more plauſible; for the edifice of him, who employs all his time and attention in gilding, painting, and carving the front, will much ſooner attract the notice and applauſe of the paſſenger, than that of him who has been ſolicitous only in ſecuring the ſtrength of the beam, and the maſſy firmneſs of a deep foundation.

So

So powerful are the instigations of avarice, a
easy is it to deceive the young, the simple, the ina
and unsuspecting, that the intercourse among ma
would have been one uniform commerce of deceit
had not fortunately happened, that the same w
principle and superfluity of selfishness, which le
deceivers to impose upon mankind, induced the
to betray the arts of each other. Rival cheats,
fury of jealous competition, have discovered the
of the juggling art, and opened the eyes of the de
observers.

But, as there is always a rising generation
quainted with the snares of the deceitful, nets and
are still laid wherever there is a probability of
It becomes those then, who have seen many of th
of life, to let others profit by their experience, an
vent the generous game from falling into the h
the mercenary poacher.

It may be prescribed as a rule which will not
fail in the application, that where extraordinary
tensions are made, either in the manual arts, the
or the professions, there is [illegible]
[illegible]. Solid merit, and real excellence of
kind, usually confide in the [illegible]
ing themselves, while ignorance, and [illegible]
[illegible] endeavour to [illegible]
cannot [illegible] by [illegible]. [illegible]
attendant on real worth [illegible]
ther be without success, than [illegible]
arrogant pretension.

The prudent and experienced are [illegible]
guard against those [illegible]
for success on [illegible]
there is any difference between [illegible]
or wine merchant, who [illegible]
who does not, it is, [illegible]
price, a worse commodity. [illegible]
the bait is pretended [illegible]
is caught with the [illegible]
take care not to [illegible]
be sold at prime cost, and under prime cost [illegible]

per cent, cheaper than the reſt of the trade. Beware of thoſe generous ſpirits, who ſell their property, or their induſtry, *pro publico bono*; beware, as you value your health and your life, of thoſe who will cure you of all diſeaſes with a five thilling pill box; beware of being poiſoned by the vintner, who promiſes you neat as imported; which words being interpreted, ſignify a liquor in which not a drop of grape juice, or foreign ſpirits, is to be found. Beware of your purſe and your credulity, when you are offered to be taught more of the languages and ſciences by a new method, in ſix months, ſix weeks, or ſix hours, than thoſe who preſide over ſchools can teach in ſix or ſixteen years. Beware of a thouſand artful tricks which are diſplayed in the newſpapers, and which the deceitful heart of man contrives, as the ſpider weaves his web, to catch thoſe who are unſuſpecting, becauſe they are innocent. The true meaning of all pompous pretences, and inviting advertiſements is, that their authors being diſtreſſed, and, probably, deſtitute both of character, friends, and merit, find an eaſy mode of ſupplying the defect, by digging pitfalls for the unwary, with whom the world muſt always abound, at the expence of a few ſhillings for every ſnare. Such, indeed, is the credulity of mankind, that many a quack and pretender has poſſeſſed an eſtate in the corner of a newſpaper, equal to large freeholds of dirty acres.

There are few departments in which more inſtances of deception occur, than in the lower walks of literature. It happens, that they who are to be mechanically inſtrumental in diſſeminating ſcience and philoſophy, and all the productions of human wit, conſtitute a very numerous body, conſiſting of many members in extreme indigence, from the author, by trade, down to the book binder and the devil. Employment muſt be provided for them all, or both they and their families muſt want bread. The preſs muſt, therefore, be conſtantly in motion; but what is to ſupply it? A very few preſſes would be ſufficient to prepare for the public view all productions really new and neceſſary. Compilations are formed under a thouſand ſhapes and diſguiſes; and men of

learn-

ſtraw, adorned with Doctors Degrees, and t
of Fellows of the Royal Society, are creat
fiat of the adventurous publiſher, and ſtand fe
renowned authors, in all the dignity of a t
From theſe powerful men in buckr m iſſue
Imperial Bibles, new Syſtems of Geography,
of England, and Collections of Voyages, wi
miſſion to read the firſt number, and return
approved, and a promiſſory note, generouſly
that all numbers, exceeding a certain amount
given *gratis*. But if any deceit can be exc
haps it is ſuch an one as this, which feeds th
clothes the naked, and communicates much
ing and uſeful knowledge among the poor.

There are thoſe who call far leſs honeſt arts t
innocent frauds; but it is well remarked by a
moraliſt, that no frauds are innocent; bec
deſtroy the confidence of ſociety, on which
neſs and convenience in every part of our interc
each other, greatly depend. I will venture to
he who will cheat without remorſe in one th
cheat in another whenever he can do it with
crecy and impunity. Though tricks in trad
deceitful myſteries of a profeſſion, may enable
raiſe a capital houſe of buſineſs, to be in a g
or to become a good man, as the phraſes a
city, yet they can never be compatible with
honeſty, nor render him more truly reſpecta
the humbler adventurer who actually invi
purſe, or rifles your pocket.

No.

No. CXXIX. ON THE PREVAILING TASTE IN POETRY.

SWEET poesy! thou loveliest object of intellectual purſuit. —— But I am running into raptures, when I intended only a cool diſſertation. It is, indeed, difficult not to be tranſported beyond the limits of criticiſm, in contemplating the beauties which the magic hand of the poet raiſes around, with all the creative power of a real enchantment. From the cares of gain, the toils of ambition, the noiſe, the hurry, the vexation of a diſordered world, we riſe on the wings of poeſy to ethereal regions, where all is ſublime and tranquil; or are wafted to viſionary ſcenes, in which are diſplayed all the delicious ſweets of a paradiſe and an elyſium. Away, ye ſordid objects; ye pollutions and incumbrances of the pure ſpirit! Man is not tied down to you. Providence, in compaſſion to wretched mortals, has given them a power of forſaking this low orb, and ſoaring awhile, all mind, all ſpirit, all extacy, in the car of the ſwan, on the wings of the eagle.

Reaſon alone, with all her pretenſions, is ſeldom ſufficient to ſooth our cares, and compoſe our paſſions; but melody and fancy united with her, are capable of pouring balm into the wounded heart. In all nations, and in all ranks of the people, ſome ſpecies of poetry has been cultivated; and a taſte for it was undoubtedly implanted in our nature, that the ſore evils of reality might often be alleviated by the ſweets of fiction. When Pandora's box was opened on mankind, and miſery diffuſed on every ſide, fancy, as well as hope, kindly lingered for our conſolation.

While we are tracing the love of ſong from the favoured iſles of the Southern Ocean to the regions of Iceland, we are naturally tempted to dwell, with particular attention, on the poetical taſte of our own country, and our own times.

I think

I think it is not difficult to perceive, that the admirers of Engliſh poetry are divided into two parties. The objects of their love are, perhaps, of equal beauty though they greatly differ in their air, their dreſs, the turn of their features, and their complexion. On one ſide are the lovers and imitators of Spenſer and Milton; and on the other, thoſe of Dryden, Boileau and Pope.

Now it happens, unfortunately, that thoſe who are in love with one of theſe forms are, ſometimes, ſo blind to the charms of the other, as to diſpute their exiſtence. The author of the eſſay on Pope, who is himſelf a very agreeable poet, and of what I call the old ſchool of Engliſh poetry, ſeems to deny the juſtice of Mr. Pope's claim to the title of a true poet, and to appropriate to him the ſubordinate character of a ſatirical verſifier. On the other hand, the authors of the Trifler, and of the Lives of the Engliſh Poets, heſitate not to ſtrip the laurels from the brow of the Lyric Gray.

Goldſmith, in his Life of Parnell, has invidiouſly compared the Night Piece on Death to Gray's Elegy; and in a manner, which betrays a little jealouſy of a living poet's fame, given the preference to Parnell. There is alſo a little cenſure thrown on the elegy, in a collection which Goldſmith publiſhed under the title of the Beauties of Engliſh Poetry. I remember to have heard Goldſmith converſe, when I was very young, on ſeveral ſubjects of literature, and make ſome oblique and ſevere reflections on the faſhionable poetry. I became a convert to his opinion, becauſe I revered his authority. I took up the odes of Gray with unfavourable prepoſſeſſions, and in writing my remarks on them joined in the cenſure. I have ſince read them with great delight, and on comparing their ſtyle, and even their obſcurity, with many of the fineſt pieces of Lyric compoſition in all antiquity, I find a very great reſemblance. I am not aſhamed to retract my former opinion, and to pay the tribute of applauſe to thoſe elegant friends, Gray and Maſon. At the ſame time, while it is eaſy to diſcern that they differ greatly from the ſchool of Dryden and Pope, it is no derogation from their merit

to aſſert, that they are the genuine diſciples of Spenſer and Milton. Such alſo are the very elegant and learned brothers, one of whom preſides, with ſo much honour, over the ſchool at Wincheſter, and the other has written an elegant and elaborate hiſtory of that Engliſh poetry in which himſelf excels.

Goldſmith's Traveller is certainly a beautiful poem, and ſo are Dr. Johnſon's Imitations of Juvenal; but they, and a thouſand others of the ſame ſpecies, are of a different ſtamp from the Engliſh antique. They are excellent productions in one kind, but not leſs ſo are thoſe of Gray and Maſon in another. Let both ſchools flouriſh and receive their due applauſe, nor let thoſe who have only acquired a taſte for one, treat the other with contempt. Spenſer and Milton drew not from a Gothic model, but from the poliſhed Italians, who, though they had loſt ſome of the purity and ſimplicity of antient Rome, yet retained much of her elegance. I cannot help thinking that his poetical ideas are confined, who has not obſerved with delight, the ſweet lines, the ſweet language, the ſweet fancy of Spenſer; and who has not been alſo charmed with the ſmaller pieces of Milton. All taſtes, however various, allow Shakeſpeare's claim to poetry; but it cannot be denied, that ſome of his beſt deſcriptions, and eſpecially thoſe delicious morſels which occur in the form of ſongs or ſonnets, partake much more of the antient than of the modern ſchool, either Engliſh or French; for we may call it Engliſh, if we attribute its origin to Pope, and French, if to Boileau.

There ſeems to be an unreaſonable prejudice entertained againſt blank verſe, by thoſe who wiſh to dictate on the ſubjects of criticiſm. It is ſufficient, in the idea of many, to condemn a poem, that it is written in blank verſe. Though one may prefer rhyme upon the whole; yet, as blank verſe is ſuſceptible of great variety of muſic, and of every ornament of diction, it is ſurely abſurd to involve it in any general cenſure. It may, however, be attributed to this idle prepoſſeſſion, that Mr. Maſon's Engliſh Garden ſeems to be neglected. There is, indeed, a general prejudice againſt all works which appear to come from that ſchool, and the very

leſſons

ſevere criticiſms of the late biographical preface to
works of Gray, will, perhaps, contribute to exp
a moſt delightful ſtyle of pure poetry; of poetry,
verſant ſolely in the regions of fancy, and cloth
a luminous and muſical diction appropriated to it
and moſt remote from all that is proſaic. Very
commendations are due to Mr. Anſley, to the auth
a poetical epiſtle to Sir William Chambers, to
Hayley, and to ſeveral others who are well know
fame for their ſucceſsful labours in the ſchool of P
but, at leaſt, an equal ſhare of praiſe ought to be
to the ſcholars of Milton and Spenſer;—Such as
Maſon, and the two poetical brothers. With re
to Gray, he has received his tribute of applauſe
a diſcerning public, and has certainly deſerve
The heart and the imagination have given it him;
they who can ſee no beauty in his verſe, may prob
ſucceed in writing a lampoon; but would probably
far ſhort of the poet whom they cenſure, in lyric
elegiac poetry.

None can entertain a higher veneration for our
Prefatory Biographer of the poets than myſelf, a
was therefore greatly concerned to ſee him exp
to cenſure by an uncandid, not to ſay injudicious,
of criticiſm on the poems of Gray. He indeed a
the merit of the elegy, but examines and cen
the odes with every appearance of wanton malig
Who but muſt lament that the ſolid critic and mo
ſhould have been ſo much under the influence of
and jealouſy, as to treat the fame of his cotempo
the illuſtrious Gray, with ſingular harſhneſs, in a
which contains very candid accounts of a Sprat
Yalden, a Duke and a Broome, and of others,
whom, if Gray is compared, he will appear, as Sh
peare ſays, like Hyperion to a Satyr.

The late collection of poets has reſtored to temp
life many a ſickly and dying poet, who was haſteni
his proper place, the tomb of oblivion. Why wa
more paper waſted on Dorſet, Halifax, Stepney, W
and Blackmore? How can a work pretend to the
preſumptive title of the Body of Engliſh Poetry, in v
the works of Spenſer and Shakeſpeare are omitt

make room for such writers as King or Ambrose Philips? The writer of the prefaces is, indeed, sufficiently willing to throw the blame from himself on the compilers, whom he was not permitted, or did not endeavour to controul. A selection, formed under the direction of true taste, would have answered the two great ends of the publication which it has now frustrated; it would have amply paid the booksellers, and reflected honour on English literature. Then should we have seen, in the place of Roscommon and Rochester, Pomfret and Fenton, the works of Goldsmith, of Glover, of Mason, of Aikin, of Carter, of Beattie, of the Wartons, of Anstey, and of many others, who would shine among the Hughes's, Pitts, and Savages, like the moon among the diminished constellations.

Upon the many and excellent living writers of poetry we may observe, that though the distressful times of war and political animosity are unfavourable to the gentle arts of verse; yet the active and polished genius of this nation seems capable of surmounting all obstacles in letters, as its manly spirit has ultimately borne all before it in the unhappy contests of war.

No. CXXX. ON THE PECULIAR DANGER OF FALLING INTO INDOLENCE IN A LITERARY AND RETIRED LIFE.

IT is certain, that as our ancestors were induced to found colleges by religious motives, so they chiefly intended them to answer the purposes of religion. Those pious benefactors to mankind did not mean to establish seminaries to prepare men for the world, but to teach them to despise it. But more enlightened periods than those in which these worthies lived, have discovered, that man best obeys his Maker when he takes an active part in the duties of society.

A long residence in a college is, perhaps, scarcely less unfavourable to devotion than to social activity. For devotion depends chiefly on lively affections, exercised and agitated by the vicissitudes of hope and fear

in the various transactions and events of human intercourse. He, who is almost placed beyond the reach of fortune in the shelter of a cloister, may, indeed, be led by the customs of the institution to attend his chapel, and doze over his cushion, but he will not feel, in any peculiar manner, the impulse of devotional fervour. The man who is engaged in the busy and honourable duties of active life, flies from the world to the altar for comfort and refreshment; but the cloistered recluse, pants, while he is kneeling in all the formalities of religion, for the pleasures and employments of that world from which he is excluded. During several centuries, a great part of mankind was consumed in monasteries, solely for the advancement of religion and learning; yet never was the earth more benighted than in those periods, by bigotry and ignorance. Nor will any one assert, that in subsequent times, and in modern governments, the improvements in knowledge and religion have been, in any degree, proportioned to the numbers of those who have been separated from the world to facilitate their education. The mind seems to be, [illegible]

[illegible]

pool. [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[

perhaps he happy, if his nature would permit him to become at last impassive and quiescent; but a spontaneous fermentation takes place in [illegible] of [illegible] action, so, in the mind which has ceased to be [illegible] by its own efforts, emotions and [illegible] [illegible], arise both offensive and dangerous. Prize and [illegible], [illegible] and obstinacy, [illegible] and [illegible], are among the [illegible] daughters of indolence.

[illegible] appear paradoxical, but it is [illegible] in opinion [illegible] by experience, that an [illegible] life is the [illegible] to contemplation. The [illegible] of the [illegible] [illegible], has [illegible] with [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] in [illegible], [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] with [illegible] [illegible]. The [illegible], and [illegible] of the most voluminous writers, [illegible] [illegible] than [illegible]. What could be more unlike the life of the cloister than the lives of Xenophon, Julius Cæsar, Erasmus, and a thousand others, whose days were [illegible] in negotiation, in senates, in battles, in travelling, that it is not easy to conceive how they could find time even to write so great a quantity as they certainly composed? But such are the effects of assiduity, of an uninterrupted accumulation of efforts, that he who has been excited to reflects activity by the spurs of honour, interest, and a generosity of nature, has frequently accomplished more by himself, than a thousand of his fellow creatures employed in the same sphere, and furnished, by nature, with equal abilities for improvement. A [illegible] [illegible] of each penny compilation, the printer of a newspaper, the maker of a magazine, though engaged in a multiplicity of dails and various [illegible] [illegible] perform, in a few months, a portion of literary labour, which shall infinitely exceed that of whole [illegible], of those who slumber, or waste their activity [illegible] [illegible] and [illegible] on the borders of the muddy Cam, and the [illegible] winding Charwell.

But it avails little to point out the disorders of literary indolence, without endeavouring to suggest a remedy. It appears then to me, that those whom Providence has blessed with leisure, and the opportunity

of

of ſpending it in the purſuits of learning, and the liberal pleaſures of retirement, too often languiſh in their purſuits, from neglecting to render them the ſubjects of debate and converſation. It is the warmth of diſcuſſion in free and ſocial meetings which invigorates ſolitary ſtudy, and ſends the ſcholar back to his books with freſh alacrity. The hope of making a figure in a ſubſequent meeting, the fear of a ſhameful expoſure, and of appearing inferior to thoſe who are, in a natural and civil view, our equals, will ſtimulate all our powers, and engage all our attention, while we ſit in thoſe very libraries, where we once nodded and ſlumbered over the page even of a Homer. Meetings ſhould be eſtabliſhed in all literary ſocieties for the communication of remarks, and the rehearſal of compoſitions. But the ſtricteſt rules ſhould be preſcribed and obſerved for the preſervation of decorum; or elſe a majority of Maſters of Arts would vote away the books, the pens and the ink, and all the moral, philoſophical, and taſteful diſcourſes, in order to introduce pipes and tobacco, Joe Miller, and the punch bowl.

It is right alſo, that contemplative men, however far removed from the neceſſity of employment by the liberality of fortune, ſhould communicate with mankind, not only in pleaſures and amuſements, but in real duties and active virtues, either conjugal, paternal, profeſſional, official, or charitable. Something ſhould be engaged in, with ſuch obligations to performance, that an inclination to neglect ſhould be over-ruled by legal compulſion, or the fear of certain loſs and ſhame. The beſt method of avoiding the wretched ſtate of not knowing what to do, is, to involve one's ſelf in ſuch circumſtances as ſhall force one to do ſomething. The natural indolence of the human heart is found to eſcape every reſtraint but the iron arm of neceſſity. Such is our preſent condition, that we muſt be often chained down to our real happineſs and our beſt enjoyments.

With reſpect to the prevention of indolence in an academical life, it would certainly be a happy circumſtance, if none were allowed to reſide in an univerſity above ſeven years, who were not actually engaged in the compoſition

composition of a learned work, or in superintending the education of youth as Tutors, Professors, and Heads of Colleges. A Senior Fellow, without these employments, is one of the unhappiest and least useful members of the community.

No. CXXXI. ON THE MANNERS OF A METROPOLIS.

WHATEVER may be the political advantages of a very populous capital, and I believe they are of a very disputable nature, the moral and physical evils of it are evidently numerous, and destructive of the human race. This observation is, indeed, true of all cities, in which too great a proportion of the people is assembled; but I shall confine my present observations to the capital of the British empire.

The junction of Westminster with London, or of the Court with the City, is very justly supposed to have a pernicious influence on both; on those who are engaged in the employment of commerce, and on those who are invited, from their paternal mansions, by the court and the senate-house. The Courtier communicates to the Citizen a love of pleasure, of dissipation, of vanity, and the Citizen to the Courtier, an idolatrous veneration of opulence. The Courtier introduces the vicissitudes of taste and fashion; the Citizen imitates them, and furnishes, in profusion, the means of their display and gratification. Thus are luxury, and all its consequent vices and miseries, advanced to as high a degree as they can reach, by the union of ingenuity to invent modes of indulgence, with wealth to supply the materials.

Lovers of pleasure in excess, are always lovers of themselves in the same degree; and their love, with all the characteristical blindness of the passion, commonly injures its object. We shall therefore find selfishness prevailing in the metropolis, and producing all its natural effects of avarice, private gratifications, meanness, servility, and inhospitality. True patriotism and

public ſpirit, though the very want of them will often cauſe the greateſt pretenſions to them, will ſeldom be found in the more numerous claſſes who inhabit the capital. Where money and pleaſure are the ſole objects of ardent purſuit, public virtue, and indeed all virtue, will be expoſed to ſale, whenever a purchaſer can be found to pay the price. "Money, O'ye Citizens!" ſays Horace, in a ſtyle of ſatirical irony, "is firſt to "be ſought; and it is time enough to think of virtue, "when you have ſecured a fortune."

The inhabitants of a great city will often be inhoſpitable and unneighbourly. Their attention is fixed on advancing and gratifying themſelves, and they conſider their neighbours as rivals, or at leaſt as not worth cultivating, ſince they can always buy amuſement at the numerous places of public reſort and diverſion. But in the country, mutual good offices take place, from a mutual deſire and neceſſity of a friendly intercourſe. The Londoner hardly knows the name of his next door neighbour; and in accidents and diſtreſs, would as ſoon think of ſending to Rome, as to him for comfort and aſſiſtance. But in any emergency in a village, every hand is ready to afford relief. Hoſpitality to ſtrangers ſtill lingers in the diſtant country, but has long been baniſhed from that region of avarice and ſelfiſh profuſion, an overgrown city. Pay a viſit in Suſſex, in Devonſhire, in Cornwall, in Wales, in the North, and compare your reception among ſtrangers with that which you meet with in London and Weſtminſter. Luxury, avarice, and vice, have, indeed, a natural tendency to annihilate every generous principle, and to harden the heart againſt all connections, which do not promiſe to terminate in ſenſual pleaſure, or in lucrative advantage.

The ſecreſy with which crimes can be committed in a crowd, is a powerful temptation. The Londoner may be involved in debauchery, and engaged in fraud, without being ſuſpected at home, or in his neighbourhood. In the country, the fear of ſhame, and a principle of pride, often operate, when virtue, honour, and conſcience, would ceaſe to reſtrain; for no one can there be guilty of an action remarkably diſhoneſt or immoral without detection. A gentleman who ſhould devote himſelf

to

to the arts of the swindler, or the practices of the profligate debauchee, in a village or country town, would soon be compelled, by the hisses of infamy, to desert the place, or to live there in solitude. But in a city, even men adorned with the robes of magistracy may proceed, with little notice, in the most scandalous conduct.

Weakness of body and weakness of understanding are often found to characterize the inhabitant of the capital. Luxury, want of air, want of sleep, excess in food, and in sensual indulgence, have a natural tendency to debilitate. And if there were not continual supplies from the North, I know not whether the city would not exhibit the human race in a most lamentable condition of imbecility, folly, distortion, and deformity. Compare the limbs of the volunteer soldiers in the metropolis with those of the rustic militia, or regulars, compare the conduct and understanding of him who was born within the sound of Bow bell, with those of the hardy native of Yorkshire or Scotland.

The extremes of irreligion and enthusiasm mark the manners of the capital. These, indeed, are the natural consequences of some among the many bad dispositions already enumerated. Sunday is considered by the thriving trader as a holiday, on which he may indulge without imprudence. It is therefore distinguished by many from the rest of the week, solely by excess, and by various indulgences. The parish churches are neglected, nor is there a great concourse to any place of worship, except where some enthusiast or hypocrite has opened a receptacle for those who labour under the symptoms of idiotism or infamy. The symptoms are often confirmed under this injudicious course, till they arrive at a degree of real and most melancholy madness.

I have pointed out some peculiar evils in the manners of the metropolis with two intentions. One is, to prevent, in some degree, the prevailing practice of emigrating from the country, from the seats of health and comparative innocence, to that sink of sin, and that grave of the human race, a city too crowded with people, and over run with every abomination. The other is, to suggest a hint which may alleviate that part of an evil which admits a remedy. The love of novelty

diſtinction, of pleaſure, will probably fruſtra
former purpoſe; but the latter, in a day of n
diſtreſs, or under other circumſtances favourable
tue, may poſſibly be accompliſhed.

To promote a reformation of manners, add
authority and efficiency muſt be given to the
and magiſtrates of London. Both of them are
time looked upon by the vulgar, both high an
with ſovereign contempt. The churches are l
curates, or poor incumbents, who, in a place
riches are idolized, hold a rank ſcarcely equal
keeper of an alehouſe or an oil ſhop. The juſti
Middleſex have long been the ſtanding objects of
and deriſion. Are the London clergy, who
ſtrenuouſly in their vocation, and on whom ſo m
the ſtate of morals and chriſtianity depends, partic
countenanced by the miniſtry or the biſhops?
parliamentary intereſt which procures mitres, and
and livings; and though a city curate, or incum
ſhould convert millions from the error of their wa
would ſtill be ſuffered to elbow his way along C
ſide in his thread-bare coat and tattered gown; p
out and laughed at by every apprentice. The co
people will not diſcriminate. They will deſpiſe re
and morals when they ſee the teachers of them
mean, and neglected.

Is it not a diſgrace to the Defenders of the Faitl
that a London clergyman, who has promoted
charity, and probably reformed great numbers, c
thirty or forty years, ſhall be ſuffered to live a
with nothing but a curacy and a beggarly lectur
and that, in the mean time, he who is relat
a Lord, or connected with Members of Parlia
though he never preached, and can hardly read,
be loaded with dignities and pluralities? He who
reform the capital, I repeat, muſt render the cler
ſpectable in the eyes of the vulgar, and the magi
formidable.

No. CXXXII. ON PHILELPHUS AND THEODORE GAZA, POLITE SCHOLARS OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

THOUGH the admirer of elegant letters will find his ſweeteſt, moſt ſolid, and moſt conſtant pleaſures of the learned kind, in the writings of the Auguſtan age; yet he will often feel his curioſity powerfully excited, and amply rewarded, by thoſe among the revivers of learning who are diſtinguiſhed by the politeneſs of their literary accompliſhments. I was lately amuſing myſelf in this pleaſant walk of claſſical literature, when I accidentally met with the Epiſtles of Philelphus. Though they are not without a few expreſſions which mark the barbariſm of his times, they poſſeſs a conſiderable ſhare of elegance, and partake much of the graces which ſhine ſo agreeably in the epiſtles of Pliny and Cicero.

Philelphus was born at Tolentino, in Italy, in the year 1398; a very early period for ſo uncommon an inſtance of proficiency. He died at Florence in 1480, after having filled a long life with the moſt laborious application. Let it be remembered, that printing was unknown at that time, and that not only the books which were compoſed, but which were alſo read, were often painfully tranſcribed by the ſtudent.

Philelphus was no inconſiderable poet, but was crowned with laurel, according to the faſhion of the times, by Alphonſo king of Naples. He wrote five different works in verſe, and, according to his own account in one of his letters, they conſiſted of ten books of ſatires, five books of miſcellaneous poems, the Sforziad in eight books, ten books of epigrams, and three books of Greek poems. The number of verſes in the whole, as calculated by himſelf, amounted to thirty three thouſand eight hundred. He has omitted, in this computation, his Nicholina, a poem in two books, and in ſapphic verſe, which he compoſed in

Florei æ, five on Moral Discipline, and the Li
Exploits of Francis Sfortia, in compliment to
the Sfortiad, which has been mentioned already
composed. There are also Orationes, of which
mus speaks rather unfavourably in this Ciceronian

But the only work of Philelphus which I ha
an opportunity of inspecting, is the Epistles, of
this prolific author, in the course of a long lif
written no fewer than thirty-seven books.
abound with eloquence, and with such literary
dotes and particulars, as cannot but afford amus
to the curious scholar. Though Morhoff rather
them, yet Erasmus, a much better judge, acknow
that they resemble Cicero.

I present the reader with an extract from one of
selected for no other reason than that I happen
reading it at the time I am writing, and that i
racterizes the spirit of the author, and the
attachment which he bore to books. Cardinal Be
the patriarch of Constantinople, had applied to
desiring him to sell his copy of Homer's Ilia
which request Philelphus thus replies, " That
" of Homer's Iliad which the very learned The
" Gaza has written out for me, I value so much
" I would not part with it to any man, for all th

'fore pardon me in this one thing. If I can gratify 'you in any thing elſe, you may command me, and 'ſhall not be diſappointed." My paper will not admit a number of citations, and I will therefore content myſelf with referring the lover of elegant Latinity and literary anecdotes to the original collection.

It is a circumſtance which adds to our ſurprize in contemplating this example of literary induſtry, that Philelphus was very much engaged in wars and in embaſſies; ſo true is it, that the greateſt exertions of mind are compatible with the moſt active life. His writings are not free from faults, from that inaccuracy which proceeds from haſte; but he is ſtill a ſtupendous inſtance of diligence and excellence. Who but muſt lament, that, after having done ſo much to enlighten a dark age, and enjoyed the friendſhip of princes and pontiffs, he ſhould die in his eighty-ſecond year ſo poor, that his bed, and the utenſils of his kitchen, were obliged to be ſold to pay the expences of his funeral. But few men of real genius love money; and of the liberality of Philelphus, the fragment which I have inſerted is an ample teſtimony.

I hope it will not be tedious or diſagreeable to the reader, if I mention a few circumſtances relative to the friend and contemporary of Philelphus, Theodore Gaza, of whom he ſpeaks in his epiſtle, as having tranſcribed for him a very fine copy of Homer's Iliad.

Theodore Gaza was born at Theſſalonica, but received a part of his education in Italy. He was an elegant writer both in the Greek and the Latin languages; but he diſplayed his abilities chiefly in tranſlation; a moſt uſeful labour when the learned languages were imperfectly underſtood. He tranſlated parts of Ariſtotle, Theophraſtus, and Hippocrates, into Latin; and the treatiſe of Cicero on Old Age into Greek. He wrote alſo a treatiſe on Grammar in four books, which has been greatly celebrated. Greek learning, and indeed all antient learning, is greatly indebted to his diſtinguiſhed reviver of it, Theodore Gaza.

But he alſo was unfortunate, and adds to the number of thoſe whom Providence has exhibited to prove,

that the rewards of virtuous and useful labour do
consist in riches, honours, or any thing else whic
rulers of this world are able to bestow. Poor Gaz
dedicated his translation and Commentaries on
totle's Book on Animals to Pope Sixtus the Four
hopes of procuring from his patronage a little pro
for his old age. The Pope gave him only a purse
a few pieces in it, and accompanied his gift wi
manner, which induced Gaza to conclude, that i
the last favour he should receive. Gaza received
silence; and as he walked home, all melancholy
indignant, along the banks of the Tiber, he threw
purse into the stream; and soon after died of vex
and disappointment.

I have introduced these examples with a view to
mate the student to industry; and at the same tim
teach him to seek his reward in his own heart, in
approbation of Heaven, in the private satisfactio
study; and not to depend too much on princes, pow
or popular favour.

No. CXXXIII. ON THE INEFFICACY
THAT STYLE OF SPEAKING AND WRIT
WHICH MAY BE CALLED THE FROTHY.

ON the decline of antient learning and Aug
taste, there arose a number of sophists and
claimers, who, in pursuit of an excellence in
superior to the natural graces of a better age, devi
into a most contemptible affectation. Quaint, i
ward, and frivolous, as were their embellishments,
paid their principal attention to them, and to
neglected solidity and substance. This style of wri
characterizes the decline of a genuine and manly
quence. It is, indeed, like the hectic efflorescenc
the countenance of an invalid far advanced in a
sumption.

In several departments of modern literature,
even in our own country, a style of writing has
pe

peared which very much reſembles the ſophiſtical and declamatory. But I know not that it has been ſo conſpicuous in any of our publications, as in the popular addreſſes from the pulpit. Several of the favourite preachers in the capital, who ſeldom fail to fill every church in which they harangue, and to raiſe the largeſt contributions to charity ſchools, have preſented the public with their ſermons, in order to make the experiment, whether that oratory which delights the lower orders in the pulpit, would be equally well received in the cloſet. It was an unhappy experiment for the reputation of the orators; for there hardly ever appeared more remarkable ſpecimens of florid, frothy, and meretricious eloquence. Sounding braſs, and tinkling cymbals, are deſcriptions of it truly emblematical. If there is any ſweetneſs, it is a ſweetneſs which cloys, and makes you ſick; if there is any brightneſs, it is a brightneſs which dazzles and gives you pain; if there is any gold, it is not like the bullion, but like the leaf, expanded to a ſuperficies almoſt impalpable, under the operation of the goldbeater. Indeed, this ſpecies of ſtyle is very well deſcribed by the common epithet of the frothy; but, as a means of ſupplying aliment, or as a conſtant diet, what is a ſyllabub to a ſirloin?

Indeed, almoſt all the popular preachers in London have found it eaſier to themſelves, and more agreeable to an illiterate and unthinking audience, to addreſs the ears, the fancy, and the paſſions, than the faculties of reaſon and judgment. If their diſcourſes were found to produce any better effect on their hearers, than that of furniſhing an amuſement for a leiſure half-hour, it would be wrong to cenſure them, merely becauſe they are offenſive to a delicate and a refined taſte. But the truth is, that they excite only tranſient emotions, which, though they may laſt long enough to draw from the hearer a ſhilling for the churchwarden's plate at the church door, will ſeldom go home with him, or produce an uniform influence on his perſonal and ſocial conduct. He goes to hear a fine preacher as he goes to a play, to be entertained when he has nothing elſe to do; he pays for his entertainment at the door, and gives himſelf

no farther concern on ſuch ſubjects, but to l
for a ſimilar one, when his ſhop or warehe
counting-houſe, are ſhut up, through the nec
complying with the laws and cuſtoms of the cou

It may be ſaid, that though a taſte, formed
pure models of Greece and Rome, may reprob
frothy ſtyle, yet, ſince it is found to entert
vulgar of a great capital, ſometimes uſefull
always innocently, it ought not to be explode
perhaps we are not able to grant, that it does e
them either uſefully or innocently. It certain
them wrong ideas of religion, and teaches t
neglect and deſpiſe the diſpaſſionate ſuggeſtions of
But it is one of the principal objections to this
or frothy preaching, that it allures men fro
own pariſh churches, and induces them to de
pulpit of a modeſt and regularly educated cle
for ſome noiſy and bold, ſome ignorant an
critical, pretender. It leads them from the ligh
ſun to thoſe meteors and vapours, whoſe
and uncertain gleam often conducts them into
mires. There are few pariſhes in the metropol
do not contain ſome thouſands of inhabitants;
will often find in their reſpective churches n
than one hundred, and ſometimes ſcarcely ha
number. Whither are they gone? Many, inde
carouſing in the delectable retreats of the [illegible]
but many are alſo gone to the new built chapels,
crowded churches, where ſome ſilver tongued
preaching himſelf, with all the pathos of
handkerchief, the ſplendor of a [illegible], th
neſs of a well dreſſed head, and the deceitful g
of an impoſtor. Religion, however, [illegible]

object of ridicule. And shall that oratory which is hunted from the forum, not only take refuge, but lift up her head in triumph in the pulpit? It is not surprising, that men of senſe paſs by wagging their heads when they find an orator haranguing in a church with all the affected language and ſentiments of a faſhionable auctioneer. The eloquence which has diſtinguiſhed many of the moſt favourite preachers, and writers of pulpit harangues, is not that of St. Paul, of Demoſthenes, of Cicero; but of thoſe great maſters of florid deſcription, Meſſieurs Langford and Chriſtie.

I believe it will appear conſiſtent with reaſon, that a peculiar degree of gravity and ſolidity, far exceeding that of the ſenate or bar, is required to produce the due effect of pulpit oratory. Practical divinity is the graveſt ſpecies of moral philoſophy, deriving additional dignity and force from the authenticity of revelation. The appearance of truth and ſimplicity is its moſt becoming ornament. To apply to it the little arts of rhetoric, and the petty graces of affectation, would be like painting, in tawdry and variegated colours, thoſe Corinthian columns of St. Paul's Cathedral, which derive all their beauties from their ſimple and ſymmetrical grandeur. When we go to church we hope to hear ſalutary truth, and to receive improvement of mind and morals. When we with to be only amuſed, we ſhall repair to the opera and the puppet ſhew.

I will take the liberty to hint to young and faſhionable divines, who are in general ſmitten with the falſe graces of ſtyle and delivery, that their congregation would be much more edified, if, inſtead of moral eſſays, in what they call *fine language*, they would preach ſermons, properly ſo called, in the plain ſtyle of truth and ſcripture. Let them alſo take care, as they will anſwer it to Him in whoſe name they aſcend the pulpit, not to preach themſelves, but the Goſpel; not to be ſo faſhionable in the diſplay of a white hand, as of a pure heart; of a diamond ring, as of a ſhining example.

No. CXXXIV. ON THE GENIUS OF ERASMUS.

BATAVIA and Bœotia are by no means remarkable for the production of genius; but Bœotia may boast her Pindar, and Batavia her Erasmus.

I mean not to consider the theological opinions of Erasmus, but his learning and his genius; and of these I may venture to affirm, that if Erasmus had lived in an Augustan age, they would have advanced him to a rank among the best of the classics. But the theology and theologians of his times were at open war with the graces of taste and elegance; and, considering the authority which they possessed, and the scarcity of any other writings than those which proceeded from the cloister, it may be pronounced almost impossible to have lived and written in that age, without contracting a tinge of the prevailing barbarism.

The style of Erasmus is not therefore perfectly pure and classical; but it is his own, and it has a native charm which renders it agreeable. I would not advise a young man to view it as a model; nor, indeed, to be much conversant in the works of Erasmus, or any modern writer of Latin, till his taste be formed, and his judgment regulated, by Terence, Virgil, Cæsar, and Cicero.

But he, whose mind is mature, and whose comprehensive powers are capable of grasping all pre-eminent authors, whether antient or modern, will receive pleasure and improvement in a great degree from the writings of Erasmus. They have usually been studied only by divines, and for theological information. But I warmly recommend them to the lover of philology, or of classical learning, as furnishing a dish for such a palate, both plentiful and highly seasoned. Erasmus was born to cultivate the *Artes Humaniores*, or the politer parts of learning; and I have often lamented, that he should have been diverted from those flowery paths into the rough roads of controversial divinity.

The Colloquies, or Dialogues of Erasmus, are often used to initiate boys, at an early age, in the study of the Latin language. They are uncommonly lively, entertaining, and instructive; and as there is not much danger of corrupting the style of a very young boy, there are, perhaps, few books better adapted to the purpose. Indeed we must not do Erasmus the injustice to assert, that he is devoid of elegance in style; for though, wherever he expresses theological ideas he is almost under the necessity of using words unknown to the writers of a better age, yet, on other occasions, he really abounds with phrases of the purest and sweetest Latinity. Neither are his Dialogues to be considered as fit only for boys, since they abound in wit, humour, good sense, and in allusions which strongly mark the fertility of the mind from which they originate. In a comparative estimate of genius, according to its kinds and degrees, I should not hesitate to place Erasmus in the same class with Lucian. There is, indeed, a seasoning of salt in all his writings, in which the necessity of being grave did not forbid him to be facetious. The *Ciceronianus* is an admirable specimen of judgment and pleasantry.

His Praise of Folly is a most humorous satire, and reflects no less honour on the inventive powers, than on the good sense of its author, as it was written, if I mistake not, in the space of one week, for the amusement of himself and Sir Thomas More, at whose house he was upon a visit. It made its author many enemies; but his genius rose like the arm of a giant against a host of pigmies, and defeated them all after a short conflict. His forgiveness of the vain and angry Dorpius, who first attacked him, evinces his magnanimity and goodness of heart. Spite and envy may secretly undermine, but can seldom make an open and successful attack on the fortress of true genius and sincere virtue.

But the Epistles of Erasmus will, perhaps, be found to furnish the student in philology with more amusement than any other of his work. They are, indeed, a valuable treasure of curious information. Their clear and lively language, their poignant wit, and good-natured humour, render it difficult to lay them aside,

when

when once we are engaged in the serious perusal of them. They are very numerous, but they are by no means all which Erasmus wrote. He complains, indeed, of being obliged to write so many, that there was not a possibility of taking copies of them all. A great share of knowledge of the world, and of human nature, as well as of letters and literary characters, may be collected from them by the attentive reader.

But, indeed, to whatever part of his voluminous works we turn our attention, we can scarcely avoid the sentiments of pleasure and surprize. He has written more than many students were ever able to read. He has written so excellently, that all the learned, except a few envious contemporaries, from his own times to ours, have uniformly considered him as a prodigy. And let it never be forgotten, that, under Providence, he owed his education and subsequent improvements entirely to himself. He was used ill and neglected in his youth. He abounded neither in books nor in instructors; but he possessed a genius and a love of letters, before which all obstacles usually give way, like the Alps to an Hannibal.

It adds greatly to our wonder, in contemplating his large and crowded tomes, when we recollect that he spent his life in a most unsettled state, and in constantly travelling from city to city, and from kingdom to kingdom. But his mind was employed in study wherever he went, and he composed many parts of his works as he rode on his horse. He was also attacked by many enemies, and though he was plausible, yet as he was also [illegible], much of that time and attention, which would otherwise have been devoted to calm contemplation, was necessarily lost in controversy.

He was [illegible] the greatest man of his time. Popes, kings, [illegible], bishops, and cardinals, hide their diminished heads in his presence. Often, indeed, almost tempted to laugh when one surveys a groupe of stupid personages, with crowns and mitres, riches and titles, sitting on their thrones and in their cathedrals, yet bowing with an homage at once abject and involuntary, to the personal merit of the poor Erasmus. He, indeed, was permitted, by Providence, to pass through his pro-

grimage in this world without eccleſiaſtical riches or dignity; he was deſigned as an inſtance to prove, that great merit is its own reward, and that temporal diſtinctions are allowed, like trifles beneath the notice of heaven, to fall indiſcriminately on the deſerving and the undeſerving, the learned and the ignorant. Erasmus had no mitre; but he had the internal ſatisfactions of genius; he had glory, he had liberty.

Though I am ſenſible he wants no addition to his fame, and could not receive any from my applauſe, yet I have ventured to pay him this humble tribute, as the oblation of gratitude for the great and repeated pleaſure which his works once afforded me in the retirement of a college.

No. CXXXV. ON THE EDUCATION OF A PRINCE.

AN opinion has often prevailed, that the education of a prince ought to be totally different from that of other gentlemen, and that any remarkable ſhare of learning would diſgrace him. I ſhall not heſitate to affirm, that they were the enemies of princes who advanced ſuch an opinion; for nothing can contribute more effectually to the general abolition of the monarchical form of government, than to render the character and perſon of the monarch contemptible. In an age and country enlightened like our own, if a king were the only gentleman unadorned with a liberal education, his kingly office would ſerve only to augment the contempt, and rouſe the indignation of his people. Though he ſhould ſit on his throne, ſurrounded by his cringing courtiers, and his ſtanding army; and though he ſhould number among the provinces of his empire, the regions of the eaſt and the weſt; yet, in the eyes of every ſenſible and independent ſpectator, his perſonal littleneſs would be rendered ſtill leſs, by a compariſon with his hereditary and official magnificence. The faults of the perſon would be attributed to the form of his government;

government; and men of the greatest moderation, if they were exempt from royal influence, would heave an involuntary sigh for a republic or a revolution.

Every friend therefore to a reigning family, every lover of political tranquillity, and of regular subordination, will wish to augment the personal accomplishments of that youth who is destined, at some future period, to wield a sceptre. He will recollect, that the mind of a prince comes from the hand of nature, in a state no less rude than the mind of a peasant; and that, if it is not formed by early culture, it will soon become much ruder, more refractory, and more vicious, under the many unfavourable circumstances of an exalted station. It will be readily allowed, that a peculiar polish, enlargement, and liberality, is required in him who is to look with a comprehensive eye through all the ranks of society, and estimate the true interests of nations, and of mankind at large. Both the heart and the understanding of such an one, should be expanded to the utmost degree of possible dilation.

But no method of culture is found so much to fertilize the human mind, as that kind of discipline which is called the classical. A prince, therefore, though he should certainly be educated in private, ought to be trained according to the modes which the experience of ages has established as the most successful in a public seminary. No whimsical systems or pragmatical and conceited tutors should be admitted. The boy should be taught his grammar like other boys; for though there is indeed a royal game of the goose, I never have yet heard of a royal method of learning Latin and Greek, and if there be such an one, the success of it still remains among the arcana of state.

An heir to a crown should certainly learn the antient as well as the modern languages; and he will not be able to learn them effectually, without learning them radically. Very then [illegible] and [illegible] which [illegible] claims as a [illegible] privileged. Let the boy, [illegible] with him to [illegible] the dignity of a man and a king, [illegible] mental [illegible]. Let him [illegible] the rules of Lilly's grammar. Let him be [illegible]

to

to his books and papers all the morning, and part of the evening, from the age of five to nineteen. The maids of honour will cry out shame! the sycophantic herd of young noblemen, who crowd, with all the servility of their own footmen, around a throne, will repine that they cannot have an opportunity of introducing themselves to the familiarity of the future King; but to gard neither the foolish exclamations of vanity, nor the mean murmurs of self interest. Proceed with him regularly, from the fables of Phædrus to the [illegible] Cicero, from the Cyropædia of Xenophon to the [illegible] and politics of Herodotus, Thucydides, [illegible], and Polybius. Let his ear be familiarized to the [illegible] language and sentiments of Cicero and Demosthenes, and his heart ennobled by the examples of the brightest characters of Greece and Rome.

Why should his superintendants be so cruel as not to cultivate in him a taste for the beauties of poetry, or leave him unacquainted with Homer and Virgil? An elegant taste, an humanized disposition, an enlightened understanding, will adorn him more than the jewels in his crown, or the robes of his coronation. It will give him an internal source of happiness, and will teach him rather to seek his pleasures in a humane and generous conduct, than in the display of pomp, or the indulgence of luxury. A prince, with a mind so cultivated, must necessarily take his chief delight in mischief, in vice, or in unprincely occupations; but he, whose understanding is illuminated, and heart purified by a right discipline, will deserve a title which has been often unjustly claimed — that of Heaven's Vicegerent.

When, by the close application of ten or twelve years, a firm and broad basis is laid of ancient learning, let the stripling be introduced to the avenues of all the parts of human knowledge. Let the years which elapse till he is of the age of three or four and twenty, be employed in acquiring proper ideas of all the objects, whether natural or civil, which surround him, under the tuition of a governor, who possesses not only official and titular, but personal authority; under one who is not frightened by the laughter of fashion, of dissipation, or of false philo-

sophy,

ſophy, from filling his pupil's mind with moral v
and a ſincere, not a political, veneration for chriſti

All this is a general preparation for the part
purſuits which become a King; and theſe are la
politics. I mean not the narrow ſyſtem of a mer
practitioner and a cunning ſtateſman, but the g
principles of juſtice and equity; the wiſe maxims
vernment, as it is inſtituted for the diffuſion of
neſs and virtue among the individuals of a nation
not for the extenſion of empire, or the accumulat
deſtructive opulence. What a ſituation is a
for the indulgence of the feelings of a chriſtian,
a compaſſionate friend to wretched human nat
would not, indeed, refer a prince for maxims of
and government to Puffendorf and Grotius, th
and unfeeling deliberators of queſtions on which a
heart and underſtanding can intuitively decide;
his own heart and eyes, to his own enlightened
to the page of ſcripture, and to the volumes of a
ticated hiſtory.

Princes have been almoſt uniformly confined in
views to the narrow ſyſtems of worldly politician
of intereſted courtiers. Falſe grandeur has faſc
themſelves, and their ſubjects. National proſperi
been eſtimated by fleets and armies, commerce and
nues. The morals, the health, the religion of
dividuals, are conſiderations which do not clai
attention of a cabinet, but are diſcarded as ſubj
declamation in the church or in the ſchools. "
" is it to me," cries aloud the Wiſdom of this
" while his lordſhip knows how to ſuperintend the
" whether he believes in God or the Devil, and w
" he has kept ſuch laws as I neither underſtan
" value, the laws of relative and chriſtian duty
nation thus advances in the devious paths of a fal
dom, till an incenſed Providence, wearied with re
provocation, viſits it at laſt with a curſe. Look
the Ganges to the Thames, and acknowledge th
dent viſitation of a chaſtiſing Providence.

Imagination triumphs in the proſpect of a golde
when Princes, and all who are concerned in the exe

parts of government, shall be early formed to virtue, to learning, to humanity, to religion. How happy, it has been said, would it be, if Philosophers, who are justly so called, were Kings; or Kings, Philosophers!

No. CXXXVI. INTRODUCTORY REMARKS ON THE ART OF PRINTING.

THAT the desire of knowledge for its own sake, is an adventitious passion unknown to nature, and to be classed among the refinements of civilization, is an opinion unsupported by experience, and derogatory from the native dignity of a rational creature.—Fancy and sentiment, the powers of the intellect, and the feelings of the heart, are, perhaps, by nature equally strong and susceptible in the rude Indian, and in the polished member of an established community. Perhaps these similar powers would be equally fit for exertion, and these propensities equally importunate for gratification, if the savage were not constantly engaged in providing for that necessary sustenance, which, without his own interposition, is commonly secured to the philosopher.

The pupil of nature, under all his disadvantages, feels the impulse of a species of literary curiosity, and seeks its satisfaction. He possesses the faculty of memory; he must, therefore, without the co-operation of his will, remember many of the impressions received by the senses: he has a power of reflection, which will teach him to reason and draw inferences, without designing it, from the objects of his experience and observation. He feels within himself an imagination, capable of recalling past ideas of pleasure and pain, and apt to be delighted by beauty, novelty, and grandeur. Every natural exertion of natural faculties is attended with satisfaction. He feels it from the unpremeditated exertions of the mental powers; he tacitly acknowledges it to be congenial to his mind, and of course endeavours to repeat,

to extend, and to prolong it: but the objects which fall under the notice of his own ſenſes, and his perſonal experience, are inſufficient in number and importance to ſatisfy his capacity. He is led to enquire what paſſed among his foreſathers, and in his turn is requeſted by his progeny to communicate his own remarks, ſuperadded to the information of his anceſtors.

Such, probably, is the origin of Tradition; a mode of communicating knowledge, once univerſal, and ſtill, perhaps, ſubſiſting in the newly diſcovered iſlands of the Pacific Ocean, on the banks of the Senegal, and at the foot of the Andes. Beneath the ſhade of his plantain, the patriarch Indian ſtill recites the divine origin of his tribe or family, the warlike actions of his anceſtor, and of his own perſonal proweſs. The attentive audience carry away the tale, and ſupply the defects of memory by the aid of imagination. The ſtory ſpreads, time gives it a ſanction, and at laſt it is found to conſtitute the moſt authentic hiſtory, however obſcure and fabulous, of the origin of a nation, after it has emerged from barbariſm, and is become the ſeat of arts and learning.

In the earlieſt and rudeſt ſtate of literature, if we may give that appellation to the efforts of the intellectual faculties where letters are unknown, is often produced the moſt animated, and perhaps moſt perfect, though leaſt artificial, poetry. Hiſtoric truth is, indeed, little regarded, as it is addreſſed to reaſon rather than to fancy; but poetic compoſition appears with marks of genius approaching to inſpiration. From his memory, or his invention, or from both, the ſavage is heard to pour forth the ſong of war, and to warble the notes of love, warm with the ſentiments of a feeling heart, and compenſating the want of regularity and grace, by the ſtrength and vivacity of natural expreſſion.

If we believe the repreſentations of ſome writers, poems equal in length to the moſt celebrated Epopeas of Greece and Rome, have been handed down, without the aid of letters, from the remoteſt antiquity to the preſent day; and in our own country and times, traditionary tales, poetic and proſaic, are known to abound

in

in that loweſt claſs among us, who are yet unacquainted with the elements of learning. The tenant of the cottage, ſtupid and incurious as he may appear to the polite obſerver, has his fund of entertaining knowledge, and knows how to enliven the winter evening with tales of fairies, giants, and inchantments, which he believed on the word of his progenitors, and which his hearers receive with equal pleaſure and credulity, intending to tranſmit them to the riſing generation.

The early appearance, and the univerſality of traditional learning, ſeems to eſtabliſh the opinion, that the love of knowledge is among the firſt and importunate deſires inherent to the human heart. We ſee it believing abſurdity, and admiring nonſenſe; we ſee it bearing one of the ſtrongeſt characteriſtics of natural inclination, a proneneſs to neglect reaſon in purſuit of gratification.

This ardent love of knowledge which gave riſe to tradition, ſoon invented improvements which ſuperſeded its general neceſſity. Tradition was ſoon found to be attended with great inconveniencies, and to be defective in its moſt perfect ſtate. A thouſand important circumſtances muſt neceſſarily elude the moſt retentive memory; and, beſide the evils reſulting from the weakneſs of that faculty, and from the general inclination to exaggerate and embelliſh the ſimplicity of truth, the want of written ſtandards to appeal to, afforded conſtant opportunities for impoſition. Uprightneſs of intention, and ſtrength of memory, were not always united in thoſe who undertook the recital of events. Accuracy and juſtneſs of repreſentation were rare; and the civil hiſtory of every people, without a ſingle exception, is, in its firſt periods, dark and incoherent; ſuch, indeed, as might be expected from oral authority.

The inventor of means to ſupply the defects of memory, and to preclude the opportunity of deceit, it is obvious to conclude, would be conſidered as a great benefactor to mankind, and elevated by the exuberant gratitude of a rude age, above the rank of humanity. To Theuth, the inventor of letters among the Egyptians, and to the ſame perſonage, under the

the name of H[illegible] divine ho-
nours were paid; an [illegible] more justifi-
able on principles of reason, than that of Bacchus, the cultivator of the vine, or Hercules, the cleanser of a ſtable.

To communicate their d[illegible]ary, the inventors of literary ſymbols found it ne[illegible]ſary to mark them on ſome ſubſtance ſuſceptible of impreſſion or penetration. What that ſubſtance was, is a ſubject of curious, but unimportant enquiry. The original mode of inſcribing the newly diſcovered characters, however conducted, was probably very imperfect; but, as it happens in all diſcoveries of momentous conſequence, the idea of it, once ſtarted, was purſued with that general ardour and attention, which never fails to produce a great improvement. The ſtone, the palm leaf, the biblos or bark of the linden tree, the leaden tablet, the papyrus manufactured into the charta, the parchment, and the pugillares, reſpectively ſerved, as progreſſive advancement ſuggeſted, or as convenience required, to receive the written lucubrations of the antient poet, philoſopher, legiſlator, and hiſtorian.

That many of the nobleſt efforts of antient genius, though committed to writing on ſubſtances ſo frail as the papyrus, and ſo ſubject to erafure as the waxen tablet, ſhould have reached the preſent age, is an event only to be accounted for by ſuppoſing, that their conſpicuous beauties occaſioned uncommon vigilance and ſolicitude in their preſervation.

At a very late period, a ſubſtance formed of macerated linen, was found ſuperior in beauty, convenience, and duration, and better adapted to the purpoſes of literature, than all the prior devices of mechanical ingenuity. It derived its name from the flag that grew on the banks of the Nile, which, though it in ſome degree reſembled, it greatly excelled. Porous, yet of firm contexture, it admitted the inſcription of characters with a facility, equalled only by the retention with which it preſerved them. By the eaſe with which it is procured and inſcribed, it reſcued the antient authors from the poſſibility of oblivion, and may ſtrictly be ſaid

to have formed that monument more durable than brafs, which a celebrated poet prophefied to himfelf with a confidence, juftified at length by the accomplifhment of his prediction.

No. CXXXVII. ON THE CIRCUMSTANCES WHICH LED TO THE DISCOVERY OF THE ART OF PRINTING, WITH MISCELLANEOUS REMARKS ON IT.

THE bufinefs of tranfcribing the remains of Grecian and Roman literature, became an ufeful, an innocent, and a pleafing employ to many of thofe who, in the dark ages, would elfe have pined in the loathfome horrors of monaftic retirement. Exempt from the avocations of civil life, incapable of literary exertion from the want of books and opportunities of improvement, they devoted the frequent intervals of religious duty, to the tranfcription of authors whom they often little underftood. The fervile office of a mere copyift was not difdained by thofe who knew not to invent, and the writers in the fcriptorium were infpired with an emulation to excel, in the beauty and variety of their illuminations, the fidelity of their copy, and the multitude of their performances.

But when every letter of every copy was to be formed by the immediate operation of the hand, the moft perfevering aſſiduity could effect but little. They appear not to have been written with the rapidity of a modern tranfcriber, but with a formal ſtiffneſs, or a correct elegance, equally inconſiſtent with expedition. They were therefore rare, and conſequently much valued, and whenever ſold, were ſold at a great price. Few, indeed, but crowned and mitred heads, or incorporated communities, were able to procure a number ſufficient to merit the appellation of a Library; and even the boaſted libraries of princes and prelates, were ſuch, as are now eaſily exceeded by every private collection. To be poor, with whatever ability or inclination, was, at one time, an in-

ſurmountable

surmountable obstacle to literary improvement: and
haps, we indulge an unreasonable acrimony in our
ral censure of Monkish sloth and ignorance, not co
ing that an involuntary fault ceases to be blame
that ignorance is necessary where the means of in
ation are scarce; and that sloth is not to be a
where the requisites of proper employment are
tainable without great expence, or earnest solicita

It was, perhaps, less with a view to obviate the
conveniencies, than from the interested motives of
ing greater gain by exacting the usual price for
multiplied with more ease and expedition, that
mode was at length practised, derived from the i
tion of the Art of Printing; a discovery which,
those recorded in civil history, is of the most imp
and extensive consequence.

That the first productions of the press were int
to pass for manuscripts, we are led to conclude fro
resemblance of the type to the written characters,
the omission of illuminations which were to be sup
by the pen to facilitate the deception, and from t
ventor's concealment of his process, so far as to
suspicion of witchcraft or magic, by which alon
first observers could account for the extraordinary
tiplication of the transcripts or copies.

But the deceit was soon detected. The perfe
semblance in the shape of the letters, in the plac
number of the words on every page, the singular
rectness, and, above all, the numerous copies o
same author, inevitably led to a discovery of the
To conceal it, indeed, was no longer desired,
experience had suggested the great lucrative advant
and the practicability of multiplying books without
by the process newly invented. It soon appe
though it was not obvious at first, that the new
would be more agreeable to the reader, as well as
to the copyist, and that printed books would unive
supersede the use of manuscripts, from a choice fou
on judicious preference. The art was soon pro
as a trade, and the business of copying, which had
afforded only amusement or gain to the curious
the idle, became the constant employment and su

of a numerous tribe of artifans, and conftituted a very conſiderable ſource of mercantile advantage.

Of an art, which, though it had yet acquired but ſmall degrees of perfection, appeared of moſt extenſive utility in religion, in politics, in literature, and even in commerce, no labour has been ſpared to inveſtigate the hiſtory; but, unfortunately, the enquirers into the origin of arts, inſtigated by the zeal of minute curioſity to puſh their reſearches too far, often diſcover them ſo rude, obvious, and inartificial at their commencement, as to reflect very little honour on thoſe whom they oſtentatiouſly exhibit as the earlieſt inventors. Such has been the reſult of the inveſtigations of thoſe who, diſſatisfied with the commonly received opinions on the date of the invention of printing, pretend to have diſcovered traces of it many years before the firſt production of Fauſtus, in 1457; and it is true, that the Speculum Salutis, and a few other books are extant, which are, on good reaſons, judged to have been ſtamped, not printed *ſecundum artem*, long before the erection of a preſs at Mentz: but the mode in which they were executed, like the Chineſe, bears but little reſemblance to the art of printing, properly ſo called; it appears not, by any hiſtorical memoir, to have ſuggeſted the firſt hint of it, and is too imperfect to deſerve notice as even the infant ſtate of this momentous invention.

National pride, like the pride of individuals, is often founded on ſlight or dubious pretenſions. Thus have Germany and Holland contended, with all the warmth of party, for the imaginary honour of giving birth to the Inventor of Printing, who, after all, was probably led to the diſcovery, not by the enlarged views of public utility, but by fortunate circumſtances concurring with the deſire of private and pecuniary advantage. But though the hiſtory of Printing, like all other hiſtories, is in ſome degree obſcure and doubtful at its earlieſt period, though Straſburg has boaſted of Mentel, and Harlaem of Coſter, as the inventor; yet is there great reaſon to conclude, that the few arguments advanced in their favour are ſupported only by forgery and falſehood: and we may ſafely aſſert, with the majority of

from the annals of the classical literary. A
mean time, the essayist will avoid the repetition of
already too well known and established to admit
tional illustration, and will think himself more pro
employed in making reflections on the literary
moral, the political, and the religious effects
have resulted from the invention.

It is, indeed, generally true, that the history
mechanical art affords but insipid entertainment
mind which is tinctured with the liberality of philos
and the elegance of classical literature. It often ex
manual excellence united with such meanness of
ment, and vulgarity of manners, as unavoidably mi
disgust with admiration: but to the truth of this
ral remark, the annals of typography are a fin
exception. Many are recorded to have laboured
piels, whose literary attainments would have don
nour to the chair of a professor. By their annota
they illustrated the sense and spirit of those author
letter of whole writings they embellished by the
beautiful and accurate impressions.

The names of the Aldi, of Robert and Henry
phens, of Turnebus, and of many more who
mechanical ingenuity with profound erudition,
ever be remembered with respect and gratitu
the votary of ancient learning. Happily for lette

inutil, Germany from her Froben, France from phani, the Netherlands from their Plantin, and nd from her Caxton.

y lover of accurate editions looks back with re- n thoſe times when an Eraſmus corrected what us printed; when, like the painter of antiquity, er expoſed his production to the paſſenger, and d cenſure; and when the legiſlature of a great provided by a ſtatute, with a penalty, for the neſs of publications.

prefer, with implicit attachment, all the earlier tions of the art to the more recent, ſeem to be d with the narrow ſpirit of a typographical ; yet the truth is, what indeed was to be ex- from the ſuperior learning of thoſe who were ly concerned in the proofs, they ſurpaſs the plendid editions of later times, in the one great nce of correctneſs. It is true, indeed, that the s production of the modern writer, appears with dour of paper, and brilliancy of type, unknown fifteenth century: and, if the work is written in rnacular language, and on a familiar ſubject, is s ſufficiently correct. It is true, likewiſe, that ring the expedition of the ancients, the degree of neſs with which the common papers of intelli- appear, is really wonderful, and affords a g inſtance how much induſtry can effect, when ited to exertion by the hope of that abundant which our more than Athenian love of political ation conſtantly ſupplies. Of ſuch diſpatch, a n would, perhaps, have denied the poſſibility. oks of learning, eſpecially when written in the languages, are more ſlowly brought forth, and means with equal perfection. The miſtakes ava- nd the groſs ignorance, of ſome modern typo- rs, often fruſtrate all the paſt labour of correctors ommentators, who have toiled with aching eyes in rial of proof ſheets, and in the collation of ma- nts.

No. CXXXVIII. ON THE MORAL, POLITICAL, AND RELIGIOUS EFFECTS OF PRINTING, WITH CONCLUDING REMARKS.

BY one of thoſe laudable artifices which prevent private avarice from withholding public benefits, the art of printing was ſtolen from Harlaem, and brought to Oxford by Frederic Corſellis. But while we are conſidering the introduction of printing into England, not to commemorate the names of Bouchier, Turnour, and Caxton, who were moſt inſtrumental to it, would be an omiſſion equally negligent and ungrateful. Nor ſhould the tribute of praiſe be any longer withheld by neglect from earl Tiptoft and earl Rivers, who, at this period, were reſtorers and patrons of learning in our own country, and who contributed to its advancement, in imitation of their contemporary, Pius the ſecond in Italy, both by their munificence and example.

The literary advantages derived from the invention are ſo obvious, that to point them out with all the formality of diſquiſition is unneceſſary.

But the moraliſt, no leſs than the man of letters, finds himſelf intereſted in the conſequences reſulting from the mechanical mode of multiplying the copies of books. To this cauſe, he attributes that change in the manners and ſentiments which has taken place within the interval of a century or two, and which cannot eſcape even ſuperficial obſervation. Philoſophy, once preſerved among a choſen few, with the reſtrictions of an Alexander, who reprimanded Ariſtotle for divulging the ſecrets of ſcience, has now diffuſed its influence on the mean as well as the great, the gay and the fair as well as the ſevere and ſtudious, the merchant and the manufacturer as well as the contemplative profeſſor. Pamphlets and manuals, on every ſubject of human enquiry, are circulated by the aſſiduous trader at a ſmall price, among the loweſt ranks of the community, the greateſt part of whom have been furniſhed with the ability of reading by an eleemoſynary education. A

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ture of letters, which was once rare, and formed a ing character, has pervaded the maſs of the people, in a free country like our own, where it is not cked in its operation by political reſtraints, has pro- ed remarkable effects on the general ſyſtem of mora- . Much good has reſulted from it: happy, if it not been mixed with that characteriſtic alloy of nan happineſs, much evil. Learning, thus commu- ated to the vulgar, has taught the ſavage ferocity of ſs ignorance to yield to gentleneſs and humanity; it has alſo ſuperinduced a general indolence, refine- nt, and falſe delicacy. It has been the means of ibiting, to the beſt advantage, the image of virtue ier natural beauty; but it has alſo held up to view meretricious charms of vice in the falſe ornaments eradded by a corrupt imagination. It has been a dy light to lighten men in the path of truth; but as alſo been an *ignis fatuus* leading them into the zes of error, and plunging them at laſt into the ths of miſery. If it has often tempted us to boaſt of ng in an enlightened age, it has no leſs frequently uced us to regret the old times of ignorant, but ocent ſimplicity. If we ſometimes look back with ixture of ſcorn and pity on the unlettered ages that ceded us; we alſo ſometimes confeſs ourſelves ready renounce the pride of ſuperior knowledge for the d happineſs of that national probity, which, though may not have receded, has not kept pace with our greſs in ſcientific improvement. Here, however, the maxim will be ſuggeſted to every one, that a good ument againſt the uſe of a thing, cannot be drawn m its abuſe. It will at the ſame time be remem- ed, that the preſent times are ever ſeen through the acious mediums of prejudice and paſſion; and that cenſures of the ſatiriſt may not ariſe from real eneracy, but that common propenſity which has, ll ages, given riſe to invectives againſt the prevailing nners. If it is true, that improvement in knowledge natural and laudable object of human deſires, the re general that improvement, the happier and more fect is human nature, and the more eſtimable that from which it is principally derived.

equ [illegible] universal [illegible] the morals of those who cannot jud[illegible] and [illegible] the same ease with which they can procure [illegible] is no doubt of their being beneficial [illegible]ng of [illegible], whose judgment is directed by liberal culture, and whose sentiments are undepraved by fashionable dissipation. Before the introduction of printing, the student, who revolted at the idea of languishing in the sloth of Monkery, had scarcely any scope for his industry and talents, but in the puerile perplexities of a scholastic philosophy, as little adapted to call forth the virtues of the heart, as to promote valuable knowledge: but since that important æra in the annals of learning, every individual, even the poorest of the Muses' train, has been enabled to obtain, without difficulty, the works of those great masters in practical and spe[illegible]ative ethics, the Greek and Roman philosophers. [illegible] is taught by the same instructors who formed a Xenophon and a Scipio, and can hold converse, in the r[illegible]ements of his chamber, with the celebrated sages of antiquity, with nearly the same advantages as if he actually sat with Socrates beneath the shade of the plane-tree, walked with Plato in the Lyceum, or accompanied Cicero to his Tusculan villa.

Whatever tends to diffuse new light on the understandings of a whole people, or to effect a change in the general system of manners, soon produces a similar revolution in their political character. Airy fabrics, which, when seen through the mists of ignorance, were supposed to be realities, vanished at the light of learning, as the inchantment is dissolved by the operation of the Talisman. The sun of science arose, the prospect cleared around, and they who had shuddered at the ideal phantoms of the night, ventured to walk forth and examine every object that solicited attention. The prejudices on the subject of civil government, formed by ignorance and fostered by the policy of power, when once the art of printing had multiplied books, and roused the spirit of enquiry, soon gave way to the dictates of instructed reason. The natural rights of mankind became well understood, the law of nations

was

attended to, implicit obedience was neither exd on the one part with the fame rigour as before, paid on the other with equal fervility. What reed of the feudal inftitutions could not long fubfift, n more liberal ideas of the nearer equality of man l were imbibed from books, and when a great ree of dignity and power was attainable, not only birth and riches, but by mere literary eminence. diftinction of Vaffal and Lord foon ceafed to be only one in the community, when men were led by eafe with which books were procured, to aſpire the fine arts, philoſophy, and erudition. Such ies infuſed a noble generoſity of ſpirit, which ſcorno pay an abject homage to ignorant opulence. Ignt opulence, indeed, could not maintain, or even t by force, that truly valuable reſpect which is rally due, and cheerfully paid, to perſonal dignity. , by reading, were led to reflect, and by reflection overed, that they had been under an error when looked up to their governors as to a ſuperior Order beings; but at the ſame time they learned the happa of living under a well regulated conſtitution, duty of obedience in return for protection, and the ical neceſſity of ſubordination. Hiſtory, and trea of politics, ſuggeſted juſt notions of civil ſociety, a ſenſe of expediency produced at length that voary acquieſcence which was once exacted by preons to divine right, or by the immediate interpoon of authority. The luſt of dominion which diſed the iron reign of the fullen and unlettered tyrant, ſucceeded, in the enlightened father of his people, ſpirit of benevolence and philoſophical moderation. t power, which was once placed on the ſandy foundon of popular prejudice and fear, when thoſe feats prejudices were diſſipated by free diſquiſition, ired an eſtabliſhment on the baſis of reaſon. let it be deemed idle ſpeculation to attribute theſe ary conſequences to the invention of printing, ſince on who attentively conſiders all its remote as well oximate effects, it will appear fully adequate to thein uction. When all ranks of people on a ſudden enabled to exert with vigour the faculty of accurate

and comprehenſive thought, which had only lain dormant for want of opportunity, the effect on the moral and political world muſt be as ſtriking, as that which takes place in the phyſical, at the return of day after night, and ſpring after winter.

Thus has Fauſtus and Mentz, by an art invented and exerciſed with views of private emolument, ultimately contributed more to the empires, and cauſed more important events in their hiſtory, than all the efforts of the renowned conquerors and lawgivers of antiquity. That the ſame art which has produced theſe ſalutary conſequences, has alſo been the means of encouraging licentiouſneſs, of animating ſedition, and kindling the flames of civil war, is to be attributed to that lamentable condition of human affairs which is obſerved to counterbalance every good, with a proportion of concomitant evil.

To the Art of Printing, however, it is acknowledged, we owe the reformation. It has been juſtly remarked, that if the books of Luther had been multiplied only by the ſlow proceſs of the hand-writing, they muſt have been few, and would have been eaſily ſuppreſſed by the combination of wealth and power: but, poured forth in abundance from the preſs, they ſpread over the land with the rapidity of an inundation, which acquires additional force from the efforts uſed to obſtruct its progreſs. He who undertook to prevent the diſperſion of the books once iſſued from the preſs, attempted a taſk no leſs arduous than the deſtruction of the Hydra. Reſiſtance was vain, and religion was reformed: and we who are chiefly intereſted in this happy revolution muſt remember, amidſt the praiſes beſtowed on Luther, that his endeavours had been ineffectual, unaſſiſted by the invention of Fauſtus.

How greatly the cauſe of religion has been promoted by the art, muſt appear when it is conſidered, that it has placed thoſe ſacred books in the hand of every individual, which, beſides that they were once locked up in a dead language, could not be procured without great difficulty. The numerous comments on them of every kind, which tend to promote piety, and to form the Chriſtian philoſopher, would probably never have been

been compoſed, and certainly would not have extended their beneficial influence, if typography had ſtill been unknown. By that art, the light, which is to illuminate a dark world, has been placed in a ſituation more advantageous to the emiſſion of its rays: but if it has been the means of illuſtrating the doctrines, and inforcing the practice of religion, it has alſo, particularly in the preſent age, ſtruck at the root of piety and moral virtue, by propagating opinions favourable to the ſceptic and the voluptuary. It has enabled modern authors wantonly to gratify their avarice, their vanity, and their miſanthropy, in diſſeminating novel ſyſtems ſubverſive of the dignity and happineſs of human nature: but though the perverſion of the art is lamentably remarkable in thoſe volumes which iſſue, with offenſive profuſion, from the vain, the wicked, and the hungry, yet this good reſults from the evil, that as truth is great and will prevail, ſhe muſt derive freſh luſtre, by diſplaying the ſuperiority of her ſtrength in the conflict with ſophiſtry.

'Thus the Art of Printing, in whatever light it is viewed, has deſerved reſpect and attention. From the ingenuity of the contrivance, it has ever excited mechanical curioſity; from its intimate connection with learning, it has juſtly claimed hiſtorical notice; and from its extenſive influence on morality, politics, and religion, it is now become a ſubject of very important ſpeculation.

But however we may felicitate mankind on the invention, there are perhaps thoſe who will, that, together with its compatriot art of manufacturing gunpowder, it had not yet been brought to light. Of its effects on literature, they aſſert, that it has increaſed the number of books, till they diſtract, rather than improve the mind; and of its malignant influence on morals, they complain, that it has often introduced a falſe refinement, incompatible with the ſimplicity of primitive piety and genuine virtue. With reſpect to its literary ill conſequence, it may be ſaid, that though it produces to the world an infinite number of worthleſs publications, yet true wit and ſolid compoſition will ſtill retain their value, and it will be an eaſy talk for critical diſ-

cernment to select these from the surrounding mass of absurdity: and though, with respect to its moral effects, a regard to truth extorts the confession, that it has diffused immorality and irreligion, divulged with cruel impertinence the secrets of private life, and spread the tale of scandal through an empire: yet these are evils which will either shrink away unobserved in the triumphs of time and truth over falsehood, or, which may, at any time, be suppressed by legislative interposition.

The *Liberty of the Press* is a subject not to be touched upon, but with a trembling caution. Every student must abhor the thought of erecting the tribunal of a star-chamber in the republic of letters; every lover of his country must reject with disdain the proposal of silencing the voice of truth by the menace of authority: but, at the same time, every true friend to learning and mankind, who, free from the enthusiasm of party, understands their real interest, would rejoice to see the day when the advantages of the Liberty of the Press shall be unalloyed with those evils of its licentiousness; which, without some expedient of controul, will prevail, as long as there are, on one hand, [illegible] gent and avaricious publishers, and on the other, factious and unprincipled readers.

But innovations in a particular intimately connected with civil liberty, will ever be guarded against in a free country, with all the vigilance of jealous circumspection. Men will often patiently support the present evil, the nature and extent of which is [illegible] by experience, rather than incur the hazard of a [illegible] detriment, which may possibly outweigh the beneficial ends proposed. If then the unrestrained use of the Press is, as it has been commonly termed, the Palladium of liberty, may it never be taken from us by fraud or force; and perhaps the evils [illegible] the abuse of this privilege are of that kind, which, when permitted to take their course, [illegible] themselves: for it is certain, that there may be a period, and perhaps [illegible] the petulant licentiousness of [illegible] phlet becomes too contemptible to [illegible] and

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therefore fails of producing a malignant effect. Avarice will ceaſe to publiſh, when men are t o wiſe to purchaſe; faction and vanity will be ſilent, when they no longer find an audience: but penal and coercive meaſures are known to give weight to the nonſenſe of ſedition and impiety, by alarming that attention which it could not otherwiſe excite, and to occaſion the evils intended to be obviated; as the means uſed to extinguiſh a flame ſometimes increaſe its violence.

But referring the diſcuſſion of this complicated ſubject to legiſlative wiſdom, we may venture to expreſs an honeſt wiſh without danger of preſumption; and ſurely all the good and enlightened part of mankind will ſympathize in the deſire, That the time may not be diſtant, when the qualities of the heart ſhall be cultivated with the ſame general ardour as the powers of the underſtanding; when the affectation of ſingularity, and the love of money, ſhall no longer multiply treatiſes tending to teach the people a falſe philoſophy, an erroneous belief, or a factious conduct; when the Art of Printing ſhall no more be perverted to embelliſh vice and juſtify folly, but operating in the accompliſhment of its proper purpoſes, at once promote the intereſt, which cannot indeed without natural violence be ſeparate, of ſound learning and unaffected virtue.

No. CXXXIX. CURSORY THOUGHTS ON SATIRE AND SATIRISTS.

THE good reception which that ſpecies of poetry, called Satire, has commonly met with in the world, is perhaps owing to ſome diſpoſitions in the human nature not the moſt amiable. It derives not its power of pleaſing, like other poetry, from its effects on the imagination. It raiſes no enchanting proſpects; it is not neceſſarily employed in fiction. A ſpirit of indignation is its eſſential principle, and by cauſing a ſimilar ſpirit in the reader, it gently gratifies the iraſcible paſſions.

It muſt be owned, that it has ſeldom anſwered its oſtenſible end of reforming the age. Yet allowing it to be of little uſe in reformation, it is often compoſed with ſuch evident marks of genius as render it intereſting to men of taſte. And though ſpleen may have given riſe to its firſt production, and the love of cenſure enforced its ſucceſs, yet the beauties of the compoſition will cauſe it to be read, even by thoſe who diſapprove perſonal invective, long after the reſentment that occaſioned it has ſubſided.

Horace, the politeſt writer whom the world ever produced, adopted ſatirical writing, and ſucceeded in it, though there is every reaſon to believe that his natural diſpoſition was not ſevere. The truth is, he was a man of the world, as well as a man of reflection, and wrote his remarks on men and things in careleſs verſe; not without cenſuring them indeed, but without indulging the aſperity of ſarcaſm. He probed every wound with ſo gentle a hand, that the patient ſmiled under the operation. The gay friend of Mæcenas had lived in courts, and knew too much of the world to think he could reform the gay and voluptuous part of it by abrupt ſeverity.

Not ſo the ſtern Juvenal. With all the warmth of a zealot in the cauſe of virtue, he pours his majeſtic verſe, and, amid the moſt ſpirited invective and the fineſt morality, emits many a luminous irradiation of poetry beautifully deſcriptive.

His predeceſſor Perſius had afforded him a noble model. He improved on it in nothing but perſpicuity. Perſius is all fire, ſpirit, animation. The frequency of his interrogations rouſes the attention of the reader, and it is not eaſy to read and underſtand him without catching the glow with which he evidently wrote. If his obſcurity aroſe from fear, it does not indeed depreciate his merit as a writer; but it has cauſed him to be leſs read and admired than he deſerves. The laſt lines of his ſecond ſatire are alone ſufficient to entitle him to immortality.

The Engliſh ſeem to have copied the manner of Juvenal rather than of Horace. Our national ſpirit is indeed of the manly and rougher kind, and feels ſome-

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thing congenial with itſelf in the vehemence of the indignant Juvenal.

The Roman is remarkably harmonious. But Donne, his imitator, ſeems to have thought roughneſs of verſe, as well as of ſentiment, a real grace. It is ſcarcely poſſible, that a writer who did not ſtudiouſly avoid a ſmooth verſification, could have written ſo many lines without ſtumbling on a good one. Pope has revived his fame by attuning his harſh numbers; a work whoſe very excellence makes us regret that a genius ſo fertile as was the bard's of Twickenham, ſhould have waſted its vigour in paraphraſes and tranſlations.

This verſatile poet has imbibed the very ſpirit of Horace. Nor can the mere Engliſh reader obtain, by the tranſlations of Creech or of Francis, ſo clear and adequate an idea of the true Horatian manner, as from the liberal imitations of Pope.

Dryden ſeems to have preferred the model of his favourite Juvenal. His nervous line was well adapted to ſatirical compoſition. He ſays himſelf, "he could "write ſeverely, with more eaſe than he could write "gently." His Abſalom and Achitophel, and his Mac Flecknoe, are maſter-pieces and models in the ſerious and vehement kind of ſatire.

Boileau ſeems to have blended with judgment the manner of Horace and Juvenal. Yet whatever degree of elegance he poſſeſſes, the natural monotony of French verſe tires an ear accuſtomed to the various harmony of our Engliſh poets. The French language never appears ſo mean as in the heroic couplet. He who reads the Henriade, and at the ſame time thinks of Milton, Dryden, Garth, or Pope, muſt cloſe the volume with all the loathing of diſguſt. He who reads Boileau, will find his improving imitator Pope riſe in his opinion. Pope rouſes the attention by all the changes of muſical modulation; Boileau ſooths it to dull repoſe by the lullaby of ſimilar pauſes uniformly repeated.

A poet of our own, little attended to at preſent, once enjoyed a very high degree of fame as a ſatirical writer. Oldham has been called the Engliſh Juvenal. His ſatire on the Jeſuits has indeed much of the ſpirit of Juvenal. It diſplays wit, force, pungency, and a

very

very copious invention; but it is no leſs diſtinguiſhed by a vulgarity, which muſt prevent Oldham from keeping his place among the claſſics of our country. He has laſhed the Jeſuits with deſerved and unrelenting rigour; but though ſevere puniſhment is often neceſſary, yet to ſee it inflicted with the wanton cruelty of an aſſaſſin, is not agreeable. There are ſome works of poetry as well as of painting, which, though well performed as pieces of art, loſe the praiſe their excellence demands, by the ſhocking nature of their repreſentations.

A later ſatiriſt, Dr. Young, is ſtill read with pleaſure. But he has the fault of Seneca, of Ovid, of Cowley; a profuſe and unſeaſonable application of wit. His ſatires have been juſtly called a ſtring of epigrams. A lover of originality, he did not regard models. Had he endeavoured to imitate Juvenal or Perſius, he would have avoided this fault. Thoſe great maſters were too much engroſſed by the importance of their ſubjects to fall into the puerility of witticiſm. There is alſo ſomething in Young's verſification which a good ear does not approve.

But even Young, popular as he was, has been eclipſed by a poet who has ſhone with the effulgence and the inſtability of a meteor. Churchill poſſeſſed merit; a merit which was magnified when ſeen through the medium of party, beyond that degree which it was able to ſupport. When reaſon at laſt viewed what paſſion had exaggerated, ſhe was diſguſted with the diſappointment, and turned away with neglect. Thus the celebrated Churchill, with whoſe applauſe the town re-echoed, is ſinking to an oblivion which he hardly deſerves; for though he wrote many careleſs lines and many dull paſſages, yet the greater part of his productions diſplayed a genuine vein of ſatirical genius.

Within a few years Satire has re-aſſumed her original rude form of ſcurrilous and petulant abuſe. An improved verſification has given a gloſs to illiberal, calumnious, and anonymous invectives. An undaunted effrontery, recommended by elegant verſe, has ſupplied the want of every claſſical and noble ornament. That it has been well received, is no proof of its ſolid excellence as compoſition, ſince, to the greater part of

readers,

readers, the abuse which it lavishly pours on public and private characters, is a sufficient recommendation.

It differs from classical satire in this, as well as other circumstances, Horace, Persius, Juvenal, though sometimes disgraced by obscenity, yet abound with fine moral sentiments. They not only put vice to shame, but countenanced virtue, and pointed out the way to attain to it. But the satirists of our times seem to have little else in view, than to gratify private pique, or party prejudice. It is indeed scarcely to be expected, that, in a degenerate age, many will be found to possess dignity of character and solidity of judgment, in a degree sufficient to enable them to stand forth disinterested and efficient censors of prevailing folly and fashionable vice.

No. CXI. ON LOGIC AND METAPHYSICS.

TO false and careless reasoning most of the misfortunes of life are to be attributed. Logic then, as an art, is perhaps to far useful in the conduct of life, as it superinduces a habit of accurate reasoning.

But what says experience? Is the man who has digested Burgersdicius found to be wiser in his actions than others? The best disputant that ever conquered in the schools, when he has descended to the walks of common life, has been found no less prone to deviate into the paths of error, to be involved in the clouds of passion, and misled by the false lights of imagination, than the lusty multitude who never heard of the categories.

They who possess common sense in a competent degree, will discover, with no other aid, the fallacy of wrong reasoning. They who are deficient in it, will not find a substitute in the use of a syllogism.

The great numbers who supply civil and commercial offices, in which there is a constant necessity for the exertion of reason, and who conduct the most important affairs without the aid of scholastic logic, are proofs that vigorous nature wants not this feeble assistance. To

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imagine that a well-formed mind cannot reaſon well without logic, is no leſs abſurd, than to ſuppoſe that the ſolid oak wants the ſupport of the ivy that creeps around it.

The beſt ſchool for the improvement of reaſon, after a competent education, is the living world. We find even the illiterate, who have ſpent their lives in buſineſs, poſſeſſing a very extenſive knowledge of things, and a moſt accurate method of judging of them; a knowledge and a method to which the cultivated but inexperienced reaſoner can ſeldom attain. It is common to ſee the learned academic, whoſe labours are at laſt rewarded by a rural benefice, unable, notwithſtanding his acquired ſtrength of reaſon, to cope with the rude ruſtic in a bargain for dues which the laws have allotted him.

It ſeems, then, that the gradual decay of ſcholaſtic logic, and the contempt in which ſyllogiſtic ſkill is held, is not unreaſonable. It contributes little to the benefit of ſociety. It is rather injurious to it, by drawing off that attention which might be uſefully beſtowed. What then ſhall we ſay? Muſt an art, which our forefathers have ſtudied from age to age, and to which many of us have devoted our firſt years at the univerſities, be exploded? A veneration is due to long eſtabliſhed opinions. The powers of judging, which ſtimulate the preſent age to innovation, were poſſeſſed by the paſt in equal perfection. They had ſome reaſon for their inſtitutions. The ſame reaſon may perhaps remain to prevent the total abolition of them; for truth and reaſon are unchangeable. Our anceſtors eſtabliſhed logical ſtudies in the univerſities, becauſe in their days there were few other books to be obtained, and no other learning was prized. Their deſcendants muſt continue to beſtow on them a moderate attention, becauſe every part of knowledge contributes to accompliſh the profeſſed ſcholar. But they need give no more than a moderate attention, becauſe the improvements of philoſophy, and the great multiplication of books in every part of human learning, enable the ſtudent to ſpend his time and exerciſe his ſagacity more uſefully and more agreeably.

He who poſſeſſes the genius and taſte, together with the philoſophical ſpirit of the Attic Harris, will do right

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to cultivate them by studying the unread works of ancient logicians. Our English Aristotle, whose productions are at once the quintessence of elegance, and prodigies of analytical ingenuity, has pointed out flowers in those paths of learning where thorns only were seen before. The Stagyrite was literally idolized; and had it been the fate of Harris to have lived a few centuries ago, he also would have been honoured with a tolandi nate deification. If any thing can reduce a taste for these languishing studies, it is the grace which his style and his accuracy have given them.

For metaphysics what can be said? If every book that has been written on them, and thousands have been written, were annihilated, not a single individual in the great community of all mankind would in any one respect have just reason to lament the loss. Mathematical and arithmetical studies are speculative, it is true; but they do not terminate in speculation. They afford a great pleasure, sufficiently considered, by the full evidence with which they display their truths; but they tend to obvious utility as well as to delight. The builder, the navigator, almost every mechanic art, is affected by geometry, and all men, without exception, are benefited by arithmetic. But metaphysics tend only to benight the understanding in a cloud of its own making, to lose it in a labyrinth of its own contrivance.

Metaphysics were once encouraged and cultivated, because they served the purposes of superstition. They involved theological subjects in a perplexity which the simple could never unravel. They gave an air of mystery and depth, which caught the admiration of the vulgar. They are now employed, in a similar manner, in the service of infidelity. They have induced the half learned and the conceited, those who think they understand them, and those who wish to be thought by others to understand them, to adopt, without being apprehensive of danger, opinions fatal to their own happiness and to the welfare of society.

Even when cultivated by the honest and truly ingenuous, they exhibit an instance of blameable pride. They aim at a science to which man can never attain. It is truly laughable, to observe a creature with hardly

knowledge enough of the things around him to guide him with ſafety, perplexing himſelf with ontological enquiries into the nature of angels, and the eſſence of the devil.

The ontologiſts and pneumatologiſts, the *nominales* and *reales*, the *doctores ſeraphici*, and all the tribe of microſcopic philoſophers, are, in the preſent age of diſcernment, totally neglected. Even Malebranche and Locke, the moſt rational of the metaphyſicians, are daily loſing ground. As a talk they are attended to in public ſeminaries, where ſome obſolete plan of ſtudy requires metaphyſical exerciſes; but the multitude of more agreeable wo[illegible] ſeldom leave time or inclination, to the ſtudent [illegible] at liberty to chuſe his books, for the controverſy c[illegible]rning innate ideas. A few, however, in the pr[illegible] times, have been ſo unfortunate, as to waſte th[illegible] in [illegible]nding materialiſm, in expatiating on [illegible]y a[illegible]lity, in diſcuſſing ſcepticiſm, and in proving that [illegible]n is no more than an animal. This laſt ſentence [illegible] this doctrine will probably induce them to prove, in their own inſtances, that he is an *irritable animal*—genus irritabile.

Such miſerable effects of metaphyſical reſearch have induced an amiable writer, whoſe heart and abilities vie with each other for excellence, to vindicate the nature and immutability of truth, to expoſe the futility of metaphyſics, to confound the devices of their patrons, and to eſtabliſh the natural rights of common ſenſe. This formidable champion has given the laſt fatal blow to languiſhing ſophiſtry; a blow which, that ſhe may never recover, every man muſt wiſh, who knows the baneful influence of a Hume's dark inventions, and who deſires to counteract it.

To put an end to ſpeculative error, it might perhaps, in ſome degree, be effectual to lay leſs ſtreſs upon metaphyſics in academical education. Thoſe who preſide over our ſeminaries are no leſs liberal than enlightened, and will ſurely, on ſome future day, if any part of the preſent ſyſtem of inſtruction is trifling or pernicious, renounce it with alacrity. But a proper deference to their reſpectable opinions renders it reaſonable to ſuppoſe, that an attention to this abſtruſe, though otherwiſe uſeleſs

ſcience,

ſcience, may tend to give the young mind a habit of thinking with depth and preciſion. As a ſevere diſcipline, it may be advantageous. Many a manœuvre is taught the ſoldier in his courſe of preparation for war, which will ſeldom be uſeful in the field of battle.

All thoſe who have little opportunity of being actively ſerviceable to others, have an unqueſtionable right to ſeek amuſement in abſtruſe ſpeculation, or in any other paſtime which is innocent. They may puzzle themſelves for diverſion even in metaphyſics. But if, in the courſe of their enquiries, they ſhould fall upon a wonderful diſcovery, which, when divulged, would diſturb the happy ignorance of mankind, let them for once be ſelfiſh, enjoy it in private, and with hold it from the community.

No. CXII. ON LATIN VERSE AS AN EXERCISE AT SCHOOLS.

NO part of claſſical education has been more generally cenſured and more ſtrenuouſly adhered to, than that of exerciſing boys in the compoſition of Latin poetry. The trite remark, that a poet is born, and not formed by diſcipline, has been urged againſt it. It has alſo been alleged, that the time beſtowed on it would be more advantageouſly ſpent in the ſtudy of things, and in acquiring a right method of expreſſing our ſentiments in humble proſe. It is abſurd enough, ſay the objectors, to exact a certain portion of Engliſh verſe from the ſcholar, but to perplex him with Latin verſe, at a time when he might be learning a thouſand uſeful things, what is it but extreme imprudence, countenanced indeed by general practice, but nevertheleſs both culpable and truly ridiculous?

They allow, however, that the cuſtom is general, and of long duration. Surely then that degree of reſpect is due to the general opinion of mankind, and to the wiſdom of our predeceſſors, which leads us to preſume, that there muſt have been ſome benefit perceived by ex-

perience

perience from an induction thus ancient and universal. And it is natural to conſider, whether a few arguments may not be found in favour of a mode ſtrictly and uniformly purſued, amid the loud clamour every where raiſed againſt it.

The defenders of practices unjuſtly cenſured, often do an injury to their cauſe, by admitting ſome of the objections to be reaſonable. We will then allow, that to learn to make Latin verſe is to loſe time, when the ſcholar is deſtined to ſpend his life in commercial or in mechanical employments. But, at the ſame time, we muſt inſiſt on its utility to the man of independent fortune, to the divine, the lawyer, the phyſician, and perhaps to the accompliſhed military commander.

To all theſe an acquaintance with the claſſics will add an elegance, ſuch as tends to complete their characters as gentlemen, as well as ſcholars. It is the finiſhing poliſh of education, and operates on the mind, like dancing on the perſon, by ſuperadding a graceful habit. But there is no method ſo well calculated to infuſe an intimate knowledge of an author, as to imitate and endeavour to rival his excellences. To write Virgilian verſe with true elegance, it is neceſſary to commit to memory every phraſe; to catch the very ſpirit of Virgil; to mark the varied pauſes of his verſes, the length of his periods, the peculiar grace of his expreſſions; and to give the whole compoſition a majeſtic dignity. All theſe requiſites to poetical compoſition in Latin, can only be acquired by a frequent and attentive peruſal of the noble Mantuan.

The firſt fruits of genius produced by the fineſt writers that adorn our annals, were compoſitions in Latin verſe. Milton, at a boyiſh age, wrote it with great elegance. Cowley excelled in it early. Addiſon was much celebrated for his juvenile eſſays in it. Prior began with writing Latin epigrams. All the great men who have been educated at public ſchools, where it is invariably an exerciſe, were, during ſeveral years, obliged to compoſe it as a daily taſk; and though many of them were never diſtinguiſhed in poetry, yet they derived conſiderable advantages from the attempt, as will probably appear from the following reflections:

Difficulty

Difficulty is naturally painful; but to overcome it cauſes a very ſenſible pleaſure, and facilitates future conqueſts, by adding courage. To write Latin verſe, is certainly an arduous taſk to a young boy; but the authority of his maſter, and a ſpirit of emulation, urge him to attempt with alacrity what his own indolence would have led him to neglect. Long practice gives facility. He finds he has overcome what he once thought inſurmountable. When any new undertaking offers itſelf in future with a difficult and forbidding aſpect, he is not affrighted; for he recollects, that he has already performed that which appeared to him impracticable. The exertion neceſſary to accompliſh what is not eaſy, has a natural tendency to give the mind freſh vigour.

A ſubject taken from a claſſic, a moral ſentiment, or an ingenious remark, is given to a boy as a ſubject of meditation to employ his leiſure during the intervals of ſchool. He is taught, that there muſt be an unity in his deſign; that he muſt invent a thought, on which he is to diſplay, if he can, good ſenſe, and Auguſtan wit, expreſſed in the moſt elegant verſification. This tends to give a knowledge of things, at the ſame time that it renders it neceſſary to call to his aſſiſtance all his claſſical phraſeology. He muſt revolve many ideas in his mind before this thought occurs. In this proceſs he exerciſes the powers of judgment, of diſcrimination, of taſte. He recollects all his reading, he reviews all he has ſeen and heard, he ſearches his books on ſimilar topics, and at once improves what he has obtained, and makes new acquiſitions.

He who has been converſant in great ſchools will have ſeen copies of verſes written as the exerciſes of an evening, in which were diſplayed wit, humour, fine language, ingenious turns, harmonious verſe, and very ſhrewd obſervations on men and things. Such were the Luſus Weſtmonaſterienſes; ſuch were many in the Muſæ Etonenſes, and ſuch are thouſands that have never yet been offered to the public view. It is a known truth, that many of the boys who were engaged in theſe uſeful ſports of a fertile genius, afterwards became

came diſtinguiſhed members of the literary or the politi-cal republic; and they owed much of that good reception which they met with in the world, to the fame and merit of claſſical ſcholarſhip, acquired at their ſchool.

Every liberal ſcholar deſires to extend his views, and to be enabled to derive literary pleaſure from all that is capable of affording it. If he has formed no taſte for modern Latin poetry, he will be a ſtranger to many moſt pleaſing productions. But he cannot have a full reliſh for them, unleſs he has a knowledge of proſody, and of their various metres; and of theſe he can ſeldom have a perfect knowledge, ſuch a knowledge as will enable him to judge of their finer graces, without having compoſed Latin poetry as an exerciſe.

It is certain, that none of the modern Latinists have equalled Virgil and Horace, and that the claſſical ſtudent can no where find entertainment ſo unmixed as in their original writings. But the daintieſt fare that an Apicius ever invented, ceaſed to pleaſe when conſtantly repeated. Nor can he be ſaid to have an ex-cuſing, a long taſte, or a courſe appetite, who ſeeks [illegible] knowing of the Virgilius Vida, and [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

No. CXLII. ON THE INSENSIBILITY OF THE MEN TO THE CHARMS OF A FEMALE MIND CULTIVATED WITH POLITE AND SOLID LITERATURE. IN A LETTER.

SIR,

I AM the only daughter of a clergyman, who, on the death of my mother, which happened when I was about three years old, concentered his affections in me, and thought he could not display his love more effectually than in giving me a good education. His houſe was ſituated in a ſolitary village, and he had but little parochial duty, ſo that there was ſcarcely any thing to divert his attention from this object. He had ever been devoted to letters, and conſidered learning, next to virtue, as the nobleſt diſtinction of human nature.

As ſoon as I could read, I was initiated in Lilly's Grammar, and, before I was eight years old, could repeat every rule in it with the greateſt accuracy. I was taught indeed all kinds of needle work; but two hours in every day were invariably ſet apart for my improvement in Latin. I ſoon perfected myſelf in the elementary parts, and had read Phædrus and Cornelius Nepos with a cloſe attention to the grammatical conſtruction of every word and phraſe which they contained. From theſe I was advanced to Virgil and Horace. Under the direction of ſo good a claſſic as my father, I ſoon acquired a taſte for their beauties, and not only read them through with great delight, but committed their moſt beautiful paſſages to memory.

My father was ſo well pleaſed with my proficiency, and with the taſk of inſtructing the object of his tendereſt love, that he reſolved to carry my improvements higher, and to open to my view the ſpacious fields of Grecian literature. The Greek Grammar I maſtered with great eaſe, and I found a ſweetneſs in the language which amply repaid me for the little difficulties I ſometimes

ever, however accurately they might exhibit th
of originals, could expreſs the beauties of the lan
I was poſſeſſed of a power of inſpecting thoſe vo
in admiration of which the world has long agree
from which my ſex has been for the moſt part
ſonably excluded. It was a noble privilege, and
lue myſelf upon it; but I hope and believe I d
deſpiſe thoſe who had not partaken of it ſolely fo
of opportunities.

The French and Italian languages became eaſ
my acquaintance with the Latin, and my father w
opinion that they are indiſpenſably neceſſary to th
dern ſcholar. In French I read Rollin, Boileau, F
nelle, Voiture, Bouhours, Bruyere, Rouſſeau, Vo
and Marmontel; in Italian, Petrarch, Taſſo, A
Guicciardin, and the Cortegiano of Caſtiglione. All
gave me a degree of pleaſure, which I am ſure none
be without, who are capable of obtaining it.

After having laid a foundation in the langu
which I believe is ſeldom done with ſucceſs but
early age, my father allowed me to feaſt without
troul on the productions of my own country. The l
ing I had acquired enabled me to read them criti
and to underſtand all their alluſions. The beſt w
abound ſo much in quotations, that I cannot

anecdote I could collect. After reading a life, or the history of any particular event, I was always desired by my father to give my sentiments upon it in writing; an exercise which I found to be attended with great advantage.

I never penetrated deeply into the sciences, yet I could not rest satisfied without a superficial knowledge of astronomy, of the solar system, of experimental philosophy, and of geography mathematical, physical, and political. This little was necessary for rational conversation, and I had neither time nor taste for scientific refinements. Poetry was my delight, and I sometimes wrote it, as the partiality of my poor father led him to assert, in a pleasing manner.

I do not make it a merit of my own, because it was entirely owing to my father's direction, that with all my attention to books, I did not neglect the ornamental accomplishments. My father excelled in music, and he taught me to play on the harpsichord. He engaged a good master to instruct me in dancing, and he always cautioned me against that neglect of dress and of accurate cleanliness, which, he said, had sometimes involved literary ladies in deserved disgrace. He likewise inculcated the necessity of avoiding a pedantic manner of conversation, and strictly charged me never to be overbearing, or to shew in the company of others the least appearance of conscious superiority. I believe I may venture to say, that I complied with his directions, and that I talked with perfect ease among the superficial, and neither expressed nor felt contempt, except where vanity and affectation were combined with ignorance.

Yet, notwithstanding my improvements and my earnest endeavours to prevent them from becoming invidious, I and myself received in the world with less cordiality than I had reason to expect. My own sex stand too much in awe of me to bear me any affection. When I come into their company, an universal silence would prevail, if it were not interrupted by myself. Though I cannot say that I am treated rudely, yet I can easily perceive that the civilities I receive are constrained; and I have every reason to believe, that no small pains

wandered beyond the limits either of a kitchen or
ssing room. Neither is there sufficient reason to
lude, that the whole intellectual acquisitions enable
o entertain her husband, and to form the minds of
hildren, must be incapable or unwilling to super-
nd the table, and give a personal attention to do-
ic oeconomy.

hat learning belongs not to the female character,
that the female mind is not capable of a degree
nprovement equal to that of the other sex, are nar-
nd unphilosophical prejudices. The present times
it most honourable instances of female learning and
is. The superior advantages of boys education are,
aps, the sole reason of their subsequent superiority.
ning is equally attainable, and, I think, equally va-
e, for the satisfaction arising from it, to a woman
man. For my own part, I would not lose the little
less, to avoid all those disagreeable consequences
hich I have just now complained.

CXLIII. ON PARENTAL INDULGENCE.

THE love of progeny seems to operate as strongly
in the brute creation as in the human species,
g the helpless age of immaturity. The guidance
lin't, indeed, as it is more decisively determinate,
to bring up an offspring with less deviation from
urposes of nature, than the superior faculty of
n. The greater acuteness of reason leads to he-
on, and involves in error, while it is distracted by
riety of objects it assembles for its choice. The
ever mimics its young by repletion. The young,
l, of few animals, when left to the care of the
t, without the interference of man, is found to
. But it is well known how large a proportion
ildren die under the age of two years, in our me-
is. The cause is in general the neglect of nature
aids of art, proceeding from a degree of fondness
stimulates the parent to take all the care upon

herſelf, and to leave little to the inviſible proceſs of natural energies.

If the child ſurvive by the vigour of its conſtitution to a puerile age, even then the fondneſs of the parent, moſt amiable in its origin, but moſt injurious to the object it moſt wiſhes to benefit, is found to deſtroy the very purpoſes of living, by endeavouring to render life pleaſurable to exceſs, and without viciſſitude. If his abſence can be ſo far borne as to permit him to enter at a ſchool, an earneſt deſire is expreſſed that he may be indulged in all thoſe luxuries of the table which pollute the pure ſtream of the infant blood, and, by overloading the organs of intellect, preclude the poſſibility of ſolid improvement. He, whoſe attention ſhould be engroſſed by his book, and who ſhould learn to look on every pleaſure of the ſenſes as a ſubordinate pleaſure, is taught, by the overweening attachment of a parent, to have little other care than to pamper the groſſeſt among the animal appetites.

Regularity of diet, and modeſt decency in all the circumſtances of ſcholaſtic life, are often repreſented as the reſult of a too penurious œconomy; and the young pupil no ſooner returns, in the days of vacation, to his paternal roof, than he is crammed with delicacies, to compenſate the penance he has undergone at the place of his education.

We can derive but little improvement from the teacher we contemn. Yet how can the boy avoid contempt for the maſter, whom he is taught to conſider as totally regardleſs of any thing but his own ſordid intereſt, and capable of depriving the child committed to his care of his proper ſuſtenance? But they who are ſenſible in other reſpects, are rendered, by their fondneſs, weak enough to believe any calumny which a froward child utters for the ſake of changing his place of education, or of remaining at home.

The propenſity to indulgence is ſo ſtrong, that at the matureſt age, and with the moſt improved reaſon, it is difficult to reſtrain it within the limits of moderation. To encourage, inſtead of checking this natural tendency, is, in effect, to nurſe thoſe vices of the future youth, and to cauſe thoſe exceſſes of early manhood,

, which in the end hidden the grey hairs of
nconsiderate parent with sorrow to the grave. How
d be profligate in the extreme, if they were not
ught all the virtue they learn under their tutors,
re example and inadvertence of their own family.
n immorality is obliquely recommended by a loo
practice, the infection is irrefistible. A tutor's
nitions are soon supposed to proceed merely from
al care, when they contradict the conduct of hun
n a child naturally loves above all others.
he general custom of allowing a considerable
ly stipend, and of giving premature presents to
choolboy, often frustrates the intention of educa

It is not likely that he should give the thoughts
terary improvement, who is obliged to study how
all spend the bounty of his aunts and cousins; and
e pocket always enables him to find recreation
out seeking it in books. It would be happy if
gs could be so contrived, that, for want of employ
t, he should be driven to those volumes where en
ment of the sweetest kind may be always found,
ided with the most valuable advantages. A pro
n of money at a childish age is not uncommonly
cause of subsequent extravagance, and tends to
duce one of the most pernicious and least curable
, a propensity to gaming. But reasoning can avail
against the partiality of some fond relation, who
ot suffer present pleasure to be neglected by her
urite, for the sake of an advantage which is distant
uncertain.

is usually supposed that maternal affection is
ger than paternal. There is no doubt but that
ften interposes in adjusting the plan of education.
ind solicitude is too amiable to be censured with
rity. Yet we must assert, that it is not possible
a mother, though sensible and accomplished,
ld be so well qualified to direct the care of a boy's
ation in all its parts, as a father of equal abilities.
the important departments in civil life are filled
men. The pulpit, the bar, the senate house, are
opriated to men. Men, from the facility with
ch they travel, and their superior hardiness, see

ture of the world than women, who, with the same opportunities, might indeed make the finest observations; but who, in the present state of things, are judges of the most trifling matters, manners, and accomplishments, with a recommendation to notice in all the [illegible] I tend to favour [illegible]. Hence [illegible] the [illegible] of the highest value to a [illegible] of the grace of what is [illegible] and to endeavour at the most liberal attainments, with the utility and beauty of which the [illegible] keeps them unacquainted. Mistaken [illegible] mother's womb, and the necessity of learning Latin, as a dead language, in which [illegible] private, while the living languages of Europe and its [illegible] are universally attainable, and infinitely more to the [illegible]. Such a judgment is not to be wondered at; nor does it proceed from natural weakness, but from an unavoidable unacquaintance with the charms of the classics, and the utility of Latin in the practice of every liberal art, in the conversation of the enlightened, and in the [illegible] of the most admired modern books, which [illegible] Latin quotations [illegible] with which [illegible] reading the language from which they are derived.

[illegible] that the extreme tenderness of maternal affection was not [illegible] to be exceeded by [illegible] nothing [illegible] can [illegible] So [illegible] with [illegible] The [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

silent part in the theatre of the world. Although the infliction of salutary discipline may give pain even to those who know it to be salutary, yet they must not, for the sake of sparing their own feelings, act in contradiction to their judgment, and do an irreparable injury to those whom they most tenderly love. Excessive lenity and indulgence are ultimately excessive rigour.

With the excellent effects of Spartan discipline, every one is acquainted. Of the lamentable consequences of modern relaxation, daily experience furnishes examples. The puerile age is patient and tractable. Reformation must begin there. Temperance, diligence, modesty, and humility, cannot be too early inculcated. These will lead through the temple of virtue to the temple of honour and happiness. In this progress, strict discipline will sometimes be necessary; but let not the pretence of proper correction give an opportunity for the gratification of vindictive cruelty. Inhumanity, even in a Busby, admits not of palliation.

No. CXLIV. ON THE POEMS ATTRIBUTED TO ROWLEY.

THERE are many truths which we firmly believe, though we are unable to refute every argument which the extreme subtilty of refined learning may advance to invalidate them. When I read the researches of those learned antiquaries who have endeavoured to prove, that the poems attributed to Rowley were really written by him, I observe many ingenious remarks in confirmation of their opinion, which it would be tedious, if not difficult, to controvert. But I no sooner turn to the poems, than the labour of the antiquaries appears only a waste of time and ingenuity, and I am involuntarily forced to join in placing that laurel, which he seems so well to have deserved, on the brow of Chatterton.

The poems bear so many marks of superior genius, that they have deservedly excited the general attention of

polite ſcholars, and are conſidered as the moſt remarkable productions in modern poetry. We have many inſtances of poetical eminence at an early age; but neither Cowley, Milton, nor Pope, ever produced any thing, while they were boys, which can juſtly be compared to the poems of Chatterton. The learned antiquaries do not indeed diſpute their excellence. They extol it in the higheſt terms of applauſe. They raiſe their favourite Rowley to a rivalry with Homer; but they make the very merit of the works an argument againſt the real author. Is it poſſible, ſay they, that a boy could produce compoſitions ſo beautiful and ſo maſterly? That a common boy ſhould produce them is not poſſible; but that they ſhould be produced by a boy of an extraordinary genius, ſuch a genius as is that of Homer and Shakeſpeare; ſuch a genius as appears not above once in many centuries; though a prodigy, is ſuch an one as by no means exceeds the bounds of rational credibility.

That Chatterton was ſuch a genius, his manners and his life in ſome degree evince. He had all the tremulous ſenſibility of genius, all its eccentricities, all its pride, and all its ſpirit. Even his death, unfortunate and wicked as it was, diſplayed a magnitude of ſoul, which urged him to ſpurn a world, where even his exalted genius could not vindicate him from contempt, indigence, and contumely.

Againſt the opinion of his ſuperiority of genius, the miſcellanies which he publiſhed in a periodical pamphlet are triumphantly produced. But what proof is there, that all which are attributed to him were really his own? They are collected after his death; collected, I ſuppoſe, by conjecture, and publiſhed in a ſeparate volume, with all the typographical errata of the haſty pamphlets from which they are reprinted. But in many of the pieces which were confeſſedly written by him there are marks of genius, not indeed equal to thoſe of the counterfeit Rowley, but ſuch as prove, that the boy who wrote them could write better. In compoſing the ancient poems all his attention had been exerted. It was the firſt, and ſeems to have been the greateſt, object of his life, to raiſe himſelf to future eminence by the

influ-

inſtrumentality of a fictitious poet of a former age. Nights, if not days, were devoted to the work; for we have it on record, that he uſed to ſit awake in his chamber during the ſilence of midnight. But the little compoſitions which he wrote for the magazines, were either written in a careleſs mood, when he relaxed his mind from his grand work, or in a moment of diſtreſs, when an extemporary eſſay or copy of verſes was neceſſary to procure him a halfpenny roll and a draught of ſmall beer. When he found that the editors were more deſirous of quantity than quality, and amidſt the numerous volunteers in their ſervice, ſeemed backward to engage with one who wanted a ſtipend, he foreſaw that even the little which nature wanted would not be ſupplied.—He ſaw, and reſigned his indignant ſpirit.

"Unfortunate boy! ſhort and evil were thy days, but thy fame ſhall be immortal. Hadſt thou been known to the munificent patrons of genius But wait thou not known to one? If fame report thy treatment truly, it was not kind of thee, Horatio; it was not like thyſelf, for thou art gentle in thy nature. Wait thou not conſidered as the oracle of taſte, the inveſtigator of all that is curious in arts and literature? It was then, at laſt, thy only pride and pleaſure to bring to light a catalogue of *recondite* authors.—What hadſt thou to do with reptiles? with a poor, friendleſs, and obſcure charity boy? Beſides, exclaims Horatio, it was a forgery—a horrid, a vile forgery—Impoſtors are not to be encouraged But let us aſk thee, Didſt not thou put a falſe name to thy own romance,—to thy own poor production, for ſuch it is when compared with the ſublime excellence of Chatterton? If, indeed, thy neglect of the poor boy aroſe from miſtake or inadvertency, and I think it might, the generous Public freely forgives thee; but if from pride and inſolence, the preſent and all future times will probably reſent an omiſſion, which haſtened one of the greateſt geniuſes which England ever knew, at the age of a boy, to that bourne from which no traveller returns.

Unfortunate boy! poorly wait thou accommodated during thy ſhort ſojourning among us; rudely wait thou treated,—ſorely did thy feeling ſoul ſuffer from the ſcorn of the unworthy; and there are, at laſt, thoſe

who wish to rob thee of thy only meed, thy posthumous glory. Severe too are the censurers of thy morals. In the gloomy moments of despondency, I fear thou hast uttered impious and blasphemous thoughts, which none can defend, and which neither thy youth, nor thy fiery spirit, nor thy situation, can extenuate. But let every right reasoner reflect, that thou wast literally and truly but a boy. Let many of thy bitterest enemies reflect what were their own religious principles, and manners they had any, at the age of fourteen, fifteen, and sixteen. Surely it is a severe and an unjust formula, that would probably have ended thy life as a victim of the laws, if thou hadst not baffled it as thou didst; from the very act by which thou dost put an end to thy painful existence, proves, that thou thoughtest it better to live, than to support life by theft or violence.

The speculative errors of a boy may arise from the sudden suggestions of pride or despondency, and is not convicted of any immoral conduct as the consequence of his speculations, ought to be consigned to oblivion. But there seems to be a general [illegible] and contempt alike to the boy, [illegible] and, [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

my praise. Thyself thou hast emblazoned; thine own monument thou hast erected. But they whom thou hast delighted, feel a pleasure in vindicating thine honours from the rude attacks of detraction. Thy sentiments, thy verse, thy rhythm are all modern, are all thine. By the help of glossaries and dictionaries, and the perusal of many old English writers, thou hast been able to translate the language of the present time into that of former centuries. Thou hast built an artificial ruin. The stones are mostly old, the whole fabric appears really antique to the distant and the careless spectator; even the connoisseur, who pores with spectacles on the single stones, and inspects the mostly concretions with an antiquarian eye, boldly authenticates its antiquity; but they who examine without prejudice, and by the criterion of common taste, clearly discover the cement and the workmanship of a modern mason.

But though I cannot entertain a doubt but that the poems were written by Chatterton, yet I mean not to dictate to others, nor will I engage in controversy. I have expressed my feelings as those of a reader, who, though he respects the study of antiquities, dislikes the blind prejudices of the mere antiquary. I leave the weapons of controversy to be wielded by those powerful champions in the cause of Chatterton, a Tyrwhit and a Warton. I give a single vote for Chatterton; but I can make no interest in his favour.

No. CXLV. ON THE MORAL TENDENCY OF THE WRITINGS OF STERNE.

IT is the privilege of genius, like the sun, to gild every object on which it casts its lustre. If the influence of its light and heat be directed on deformity itself, something of an agreeable tinge is communicated; and that which naturally excites horror and aversion, begins at last to please. Genius, like the fabulous power of a Midas, seems to convert all its touches into gold, and with the wonderful property of the philosopher's stone, to transform the beholder to the power

metal. Hence it has happened, that doctrines which common ſenſe and common prudence have repudiated, are no ſooner recommended by writers of genius, than they are received without debate, and admired as the ultimate diſcoveries of improved philoſophy. Let the ſame opinions be advanced by a dull writer, and even the vain and the vicious, whom they tend to encourage, will refute and diſavow them from principles of pride and of ſhame.

That Sterne poſſeſſed a fine particle of real genius, if our reaſon were diſpoſed to deny it, our ſenſations on peruſing him will fully evince. It is, I think, an infallible proof of real genius, when a writer poſſeſſes the power of ſhaking the nerves, or of affecting the mind in the moſt lively manner in a few words, and with the moſt perfect ſimplicity of language. Such a power conſpicuouſly marks both a Shakeſpeare and a Sterne; though Sterne is far below Shakeſpeare in the ſcale of genius.

I am ready to allow to Sterne another and a moſt exalted merit beſides, and above the praiſe of genius. There never was a heathen philoſopher of any age or nation, who has recommended, in ſo affecting a manner, the benignant doctrines of a general philanthropy. He has corrected the acrimony of the heart, ſmoothed the aſperities of natural temper, and taught the milk of human kindneſs to flow all-cheerily (it is his own expreſſion) in gentle and uninterrupted channels.

To have effected ſo amiable a purpoſe is a great praiſe, a diſtinguiſhed honour. I lament that the praiſe is leſſened and the honour ſullied by many faults and many follies, which render the writings of Sterne juſtly and greatly reprehenſible.

If we conſider them as compoſitions, and are guided in our judgment by the dictates of ſound criticiſm, and by thoſe ſtandards of excellence, the rectitude of which has been decided by the teſtimony of the politeſt ages, it will be neceſſary to pronounce on them a ſevere ſentence. The great critic of antiquity required, as the neceſſary conſtituents of a legitimate compoſition, a beginning, a middle, and an end. I believe it will be difficult to find them in the chaotic confuſion of Triſtram Shandy. But, diſregarding the tribunal of Ariſtotle,

to

to which the modern pretenders to genius do not conſider themſelves as amenable, it will ſtill be true, even by the deciſions of reaſon and common ſenſe, that his writings abound with faults.

Obſcurity has always been deemed one of the greateſt errors of which a writer can be guilty; and there have been few readers, except thoſe who thought that the acknowledgment would derogate from their reputation for wiſdom, who have not complained that Triſtram Shandy is in many places diſguſtfully obſcure.

The admirers of Sterne extol his wit. But I believe it will be found that his wit is of the loweſt kind, and the eaſieſt of invention; for is it not for the moſt part alluſive obſcenity? a ſpecies of wit to be found in its fulleſt perfection in the vulgareſt and vileſt haunts of vice? It is, indeed, eaſy to attract the notice and the admiration of the youthful and the wanton, by exhibiting looſe images under a tranſparent veil. It is true indeed there is uſually a veil, and the decent are therefore tempted to read; but the veil, like the affected modeſty of a courtezan, ſerves only as an artifice to facilitate corruption.

The praiſe of humour has been laviſhed on him with peculiar bounty. If quaintneſs is humour, the praiſe is all his own, and let Cervantes and Fielding bow their heads to Sterne. They who admire Uncle Toby, Doctor Slop, and Corporal Trim, as natural characters, or as exhibiting true humour in their manners and converſations, are little acquainted with nature, and have no juſt taſte for genuine humour. It is evident enough that the author meant to be humorous and witty, and many of his readers, in the abundance of their good-nature, have taken the will for the deed.

But till obſcurity, till obſcenity, till quaintneſs, till impudence, till oddity, and mere wantonneſs, wildneſs, and extravagance, are perfections in writing, Triſtram Shandy cannot juſtly claim the rank to which it has been raiſed by folly and faſhion, by caprice, libertiniſm, and ignorance. I know that this cenſure will be conſidered as blaſphemy by the idolaters of Sterne; but I hope it will not ſour that milk of human kindneſs which they may have imbibed from his writings; and

to

were laughing at his audience, as if he had afcende pulpit in a frolic, and preached in mockery. H however written nothing but his ſermons, he cert would not have been cenſured as the deſtroyer o morals and the happineſs of private life.

There are, indeed, exquiſite touches of the pat interſperſed throughout all his works. His pat ſlories are greatly admired. The pathetic was the excellence of his writings; his admirers will be pleaſed if one were to add, that it is the only which admits of unalloyed applauſe. It is certainl which chiefly adorns the Sentimental Journey; a which, whatever are its merits, has had a perni influence on the virtue, and conſequently on the h neſs, of public and private ſociety.

That ſoftneſs, that affected and exceſſive ſympat firſt ſight, that ſentimental affection, which is bu *in diſguiſe*, and which is ſo ſtrongly inſpired by Sentimental Journey, and by Triſtram Shandy, have the ruin of thouſands of our countrymen and cou women, who fancied, that while they were breakin laws of God and man, they were actuated by the feelings of *ſentimental affection*. How much are div multiplied ſince Sterne appeared!

Sterne himſelf, with all his pretenſions, is fa

No. CXLVI. ON THE WEIGHT AND EFFICACY WHICH MORALITY MAY DERIVE FROM THE INFLUENCE AND EXAMPLE OF THOSE WHO ARE CALLED THE GREAT.

IT is true, indeed, that the world abounds with moral inſtruction, and that there is ſcarcely any good thing ſo eaſily obtained as good advice; but it is no leſs true, that moral inſtruction and good advice are found to poſſeſs a very ſmall degree of influence in the buſy walks of active life. In the church, we hear the ſcriptures read and ſermons preached; in the library, we ſtudy and admire the morality of the philoſophers; but how few, in the actual purſuits of ambition, of intereſt, of pleaſure, and even in the common occupations and intercourſe of ordinary life, ſuffer their conduct to be regulated by the precept of a Solomon, of a Socrates, or of him who was greater than either!

No ſentence is triter, than that all example is more powerful than precept; but when the example is ſet by the rich and the great, its influence on the herd of mankind becomes irreſiſtible. What can books effect? what avail the gentle admonitions of the retired moraliſt, againſt the examples of lords, dukes, and Eaſt India Nabobs? Can the ſtill ſmall voice of conſcience be heard by thoſe who live in the noiſe and tumult of pleaſurable purſuits? or can the mild doctrines of the humble Jeſus be attended to, amid the agitations of the gaming-table, and the debaucheries of a brothel? A vicious nobleman, or profligate man of faſhion, contributes more to extirpate morality, and diminiſh the little portion of happineſs which is allowed to mankind, than all the malignant writings of the ſceptics, from Mandeville and Bolingbroke, down to the feeble and cowardly, yet conceited writer, who inſinuates his corrupt and infidel opinions under the fair ſemblance of an elegant hiſtory. I cannot help obſerving, when I

think

think of this last and recent attempt, that it resembles that of the evil spirit, who, when he beguiled the mother of mankind, and ruined all her progeny, used the soft words of an affected eloquence. The serpent was however cursed; but the wily historian is invited to a court, rewarded with places of honour and advantage, and eagerly enrolled in the legislative body of a mighty and a christian nation.

It is certainly true, that when a government bestows peculiar honour on men who have written against the religion of the country, and who have impiously fought against the King of kings, it must lose the respect and attachment of all good men. The religion of a country is unquestionably worthy of more solicitude in its preservation than the political constitution, however excellent and admirable. Kings, with all their minions and prerogatives, lawgivers and laws, are trifles compared to that system of religion, on which depends the temporal and eternal welfare of every individual throughout the empire. What avails it, that under a successful administration the French are beaten, and the Americans scourged for the sin of rebellion, if the same administration ruins our best, our sweetest hopes; those which rely on the protection of a kind Providence, and those which cheer us in this vale of misery, by the bright gleams of a sun which shall rise to set no more?

But supposing the narrow-minded ministers of a government so involved in gaming, sensuality, and temporal concerns, as to view all religion as imposture, and all modes of faith as political contrivances; yet surely they act inconsistently with the dictates of their own mean and low species of wisdom, when they extirpate, by their example, that religion which they allow to be politically useful. What ideas can the multitude entertain of the truth or advantages of a religion, when they see those who openly deride, and profess to disbelieve it, possessing the greatest power of the state, appointing bishops, and archbishops, and signing, while they sit at the table with a strumpet, presentations to the cure of half the souls in the three kingdoms? Who, unless he is corrupted by these instances, but

must

muſt feel an honeſt indignation, if a man were raiſed to the chancellorſhip of England, in whoſe diſpoſal are ſo many eccleſiaſtical preferments, were a bully in his profeſſion, and in private life a whoremaſter? Who can wonder that the thouſand little imitators of him ſhould think it a mark of ſpirit, wiſdom, and abilities, to follow his ſteps in the paths of vice, and, if poſſible, to exceed his enormities? What muſt the common people think when profligate men are advanced to the head of a profeſſion? They cannot but believe, that thoſe who are reputed to be ſo much wiſer than themſelves, and who are evidently greater, in a worldly ſenſe of the epithet, muſt have choſen that ſyſtem of opinions, and that plan of conduct, which are moſt likely to be juſt and rational, ſafe and pleaſant. "If my Lord, or his Grace," ſays the mechanic, "of whoſe wiſdom liſtening ſenates "ſtand in awe, is a debauchee and an infidel, I muſt "conclude, that my pariſh preacher, an obſcure and "homely man, is a hypocrite, religion a farce, mora-"lity a uſeleſs reſtraint on the liberty of nature. Wel-"come, then, univerſal libertiniſm! and let us haſten "to the houſe of the harlot; let us drink the ſweet cup "of intoxication; let us ſcorn the creeping manners of "vulgar induſtry, and, like men of ſpirit, ſeek our for-"tune with a piſtol on the highway."

We will ſuppoſe the caſe of a great officer of ſtate, but of an abandoned character, reſiding at a great houſe in a populous ſtreet of the metropolis. His conſpicuous ſtation draws the eyes of all the neighbours on every part of his private as well as his public conduct. His neighbours, we will proceed to ſuppoſe, are honeſt men, bred, in what he calls the prejudices, but which they really believed the virtues, of their forefathers. They are faithful huſbands, they are conſtant churchmen. They are temperate and œconomical. They are induſtrious in their occupations, and juſt in the payment of their debts. But the great man produces in them a total metamorphoſis. He lives in a ſtate of faſhionable ſeparation from his wife, whom he treated cruelly and wickedly. He keeps a miſtreſs. His houſe is a conſtant ſcene of intemperate feſtivity. His Sundays are, in a peculiar manner, devoted to jollity, gaming, and de-

bauchery.

ple of the great neighbour.

Now I aſk, whether the reſtraints of a commo
cation or of commo principles, whether the max
books or the admonitions of preachers, can coun
lance the weight of ſuch an example, rendered bi
by riches and grandeur, and ſtill farther recomm
by the patronage of a king, and the authority of
Vice and miſery are communicated from him,
his neighbourhood, and then to the public at larg
infectious and fatal diſeaſes from the foul contagio
putrid careaſe.

But if a king, a court, a miniſtry, a parli
were to honour and reward thoſe only, or chiefly,
characters were unimpeached, and to brand
infamy, or at leaſt to neglect, the abandoned li
and the audacious blaſphemer, however celebra
eloquence and abilities, then would the emp
fixed on a baſis of adamant; then would factio
rebellion be no more; and the rulers of this
would deſerve to be honoured with a title to
they have uſually but little claim, that of the Rep
atives of the Benchcent and Almighty Lord
Creation.

No. CXLVII. ON THE PROFLIGACY AND CONSEQUENT MISERY OF THE LOWER CLASSES, AND ON THE MEANS OF PREVENTION.

A Contemplative and benevolent man can scarcely look down for a moment on the lower walks of life without feeling his compaſſion powerfully excited. On whatever ſide he turns, he beholds human nature ſadly degraded, and ſinking into the moſt deplorable wretchedneſs, in proportion as it recedes from its natural and its attainable perfection. Ye philoſophers, who exert your ingenuity to explode, as unneceſſary, the little virtue and religion that remain among us, leave your cloſets awhile, and ſurvey mankind as they are found in the purlieus of a great metropolis, in the haunts of old Drury, of St. Giles's, of Duke's Place, of Hockley in the Hole, of the brothel, of the priſon-houſe, and then ſay whether your hearts do not ſmite you on the recollection, that you have exerciſed thoſe talents which God Almighty gave you for benignant purpoſes, in breaking down the fences of morality! Let him who coolly controverts the diſtinction between moral good and evil, and who, inſtigated by vice and vanity, boldly fights againſt the religion of Jeſus, and the comfortable doctrines of grace and redemption, repair to the cells of the convict, to the condemned hole, and ſpend the midnight hour with the murderer who is doomed to fall a victim on the morrow to the juſtice of his country. Ah! little think the conceited ſophiſts who ſit calmly at their deſks, and teach men to laugh at all that is ſerious and ſacred, to what an abyſs of miſery the actual practice of their ſpeculative opinions will reduce the poor loſt child of fallen Adam! If they thought on this, and poſſeſſed hearts capable of feeling, they would ſhudder at the tendency of their writings, and henceforth employ their abilities in reſtoring human nature to happineſs and dignity.

The

can only be exceeded in the regions of infernal t
And can the rulers of this world poſſeſs a ple
of power without attempting to exert it to it's
force in the prevention, or at leaſt the mitigat
extreme misery among the loweſt, the moſt des
and perhaps the moſt uſeful members of the c
nity? I have no eſteem for that ſpecies of
which pretends to purſue a national good indepen
of the happineſs of individuals; and I cannot
thinking, a ſyſtem of government which deriv
part of its wealth from the wretchedneſs of the
part of its ſubjects, not only defective but diab
To encourage intoxication for the ſake of rev
a revenue, though it may be natural in a confe
of ſharpers, is an idea to mean, to baſe, to cruc
the ſtateſman who entertains it, however loade
tival honours, and renowned for his wiſdom, deſe
be ſtigmatized with immortal infamy. That th
and miſeries of the lower claſſes chiefly ariſe
the multiplication of houſes of public entertai
is a truth which none have ever controverted,
perhaps no effectual and permanent remedy c
applied, without the interpoſition of the legiſlat
leſſening the number of public houſes, and in c
a ſtrict ſcrutiny into the characters of thoſe to wh

egiſlature, we muſt ſeek, in other reſources, for
viation of a diſeaſe which perhaps the legiſlature
an radically cure.

It is certain, that much of the profligacy of
belan order ariſes from extreme ignorance. All
urſue with ardour the poſſeſſion of ſome good,
imaginary. What is it which muſt conſtitute
d, and appear ſuperior to all other objects, in
d of a wretch born in a cellar or a garret of
reet, or Broad St. Giles's, almoſt ſtarved with
d hunger during his infancy, beaten, reviled,
neglected while a boy, and conducted to manhood
the moſt ſhocking examples of cruelty and fraud,
akenneſs and debauchery? Is it probable that,
moſt part, he ſhould have an idea of any other
ut the poſſeſſion of money, and the indulgence
groſſeſt ſenſuality? Can he have any principles
its of virtue to reſtrain him from ſecret fraud
en violence? His underſtanding is no leſs rude
cultivated than that of the ſavage, and becomes
ncapable of admitting any inſtruction but in the
cks of a thief, and the artifices of a proſtitute.
orld exiſts not to him, but as it appears amidſt the
the moſt degenerate, and the moſt ignorant of
man race. He purſues a *ſummum bonum*, or a chief
which appears to him to conſiſt in ſeizing the
ty of the incautious, and in uſing his gains as
ſtrument of indulgence in brutal exceſs. Poor
nate brother! for a brother we muſt acknowledge
deformed as thou art with rags, and loathſome
eye of delicacy. Hapleſs boy! if thou hadſt
purer pleaſures and better objects, thou wouldſt
ly have ſought them with the ſame eagerneſs
has brought thee to the gibbet. The dignified
an, the venerable biſhop, the authoritative
who tries and who condemns thee to die, might
ly have done as thou haſt, and ſuffered as thou
l, had he been born as thou waſt born, the
of miſery, the out-caſt of ſociety; friendleſs,
ſs, unbeloved, unregarded, unknown, and un-
ng of the means and motives of an honeſt in

Thou falleſt a victim to the laws indeed, and
perhaps

perhaps a just victim; but I will pity thee, m
shall bleed for thee, and venture still to predict, t
sweet mercy of Heaven will mitigate the severity
man justice.

He who can enjoy the pleasures of affluence v
considering the misery of the lower classes, and
vouring, according to his influence and ability
alleviate the burthen, probably possesses a disp
which no riches can render happy. Charity i
racteristic of this country, and is, indeed, the n
effect of British generosity. Our clergy are con
recommending it in the metropolis; and the
palaces of the poor which lift up their roofs aro
are eminent and honourable testimonies, that
preaching is not in vain when they recommend n
cence. There are, however, few charitable est
ments that so immediately tend to snatch the lowest
from wretchedness and ruin as that of the M
Society; and if my praise could contribute to
it, the fame of its institutors should be imm
But their own benevolent hearts, and that Ge
whose gracious purposes they co-operate, are al
bestow on them a reward infinitely superior to al
man glory.

They who inform the understanding of the
in such a manner and degree as to amend their
contribute more to their happiness than the mo
nificent among their pecuniary benefactors. In
and commercial nation honest industry will
be destitute of employment and reward. [illegible]
I cannot help remarking the singular utility and
ance of the clergy. The church doors are open to
and valuable instruction in every duty of human
is afforded gratuitously. Our Saviour, who knew
felt for the wretchedness of the lower classes, [illegible]
have designed the gospel, in a peculiar manner, [illegible]
poor, and the poor of this country have the
preached to them, if they are willing to listen to
every part of the kingdom. But it is a melan
truth, that the poor in general, but especially thos
the metropolis, neglect to avail themselves of
singular and unspeakable advantages. Those an

them who give any attention to religion, are often led to a state approaching to lunacy, by illiterate and fanatical pretenders to heavenly illumination.

I venture to affirm then, that more weight and authority should be given to the regular clergy, who dissent or on the establishment. I mean not to erect a spiritual tyranny, for I abhor all tyranny; but I wish that some mode should be devised for rendering the regular clergy more respectable than they now are in the eyes of the vulgar; and I should imagine the most effectual method of accomplishing this purpose is, to reward those who are eminently distinguished for piety and for their parochial labours, with those preferments, and with those honours, which, in the eye of reason and of God, are justly their due. In the present state of things, the worthy curate, who spends all his days in preaching, praying, and in visiting the sick, shall earn less, and be less respected than a smith and a carpenter; and at his death leave his widow and his children to the cold protection of charity. But a young rake, who happens to be cousin to a lord or a bishop, or to be connected with those who have influence at an election, shall get himself *blacked over or japanned*, as he vulgarly phrases it, at an ordination, and the necforward be preferred to pluralities, and shine, as a sensible author observes, in all public places but his own pulpits.

But, after all that the clergy can do, even when abuses are removed, it is to be feared that the lower classes will be led by the examples of the higher. But oh! ye who call yourselves the great, condescend once in your lives to visit a goal, and to survey the mansions of woe and wickedness in the outskirts of the town! I apply not to your parties; you are liberal in subscribing to all kinds of charitable institutions. Ye do well. But give me leave to tell you, that the setting of a good example to the lower classes, considered merely as an act of charity, will do more good, and prevent more misery, than if ye cut down your last oak, or give all yew in at the gaming table, to found an hospital or establish a dispensary.

No. CXLVIII.

No. CXLVIII. ON SOME PASSAGES IN TOTLE'S RHETORIC, WITH MISCELLA REMARKS ON HIS STYLE, GENIUS, WORKS.

ARISTOTLE eſtabliſhed an intellectual more glorious and univerſal than the conq his pupil. But he is a remarkable inſtance of price of human judgment and the revolutions o After having been idolized with a veneration blaſphemous, he is now moſt undeſervedly neg And yet his works, though unentertaining and to the reader who peruſes them with the ſame at which he gives to a novel and a newſpaper, with matter which cannot fail to enrich the min to delight a philoſophical taſte by its beautiful tru accuracy. In his three books on the rhetorical a many paſſages, which deſcribe human nature in t curious manner, and with the greateſt fidelity o neation. He characterizes the manners of differe no leſs ſcientifically, than a Hunter would deſcr anatomical ſubject, or a Linnæus a plant. Th pictures of the manners of young and old men in cond book, are ſuch as Horace has imitated, b equalled; ſuch as might have richly fertilized th gination of a Shakeſpeare. The celebrated ſpe Jaques, is not equal to the accurate and compl ſcriptions of the manners of different ages in the man by the neglected Ariſtotle.

The cloſe, yet comprehenſive language of Ar will ſcarcely admit of a literal tranſlation. I th then attempt to deliver his ſentiments in Engliſh I ſhould not ſatisfy myſelf; but I will refer the ſtudent to the admirable original, where, in the tenth, and a few ſubſequent chapters of the book, he will be able to acquire a very accurate ledge of human nature.

I have ſelected theſe paſſages as a ſpecimen of Ariſtotle, ith an intention to obviate the prepoſſeſſions of thoſe ho imagine, that every part of his works is abſtruſe and fficult of comprehenſion. A good tranſlation would e the beſt commentary that could be given of them: it he who was the beſt qualified to perform it in perſtion is now no more. It is, indeed, much to be lamented, that the great philoſopher of Saliſbury did not ndeſcend to enrich his country with a tranſlation of e beſt among the works of his admired Stagirite. Mr. arris's ſtyle is, indeed, for the moſt part, the ſtyle of lato; but we may conclude from the many paſſages om Ariſtotle, which he has moſt accurately tranſlated his notes, that he would have rendered whole treatiſes Engliſh to the greateſt advantage. He has, however, uſed the want of a tranſlation of Ariſtotle to be leſs lt, by ſupplying ſuch originals himſelf as certainly vie ith his Grecian maſter.

I cannot help remarking, that though this is an age in hich many ingenious authors delight in metaphyſical ſearches, yet few attend to the writings of Ariſtotle. ideed, many of the French philoſophers, who have done l they can to obſcure the light of nature, common nſe, and revelation, by the clouds of metaphyſics, have ot been ſufficiently acquainted with Greek, or with anent learning, to be able to improve themſelves by the ne philoſophy of the poliſhed ages of Greece and Rome. ike ſpiders in a dark and dirty corner, they have drawn imſy cobwebs from themſelves, with which they cruelly n'eavour to entnare the giddy and unwary.

It is indeed my misfortune, if it be a misfortune, to ave no great idea of the utility of metaphyſical diſquiition. And though Ariſtotle's logic and metaphyſics rincipally contributed, in the middle ages, to render im the idol of the world, I cannot help conſidering hem as the leaſt uſeful parts of his various lucubrations. They are, indeed, valuable curioſities, and illuſtrious monuments of human ingenuity; but at the ſame time, when compared to his rhetorical, ethical, and political ooks, they are as the huſk and the ſhell to the pulp and he kernel. It was theſe, however, together with his erroneous phyſics, which induced the bigoted theologiſts to

If exclamation which he is related to ha
at his death be true, he appears to have possi
rational ideas on the subject of religion.

A christian might have said, as it is reported
just before his dissolution, "In sin and shame wa
"in sorrow have I lived, in trouble I depart;
"Cause of causes, have mercy upon me!"—I f
anecdote of Aristotle in the Centuries of Ca
but I am not certain of its authenticity.

The style of Aristotle has been censured as l
inelegant; but it must be remembered, that fe
of which so much remains, are supposed to have
more from the carelessness or presumption of tra
and the injuries of long duration, than the wor
great legislator of taste and philosophy. We m
attribute any chasms and roughnesses in the style
rude hand, or to accident. Strabo, indeed, rel
the works of Aristotle were greatly injured by d
they were buried in the earth a long time after t
of their writer. When they were brought to R
transcribed, they were again injured by the ha
norance. It is not credible that so accurate
should have neglected those graces of style w
nature of his subjects admitted. The style of
works is truly pure and Attic; and Quintilian
judgment ought to decide, expresses a doubt w

CXLIX. ON THE BEAUTY AND HAPPINESS OF AN OPEN BEHAVIOUR AND AN INGENUOUS DISPOSITION.

Great part of mankind, if they cannot furnish themselves with the courage and generosity of the , think themselves equally happy, and much wiser, the pitiful cunning of the fox. Every word they k, however trivial the subject, is weighed before it is red. A disgustful silence is observed till somebody uthority has advanced an opinion, and then, with a l leer, a doubtful and hesitating assent is given, such may not preclude the opportunity of a subsequent re- tion. If the conversation turn only on the common es, of the weather, the news, the play, the opera, are no less reserved in uttering their opinion, than heir lives and fortunes depended on the sentiment should at last venture, with oracular dignity, to ad ce. Whatever may be their real idea on the subject, truth is a trifle compared to the object of pleasing se with whom they converse, they generally contrive tly to agree with you; unless it should appear to m, on mature consideration, that their opinion (if tingencies to the number of at least ten thousand uld take place) may, at the distance of half a cen y, involve them in some small danger of giving a le offence, or of incurring a trifling embarrassment. ey wear a constant smile on their countenance, and all goodness and benevolence, if you will believe ir professions but beware; for their hearts are as k as the abysses which constitute the abodes of the il spirit. A man of this character *eager est*, as Horace ys, and thou, who justly claimest the title of an ho st Englishman, be upon thy guard when thine ill for ne introduces thee into his company.

These crafty animals are even more reserved, cautious, nid, and serpentine, in action than in conversation

and viciſſitudes of human affairs, it may one day
their intereſt. Alas! before that day arrives,
petual uneaſineſs has uſually put a period to th
tion, by terminating their exiſtence. But ev
gain their ends after a youth and a manhood
in conſtant care and ſervitude, yet the pleaſ
adequate to the pain, nor the advantage to th
Every one is ready to complain of the ſhortnes
to ſpend, therefore, the greateſt part of it in
fear, caution, ſuſpence, and ſolicitude, merely
pliſh an object of worldly ambition or avarice
it but the proverbial folly of him who loſes a
ſave a penny? Give me, O ye powers! an i
man would exclaim, give me health and liberty
competence, and I will compaſſionate the man
and ſervile ſoul, who has at laſt crept on h
knees, through thick and thin, into a ſtall, a
his limbs, after they have been palſied with car
bench of judges or of biſhops.

Indeed, the perpetual agitation of ſpirits, the
ing fears, and the ardent hopes, which alterna
order the boſom of the ſubtle and ſuſpicious w
are more than a counterbalance to all the riches
lar honours which ſucceſsful cunning can obtain
avail croziers, coronets, fortunes, manſion houſ

pleaſure in his conduct, which may ſoothe him under every circumſtance of diſagreeable toil or painful ſubmiſſion. But it is obvious to obſerve, that the moſt artful of men, and the greateſt ſlaves to intereſt and ambition, are frequently unmarried men; and that they were unmarried, becauſe their caution and timidity would never permit them to take a ſtep which could never be revoked. Themſelves, however unamiable, have been the only objects of their love; and the reſt of mankind have been made uſe of merely as the inſtruments of their mean purpoſes and ſelfiſh gratifications. But the reſt of mankind need not envy them, for they inflict on themſelves the puniſhments they deſerve. They are always craving and never ſatisfied; they ſuffer a torment which is juſtly repreſented as infernal; that of being perpetually reaching after bleſſings which they can never graſp, of being prohibited to taſte the fruit whoſe colour appears ſo charming to the eye, and whoſe flavour ſo delicious to the imagination.

How lovely and how happy, on the other hand, an open and ingenuous behaviour. An honeſt, unſuſpicious heart diffuſes a ſerenity over life like that of a fine day, when no cloud conceals the blue æther, nor a blaſt ruffles the ſtillneſs of the air;—but a crafty and deſigning boſom is all tumult and darkneſs, and may be ſaid to reſemble a miſty and diſordered atmoſphere in the comfortleſs climate of the poor Highlander. The one raiſes a man almoſt to the rank of an angel of light; the other ſinks him to a level with the powers of darkneſs. The one conſtitutes a terreſtrial heaven in the breaſt; the other deforms and debaſes it till it becomes another hell.

An open and ingenuous diſpoſition is not only beautiful and moſt conducive to private happineſs, but productive of many virtues eſſential to the welfare of ſociety. What is ſociety without confidence?—But if the ſelfiſh and mean ſyſtem, which is eſtabliſhed and recommended among many whoſe advice and example have weight, ſhould univerſally prevail, in whom, and in what ſhall we be able to confide? It is already ſhocking to a liberal mind to obſerve, what a multitude of papers, parchments, oaths, and ſolemn engagements are required, even in a

trivial negociation. On the contrary, how comfortable and how honourable to human nature, if promiſes were bonds, and aſſertions affidavits. What pleaſure, and what improvement would be derived from converſation, if every one would dare to ſpeak his real ſentiments, with modeſty and decorum indeed, but without any unmanly fear of offending, or ſervile deſire to pleaſe for the ſake of intereſt. To pleaſe by honeſt means, and from the pure motives of friendſhip and philanthropy, is a duty; but they who ſtudy the art of pleaſing merely for their own ſakes, are, of all characters, thoſe which ought leaſt to pleaſe, and which appear, when the maſque is removed, the moſt diſguſtful. Truth, and ſimplicity of manners, are not only eſſential to virtue and happineſs, but, as objects of taſte, truly beautiful. Good minds will always be pleaſed with them, and bad minds we need not wiſh to pleaſe.

Since cunning and deceit are thus odious in themſelves, and incompatible with real happineſs and dignity, I cannot help thinking, that thoſe inſtructors of the riſing generation who have inſiſted on ſimulation and diſſimulation, on the *penſieri ſtretti*, on the thouſand tricks of worldly wiſdom, are no leſs miſtaken in their ideas, than mean, contracted, and illiberal. Liſten not, ye generous young men, whoſe hearts are yet untainted, liſten not to the deluſive advice of men ſo deluded, or ſo baſe. Have courage enough to avow the ſentiments of your ſouls, and let your countenance and your tongue be the heralds of your hearts. Pleaſe, conſiſtently with truth and honour, or be contented not to pleaſe. Let juſtice and benevolence fill your boſom, and they will ſhine ſpontaneouſly, like the real gem without the aid of a foil, and with the moſt durable and captivating brilliancy.

No. CL. A REMEDY FOR DISCONTENT.

COMPLAINTS and murmurs are often loudeſt and moſt frequent among thoſe who poſſeſs all the external means of temporal enjoyment. Something is ſtill wanting, however high and opulent their condition, fully to complete their ſatisfaction. Suppoſe an indulgent Providence to accompliſh every deſire; are they now at laſt contented? Alas! no; their uneaſineſs ſeems for ever to encreaſe, in proportion as their real neceſſities are diminiſhed. It is in vain then to endeavour to make them happy by adding to their ſtore, or aggrandizing their honours. Their appetite is no leſs inſatiable than their taſte faſtidious.

But there may yet remain a remedy. Let thoſe, who are miſerable among riches and grandeur, leave, for a moment, their elevated rank, and deſcend from their palaces to the humble habitations of real and unaffected woe. If their hearts are not deſtitute of feeling, they will return from the ſad ſcenes to their cloſets, and on their knees pour forth the ejaculations of gratitude to that univerſal Parent, who has given them abundance, and exempted them from the thouſand ills, under the preſſure of which the greater part of His children drag the load of life. Inſtead of ſpending their hours in brooding over their own imaginary evils, they will devote them to the alleviation of real miſery among the deſtitute ſons of indigence, in the neglected walks of vulgar life.

That one half of the world knows not how the other half lives, is a common and juſt obſervation. A fine lady, ſurrounded with every means of accommodation and luxury, complains in a moment of *ennui*, that ſurely no mortal is ſo wretched as herſelf. Her ſufferings are too great for her acute ſenſibility. She expects pity from all her acquaintance, and pleaſes herſelf with the idea that ſhe is an example of ſingular misfortune, and remarkable patience. Phyſicians attend,

tend, and with affected ſolicitude feel the healthy pulſe, which, however, they dare not pronounce healthy, leſt they ſhould give offence by attempting to ſpoil the refined luxury of fancied woe. To be ſuppoſed always ill, and conſequently to be always exciting the tender attention and enquiries of all around, is a ſtate ſo charming in the ideas of the weak, luxurious, and indolent minds of ſome faſhionable ladies, that many ſpend their lives in a perpetual ſtate of imaginary convaleſcence. There is ſomething ſo indelicate in being hale, hearty, and ſtout, like a roſy milk-maid, that a very fine and very high-bred lady is almoſt ready to faint at the idea. From exceſſive indulgence, ſhe becomes at laſt in reality what ſhe at firſt only fancied herſelf, a perpetual invalid. By a juſt retribution, ſhe is really puniſhed with that wretchedneſs, of which ſhe ungratefully and unreaſonably complained in the midſt of health, eaſe, and opulence.

One might aſk all the ſiſterhood and fraternity of rich and healthy murmurers, Have you compared your ſituation and circumſtances with that of thoſe of your fellow-creatures who are condemned to labour in the gold mines of Peru? Have you compared your ſituation with that of thoſe in your own country, who have hardly ever ſeen the ſun, but live confined in tin mines, lead mines, ſtone quarries, and coal pits? Before you call yourſelf wretched, take a ſurvey of the gaols, in which unfortunate and honeſt debtors are doomed to pine for life; walk through the wards of an hoſpital; think of the hardſhips of a common ſoldier or ſailor; think of the galley-ſlave, the day-labourer; nay, the common ſervant in your own houſe; think of your poor neighbour at the next door; and if there were not danger of its being called unpolite and methodiſtical, I would add, think of Him who, for your ſake, ſweated, as it were, drops of blood on Calvary.

It is, indeed, a duty to conſider the evils of thoſe who are placed beneath us; for the chief purpoſe of chriſtianity is, to alleviate the miſeries of that part of mankind, whom, indeed, the world deſpiſes; but whom, He who made them, pities, like as a father pitieth his own children. Their miſeries are not fanci-

ful,

ful, their complaints are not exaggerated. The clergy, when they are called upon to viſit the ſick, or to baptize new-born infants, are often ſpectators of ſuch ſcenes, as would cure the diſcontented of every malady. The following repreſentation is but too real, and may be paralleled in many of its circumſtances in almoſt every pariſh throughout the kingdom.

The miniſter of a country village was called upon to baptize an infant juſt born. The cottage was ſituated on a lonely common, and as it was in the midſt of the winter, and the floods were out, it was abſolutely neceſſary to wade through the lower room to a ladder, which ſerved inſtead of ſtairs. The chamber (and it was the only one) was ſo low, that you could not ſtand upright in it; there was one window which admitted air as freely as light, for the rags which had been ſtuffed into the broken panes were now taken out to contribute to the covering of the infant. In a dark corner of the room ſtood a ſmall bedſtead without furniture, and on it lay the dead mother, who had juſt expired in labour for want of aſſiſtance. The father was ſitting on a little ſtool by the fire-place, though there was no fire, and endeavouring to keep the infant warm in his boſom. Five of the ſeven children, half naked, were aſking their father for a piece of bread, while a fine boy, of about three years old, was ſtanding by his mother at the bed-ſide, and crying, as he was wont to do, "Take me, "take me, mammy."—"Mammy is aſleep," ſaid one of his ſiſters, with two tears ſtanding on her cheeks; "mammy is aſleep, Johnny, go play with the baby on "daddy's knee." The father took him up on his knee, and his grief, which had hitherto kept him dumb, and in a ſtate of temporary inſenſibility, burſt out in a torrent of tears, and relieved his heart, which ſeemed ready to break. "Don't cry, pray don't cry," ſaid the eldeſt boy, "the nurſe is coming up ſtairs with a two-"penny loaf in her hand, and mammy will wake preſ-"ſently, and I will carry her the largeſt piece." Upon this, an old woman, crooked with age, and clothed in tatters, came hobbling on her little ſtick into the room, and, after heaving a groan, calmly ſat down, dreſſed the child in its rags; then divided the loaf as

far as it would go, and informed the poor man that the churchwardens, to whom ſhe had gone, would ſend ſome relief, as ſoon as they had diſpatched a naughty baggage to her own pariſh, who had delivered herſelf of twins in the Eſquire's hovel. Relief indeed was ſent, and a little contribution afterwards raiſed by the interpoſition of the miniſter. If he had not ſeen the caſe, it would have paſſed on as a common affair, and a thing of courſe.

Miniſters and medical practitioners are often witneſſes to ſcenes even more wretched than this; where, to poverty, cold, nakedneſs, and death, are added, the languors of lingering and loathſome diſeaſes, and the torments of excruciating pain. A feeling heart among the rich and the great, who are at the ſame time querulous without cauſe, would learn a leſſon in many a garret of Broad St. Giles's or Shoreditch, more efficacious than all the lectures of the moral or divine philoſopher.

I cannot help mentioning and applauding a mode of charity of late much encouraged in this metropolis, which is indeed diſtinguiſhed above all others for the wiſdom and variety of its eleemoſynary inſtitutions. Diſpenſaries are eſtabliſhed for the poor, and patients viſited at their own habitation by phyſicians of allowed ſkill and diſtinguiſhed character. I will only take the liberty to expreſs a wiſh, that ſome regulations may be made to prevent this noble deſign from being perverted, like many others, to purpoſes of private intereſt.

No. CLI. ON THE UTILITY OF RELIGIOUS CEREMONIES, AND OF ADMITTING MUSIC AND EXTERNAL MAGNIFICENCE IN PLACES OF DEVOTION.

IF all men were enlightened by education and philoſophy, and at all hours actuated by the principles of reaſon, it would be unneceſſary to have recourſe to external objects in producing devout and virtuous affections.

tions. But as there muſt always be a great majority, who, from the want of opportunities or capacities for improvement, are weak and ignorant; and as even among the wiſe and learned there are none who are conſtantly exempted from the common infirmities of human nature, it becomes expedient to deviſe modes of operating on the ſoul through the medium of the ſenſes. It was for this reaſon, that in all great communities the offices and offices of religion have been ſurrounded with whatever is calculated to rouſe the attention, to intereſt the heart, to ſtrike the eye, and to elevate the imagination.

I cannot help thinking, therefore, that thoſe well meaning reformers, who wiſh to diveſt religion of external ſplendour, are unacquainted with the nature of man, or influenced by narrow motives. They mean, perhaps, to ſpiritualize every thing, and the purpoſe is laudable: but they know not, or they conſider not, that ordinary ſpirits, ſuch as are thoſe of the vicious and vulgar, are moſt eaſily and effectually touched by the inſtrumentality of exterior and material objects. He who wiſhes to penetrate to the receſſes of the vulgar ſoul, will ſucceed better by the co-operation of the eyes and the ears, than merely by addreſſing the rational faculty.

An idea may be formed of the potency of ſounds and ſights, unaſſiſted by reaſon, if we contemplate their effect in war. The drum, the fife, the habiliments of a ſoldier, the flag, and all the pomp and parade of military tranſactions, contribute, perhaps, more than any ſenſe of duty, or any native or acquired ſentiment of bravery, to lead on the embattled phalanx even to the cannon's mouth. It is ſomething operating in the mind in a ſimilar manner, which moſt eaſily bows the ſtubborn knees of the hardened offender, and ſubdues to ſofteſt the ſteely heart on which no force of argument could of itſelf ſtamp an impreſſion. There are few who cannot hear or ſee, but many who cannot underſtand. All can feel a powerful ſtroke on the fancy or paſſions, but few, in compariſon, are affected by a ſyllogiſm.

Muſic, therefore, poetry, painting, and architecture, may very reaſonably be aſſociated as auxiliaries of an empreſs, whoſe ſubjects are rebellious. And I cannot help thinking, that they who repudiate all ornament,

and all the modes of affecting the ſenſes of the vulgar in the offices of religion as indecent, impious, or improper, do not recollect the temple of Solomon, but ſuffer their good ſenſe to be overpowered in this inſtance by the zeal of a barbarous fanaticiſm.

The offices of religion where muſic and artificial embelliſhments are admitted, become ſo alluring, that thoſe who would never think of their more ſerious duties, are often invited by them to the church, and gradually converted. Like the rake of antiquity, who mingled in the audience of a philoſopher with a deſign to ridicule him, but who was made a convert before his departure, many of the looſe and profligate votaries of vice, have been enticed by the muſic, and afterwards reformed by the ſermon, which they intended to ſlight, and perhaps to deride.

The proceſſions and pompous formalities of religion, however exploded in the warmth of reformation as papiſtical reliques, are certainly uſeful in the community, when they are not ſuffered to exceed the bounds of moderation. They were eſteemed and obſerved in antient Athens and antient Rome, by thoſe who loved and enjoyed liberty in its fulleſt extent. They were found to aggrandize the majeſty of empire, to inſpire a generous enthuſiaſm in the minds of the people, and to furniſh them with an amuſement, not only innocent and improving, but attended with a very high and ſatisfactory pleaſure. None can deteſt popery more than myſelf; but yet it appears to me, that many of the ſplendid and auguſt ſcenes which that perſuaſion admits, are highly uſeful, if conſidered only as furniſhing a harmleſs entertainment to the lower orders of mankind. What charms can a London carman, chairman, hackney-coachman, fiſhwoman, find in an Engliſh meeting or a church? but they would be delighted, and very powerfully affected with the grandeur and ſolemnity of a Romiſh proceſſion. As we have no allurements adapted to their ignorant and rude minds, they ſpend the Sunday at an alehouſe, even at the next door to the church, without a wiſh to enter the conſecrated place. All that paſſes there is above their comprehenſion. They are but little removed from the ſtate of the brutes, and they muſt remain

main ſo; for there is nothing, in the only places in which they have an opportunity of inſtruction, to ſtrike their imaginations, and penetrate through the paſſage of the ſenſes to the dormant ſoul.

It is true, indeed, that we admit muſic in the eſtabliſhed church; but it is alſo true, that it is in general a kind of muſic which is little better than diſcord to the vulgar ear. For in the metropolis, where organs are chiefly to be found, the performers are too fond of ſhewing their powers of execution, and ſeldom play thoſe ſimple tunes which can alone affect the minds of the ſimple and uninformed.

'There has been much converſation on the ſubject of adorning St. Paul's cathedral with the productions of the pencil. Many artiſts, it is ſaid, have offered to contribute the efforts of their ingenuity. Some ſcruples have ariſen to impede the deſign. In this age they cannot be puritanical. I really think that judicious paintings would produce a deſirable effect on the morals of the lower claſſes. But if painting is not to be admitted, there ſurely can be no objection to ſculpture. Weſtminſter-Abbey is crowded with monuments, and I will venture to predict, that our poſterity will ſee St. Paul's equally honoured. I hope the event will not take place ſo late as to exclude ſuch artiſts as Bacon, or if painting is admitted, ſuch as Reynolds, Weſt, and Romney.

No. CLII. ON THE PRESENT STATE OF PARLIAMENTARY ELOQUENCE.

IN taking a view of parliamentary eloquence, I mean to conſider it as totally independent of party and politics, and ſolely as a ſubject of literary taſte. It muſt be a peculiar narrowneſs of ſpirit which bellows or refuſes applauſe to the productions of genius, becauſe they are found to favour either a court or an oppoſition. I would allow an equal ſhare of praiſe to equal genius, whether it appeared in a leader of the minority, or in the firſt miniſter of ſtate.

'The

The ſpeeches from the throne are little more than the formalities of office. It would be unreaſonable to expect in them the fire, the pathos, the argument of genuine and animated oratory. They poſſeſs an air of dignity highly proper and characteriſtical. They breathe a ſpirit of ſincerity and paternal tenderneſs, which at once marks the judgment of the compoſer, and endears the ſpeaker to his people. There was one on the commencement of the war with America, which deſerves to be ſelected as a very ſpirited and memorable harangue. It would have adorned the page of a Livy. "The reſolutions of parliament," ſays his Majeſty, "breathed a ſpirit of moderation and forbearance.—I have acted with the ſame "temper; anxious to prevent, if it had been poſſible, "the effuſion of the blood of my ſubjects, and the calamities which are inſeparable from a ſtate of war; ſtill "hoping, that my people in America would have diſcerned the traiterous views of their leaders, and have "been convinced, that to be a ſubject to Great Britain, "with all its conſequences, is to be the freeſt member "of any civil ſociety in the known world.

"The rebellious war now levied is become more "general, and is manifeſtly carried on for the purpoſe "of eſtabliſhing an independent empire. I need not "dwell on the fatal effects of the ſucceſs of ſuch a plan. "The object is too important, the ſpirit of the Britiſh "nation too high, the reſources with which God hath "bleſſed her too numerous, to give up ſo many co"lonies which ſhe has planted with great induſtry, "nurſed with great tenderneſs, encouraged with many "commercial advantages, and protected and defended "at much expence of blood and treaſure.——The "conſtant employment of my thoughts, and the moſt "earneſt wiſhes of my heart, tend wholly to the ſafety "and happineſs of all my people."——The ſpirit of a great King, and the tender ſolicitude which ſpeaks the true father of his people, render this ſpeech truly excellent, and, indeed, its excellence was evinced by its effect; for ſoon after it was diſſeminated over the nation, the American war, which was once univerſally odious, became a popular meaſure. Little did the compoſer of the above paſſage conceive, that in a few years

e *high spirit of the British nation* would be reduced to
e humiliating neceſſity of almoſt ſupplicating for peace
e *deluded* people of America.

In an aſſembly, like the higher houſe, conſiſting of
en, in whoſe education no expence has been ſpared,
ho are, or who ought to be, animated by their own
alted ſituation and the examples of an illuſtrious an-
llry, one might reaſonably expect to find frequent
amples of diſtinguiſhed eloquence. But it really
ould be difficult to name a ſingle peer who has at-
cted notice or admiration for the claſſical elegance
his matter or his language. The law lords, relying
their profeſſional knowledge, do, indeed, frequent-
make long and bold ſpeeches. Accuſtomed to brow-
at the evidence at the bar, and dictate on the bench,
me of them have retained their inſolence and aſſumtory
ne advanced to the woolſack. But noiſe, obſtinacy,
d imperious dictation, though even an upſtart chan-
lor ſhould uſe them, cannot pleaſe an Attic or a Ro-
an taſte, nor obtain the praiſe of pure and legitimate
atory. Its rough and boiſterous vehemence may, in-
ed, frighten a puiſne race of peers into an implicit
quieſcence with the will of a miniſter, but it will not
erve the eſteem of thoſe, who, in the receſſes of
eir libraries, appreciate its merit as a work of litera-
re. A few dukes and lords in oppoſition have not
en deficient in noiſe nor in violence, but their bar-
rous language, matter, and manner, muſt aſſign
em a rank among the Goths, and not among the po-
ſhed ſons of Athens and Rome. Of all the ſpeeches
ſken in the houſe, how few have ever been collected
d preſerved in libraries, as models of claſſical ele-
nce. Paſſion and perſonal animoſity have, indeed,
oduced many invectives, which gratify the ſpleen of
rty, and are for the time extolled beyond all the
oductions of preceding ingenuity. But is there ex-
t a ſingle volume of ſpeeches, by the moſt famous
ong the orators of the upper houſe, which can be
oduced as a claſſical book, or ſtand in competition
h the orations of Cicero? I think it neceſſary to re-
t, that my remarks have not the leaſt reference to
ty. I am in ſearch of an orator to whom the epithet

of claſſical may be juſtly applied. I regret that the fury of party and the meanneſs of ſervility, has for the moſt part excluded that true taſte, true grace, and true ſpirit, which is neceſſary to form a claſſical orator, from the harangues of an aſſembly, which may be deemed the moſt auguſt in Europe.

The Houſe of Commons has always been eſteemed a very diſtinguiſhed theatre of modern eloquence. And there indeed, notwithſtanding the ſame impediments which prevail among the peers, it is eaſy to produce many ſplendid examples. In the Houſe of Commons, men have been ſtimulated by the moſt powerful motives, by the hopes of riſing; in the Houſe of Lords they have already riſen. But though we join in the applauſe of common fame, yet let us aſk, where are to be found the volumes of oratorical elegance? Have the ſpeeches which have gained the praiſe of admiring kingdoms, been no where collected and recorded? Do we lock them up in our book-caſes, and put them into the hands of our children as models for imitations, as leſſons to form their young minds, and raiſe a ſucceſſion of orators and patriots? No; the ſpeeches are celebrated at firſt, and while they anſwer a temporary purpoſe. They are like vegetables of a night, or inſects of a day. They have ſeldom that ſolidity of merit which can render the ore valuable when the ſtamp is effaced, and the occaſion of it almoſt forgotten and quite diſregarded; which can preſerve the plate ſtill ſaleable after the faſhion is antiquated. Glorious was the eloquence of Mr. Pitt. Nations ſhook at the thunder of his voice. But where are the harangues? are they preſerved as illuſtrious models for the inſtruction of poſterity? Inſtead of being engraven on braſs, they are almoſt ſunk into an oblivion, like the ſoldiers whoſe bones once whitened the plains of Germany. Yet I mean not to detract from his glories. Language can ſcarcely ſupply terms to expreſs the weight of his authority, the magnitude of his mind and his character, and the efficacy with which he thought, decided, ſpoke, and acted. But let it not eſcape the reader's attention, that we are enquiring for a rival to the maſterly and tranſcendent excellence of a Cicero and a Demoſthenes. If ſuch has of late

late appeared among us, the curiosity of this age would have preserved it; and if it be preserved, let the volume be openly produced, and the public will embrace it as an invaluable treasure.

There are, indeed, in the senate, several desperate declaimers, who, willing to make themselves of consequence, and to retrieve their own affairs, which they have ruined at the gaming table, exert all their oratory and all their volubility in any cause, and on any side which eventually may promote their interest, or gratify their ambition. The ignorant and discontented extol the bravado who thus draws courage from despair, as a prodigy of abilities, and the mirror of eloquence. But the good, the wise, and the judicious observer, pities and despises him as an unprincipled brawler, with as little taste in eloquence as honesty; and as the mere rival of the noisy fpouters at the Forum, or the Robinhood.

The applause indeed bestowed on one orator, is scarcely adequate to his literary merit. Mr. Burke has produced to the world very honourable testimonies of his natural abilities, and his acquired taste. What orations are there published of modern Members, which can bear a comparison with those of Mr. Burke? With what dignity he addressed the people of Bristol; and how mean and little did they appear, contrasted with him whom they rejected. Like Socrates before the judges, he appeared more like their master than their supplicant. He concludes with a spirit worthy of him who arose on the sublime and beautiful; worthy of a polished ancient in the best of ages. "And now, gentlemen," he concludes, "on this serious day, when I come, as it were, "to make up my account with you; let me take to "myself some degree of honest pride on the nature of "the charges brought against me. I do not here stand "arraigned of venality, or neglect of duty. It is not "said that, in the long period of my service, I have, "in a single instance, sacrificed the slightest of your "interests to my ambition, or to my fortune. It is "not alleged, that to gratify any anger or revenge of "my own, or of my party, I have had a hand in wrong-"ing or oppressing any one man in any description.

"Nay

"No; the charges againſt me are all of one kind, "that I have puſhed the general principles of general "juſtice and benevolence too far; further than a cau- "tious policy would warrant, and further than the opi- "nions of many would go with me. In every accident "which may happen through life, in pain, in ſorrow, "in depreſſion, and diſtreſs, I will think of this accu- "ſation, and be comforted."

There are not indeed many of the members who favour the public with their harangues, ſo that we have not an opportunity of judging of all ſo well as of Mr. Burke's. We muſt, however, acknowledge our great obligations to the ingenious Mr. Woodfall, the editor of the Morning Chronicle, whoſe memory ſeems equal to the inſtances of which we read, but which do not often occur in our intercourſe with ſociety.

No. CLIII. A LIFE OF LETTERS USUALLY A LIFE OF COMPARATIVE INNOCENCE.

IT is not the leaſt among the happy effects of a ſtudious life, that it withdraws the ſtudent from the turbulent ſcenes and purſuits, in which it is ſcarcely leſs difficult to preſerve innocence than tranquillity. Succeſsful ſtudy requires ſo much attention, and engroſſes ſo much of the heart, that he who is deeply engaged in it, though he may indeed be liable to temporary lapſes, will ſeldom contract an inveterate habit of immorality. There is in all books of character a reverence for virtue, and a tendency to inſpire a laudable emulation. He who is early, long, and ſucceſsfully converſant with them, will find his boſom filled with the love of truth, and finely affected with a delicate ſenſe of honour. By conſtantly exerciſing his reaſon, his paſſions are gradually reduced to ſubjection, and his head and heart keep pace with each other in improvement. But when I aſſert that ſuch are the conſequences of literary purſuits, it is neceſſary to diſtinguiſh between the real and pretended ſtudent; *for there* are many deſultory readers and volatile men

of

of parts, who affect eccentricity, whose lives, if one may so express it, are uniformly irregular, and who consequently exhibit remarkable instances of misery and misfortune.

Folly and imprudence will produce moral and natural evil, their genuine offspring, in all situations and modes of life. The knowledge of arts and sciences cannot prevent the vices and the woes which must arise from the want of knowing how to regulate our private and social conduct. But where prudence and virtue are not deficient, I believe few walks of life are pleasanter and safer than those which lead through the regions of literature.

Many among mankind are involved in perpetual tumult, so that if they felt an inclination to consider their duty, their nature, their truest happiness, they really would not be able to find an opportunity. But he, whom Providence has blessed with an enlightened mind, and the command of his own time, is enabled to form his heart, and direct his choice, according to the dictates of the most improved intellects, and the examples of the most accomplished characters. He is, indeed, a creature far superior to the common herd of men; and being acquainted with pure and exalted pleasures, lies not under the necessity of seeking delight in the grosser gratifications. He considers not property as the chief good; he is therefore free from temptations to violate his integrity. Disappointment in matters of interest will never render him uneasy or discontented, for his books have discovered to him a treasure more valuable, in his estimation, than the riches of Peru. Through all the vicissitudes of life, he has a source of consolation in the retirement of his library, and in the principles and reflections of his own bosom. From his reading he will collect a just estimate of the world and of all around him; and, as he will cherish no unreasonable expectations, he will be exempted from severe disappointment.

The conversation of many abounds with slander and detraction, not originally and entirely derived from a malignity of nature, but also from ignorance, from a vacancy of intellect, and from an inability to expatiate on general and generous topics. But whatever be the

motive,

motive of them, it is certain that few crimes are more injurious to private happineſs, and oppoſite to the ſpirit of our amiable religion, than ſlander and detraction. The man of reading is under no temptation to calumniate his neighbour from the defect of ideas, or a want of taſte for liberal and refined converſation. He intereſts himſelf in his neighbour's happineſs; but does not pry into the affairs, nor ſit in judgment on the domeſtic arrangements, of another's family. Moſt of the topics of ſcandal are too little and too low for him. He will not ſtoop from his elevation low enough to pick the dirty trifles from the ground. His thoughts are engaged in elegant and ſpeculative ſubjects, far removed from all which tend to excite envy, jealouſy, or malevolence.

The want of employment is one of the frequent cauſes of vice; but he who loves a book will never want employment. The purſuits of learning are boundleſs, and they preſent to the mind a delightful variety which cannot be exhauſted. No life is long enough to ſee all the beautiful pictures which the arts and ſciences, or which hiſtory, poetry, and eloquence are able to diſplay. The man of letters poſſeſſes the power of calling up a ſucceſſion of ſcenes to his view infinitely numerous and diverſified. He is therefore ſecured from that unhappy ſtate which urges many to vice and diſſipation, merely to fill a painful vacuity. Even though his purſuits ſhould be trifling, and his diſcoveries unimportant, yet they are harmleſs to others, and uſeful to himſelf, as preſervatives of his innocence. Let him not be ridiculed or condemned, even though he ſhould ſpend his time in collecting and deſcribing moths, moſſes, ſhells, birds, weeds, or coins; for he who loves theſe things ſeldom ſets his affections on pelf, or any of thoſe objects which corrupt and divide human ſociety. He who finds his pleaſures in a muſeum or a library, will not often be ſeen in the tavern, in the brothel, or at the gaming-table. He is pleaſed if he poſſeſſes a non-deſcript foſſil, and envies not the wretched enjoyments of the intemperate, nor the ill-gotten wealth of the oppreſſor or extortioner.

But his purſuits have uſually a title to much greater praiſe than that of being inoffenſive. Suppoſe him in any of the liberal profeſſions. If a clergyman, for inſtance,

ſtance, he devotes his time and abilities to the preparation of diſſuaſives from vice, from folly, from miſconduct, from infidelity, from all that contributes to aggravate the wretchedneſs of wretched human nature. Here the pleaſures naturally reſulting from literary occupation are improved by the ſublime ſenſations of active benevolence, the comfortable conſciouſneſs of advancing the truell happineſs of thoſe among our fellow creatures who have not enjoyed the advantages of education. In the performance of the godlike office of a true parish prieſt, there is a neceſſity of ſetting an example, and of preſerving decorum of character; a neceſſity which conduces much to the ſecurity of innocence. It is often a great happineſs to be placed in a rank where, to the reſtraints of conſcience and morality, are added the fear of peculiar ſhame, loſs, and diſgrace, neceſſarily conſequent on ill behaviour. Human Nature wants every ſupport to keep it from lapſing into depravity. Even intereſt and a ſolicitude for reputation, when, in ſome thoughtleſs interval, the pillars of virtue begin to totter, may ſtop the fall. The poſſeſſion of a valuable character which may be loſt, and of a dignity which muſt be ſupported, are often very uſeful auxiliaries in defending the citadel againſt the temporary aſſaults of paſſion and temptation.

Since, then, the purſuit of letters is attended with many circumſtances peculiarly favourable to innocence, and conſequently to enjoyment of the pureſt and moſt permanent ſpecies, they who have been fixed in ſo deſirable a life as a life of learning, ought to be grateful to Providence for their fortunate lot, and endeavour to make the beſt return in their power, by devoting their leiſure, their abilities, and their acquirments, to the glory of God, and the benefit of mankind.

No. CLIV. ON THE ADVANTAGE WHICH MAY BE DERIVED TO THE TENDER AND PATHETIC STYLE, FROM USING THE WORDS AND PHRASES OF SCRIPTURE.

IT is obſervable that an audience often laughs or yawns in the moſt intereſting ſcenes of a modern tragedy;—a lamentable proof of the poet's imbecility. The poet! he may, indeed, be a verſifier and a declaimer, but he is no poet, who tells a tragic tale without eliciting a tear. Let us not profane the ſacred name of poet by beſtowing it on the feeble poetaſter.

It is not enough that the language of a tragedy is flowery, the ſimilies and metaphors brilliant, the verſe melodious; there muſt be a charm added by the creative power of almighty genius, which no didactic rules can teach, which cannot be adequately deſcribed, but which is powerfully felt by the vibrations of the heart-ſtrings, and which cauſes an irreſiſtible overflowing of the Δακρυογονοι, the *ſacri fontes lachrymarum*.

Florid diction and pompous declamation are, indeed, found to be the leaſt adapted of all modes of addreſs to affect the finer ſenſibilities of nature. Plain words, without epithets, without metaphors, without ſimilies, have oftener excited emotions of the tendereſt ſympathy, than the moſt laboured compoſition of Corneille. Ye who would learn how to touch the heart, go not to the ſchools of France, but become the diſciples of Sophocles, Shakeſpeare, Sterne, and Chatterton. Thou captivating ſimplicity! 'tis thine at once to effect what all the artifices of rhetoric, with all its tropes and figures, tediouſly and vainly labour to accompliſh. 'Tis thine to diſſolve the hardeſt heart, and to force even ſtubborn nerves to tremble. A few words of ſimple pathos will penetrate the ſoul to the quick, when a hundred lines of declamation ſhall aſſail it as feebly and ineffectually, as a gentle gale the mountain of Plinlimmon.

A writer

A writer of taste and genius may avail himself greatly in pathetic compositions, by adopting the many words and phrases, remarkable for their beautiful simplicity, which are interspersed in that pleasing, as well as venerable book, the holy bible. I cannot, indeed, entirely agree with those zealous critics who pretend to discover in the scriptures all the graces of all the best classics. To please the ear and imagination, were very inferior objects in the benevolent mind of Him who caused all holy scripture to be written for our sole. But, at the same time, it is certain that they abound in such beauties as never fail to please the most cultivated taste. Besides their astonishing sublimity, they have many a passage exquisitely tender and pathetic. Our admirable translation has preserved them in all their beauty, and an English writer may select from it a diction better suited to raise the sympathy of grief, than from the most celebrated models of human composition.

Sterne, who, though he is justly condemned for his libertinism, possessed an uncommon talent for the pathetic, has availed himself greatly of the scriptural language. In all his most affecting passages, he has imitated the turn, style, manner, and simplicity, of the sacred writers, and in many of them has transcribed whole sentences. He found no language of his own could equal the finely expressive diction of our common translation. There are a thousand instances of his imitating scripture interspersed in all the better parts of his works, and no reader of common observation can pass by them unnoticed. I will quote only one or two instances taken from the most admired pieces in the tender style.

"Maria, though not tall, was never the less of the full "order of fine forms. Affliction had touched her looks "with something that was more than earthly, and so much "was there about her of all that the heart wishes, or the "eye looks for in woman, that could the traces be ever "worn out of her brain, or those of Eliza out of mine, "she should not only eat of my bread, and drink of "my cup, but Maria should lie in my bosom, and be "unto me as a daughter.

"Adieu,

"Adieu, poor luckleſs maiden! imbibe the oil and "wine which the compaſſion of a ſtranger as he ſo-"journeth on his way, now pours into thy wounds. "The Being who has twice bruiſed thee can only bind "them up for ever." Again, in his deſcription of the captive, "As I darkened the little light he had, he "lifted up a hopeleſs eye towards the door, then "caſt it down, ſhook his head, and went on with his "work of affliction. I heard his chains upon his legs, "as he turned his body to lay his little ſtick upon the "bundle. He gave a deep ſigh. I ſaw the iron enter "into his ſoul." It is eaſy, but it is not neceſſary, to adduce many more inſtances in which a writer, who eminently excelled in the power of moving the affections, felt himſelf unequal to the taſk of advancing the ſtyle of pathos to its higheſt perfection, and ſought aſſiſtance of the bible.

It is eaſy to ſee that the writer of ſo many tender and ſimple paſſages had imitated the delightful book of Ruth. With what pleaſure did a man of his feeling read, "In-"treat me not to leave thee, or to return from follow-"ing after thee; for whither thou goeſt, I will go; and "where thou lodgeſt, I will lodge; thy people ſhall be "my people, and thy God my God; where thou dieſt "will I die, and there will I be buried." Sterne ſtole the very ſpirit of this paſſage, and indeed of all the fine ſtrokes of tenderneſs, and many an one there is, in a book which is often laid aſide as abſurd and obſolete. The choice which Sterne has made of texts and of citations from the ſcriptures in his ſermons, are proofs that he (who was one of the beſt judges) was particularly ſtruck with the affecting tenderneſs and lovely ſimplicity of ſcriptural language.

The poet, therefore, who means to produce a tragedy, which ſhall be able to ſtand its ground even after the firſt nine nights, without the aid of puffing, and without filling the pit and boxes with orders, ſhould ſometimes go to the ſame fountain, and drink the waters of poetical inſpiration of which Sterne drank ſo copiouſly. He will improve greatly by ſtudying the language and hiſtories of Joſeph, Saul, and Jonathan, of Ruth, of

Job, of the Psalms, of Isaiah, of Jeremiah, of many single passages every where interspersed, and of the parables in the New Testament. Judgment and taste are certainly necessary to select; but he may depend upon it, that a word or two well selected will gain him the truest applause, that which is conveyed in sighs and tears. Let him fully persuade himself, that the only method of operating powerfully on the feelings of nature, is to renounce art and affectation, and to adhere to truth and simplicity.

Something is necessary to be done to produce an alteration. The theatric state is in its decline. It cannot much longer be supported by fine dresses, painted scenes, music, dancing, and pantomime. We have hearts as well as ears and eyes; if they know not how to touch our passions at Old Drury, let us hasten to the Opera house, and see the man stand upon one leg.

No. CLV. ON THE FIGURE PARRHESIA, OR ON EXPRESSING ONE'S SENTIMENTS FREELY.

THEY, whose wisdom consists in cunning and caution, who consider preferment as the only or most valuable object of human pursuit, and who stand in awe of grandeur independently of personal merit and character, will often shake their heads as they read my essays (if they read them at all, which is not likely), and blame the writer's imprudence, in venturing to express himself on many dangerous subjects without reserve. It is madness, they exclaim, to cut himself off from all chance of ecclesiastical preferment, to exclude himself from the sunshine of patronage; and (to use the words of a celebrated orator) "to create a long, "dull, dreary, unvaried vista of despair, and exclusion." But, "O ye wise ones of the world" (an honest and independent writer might say), "significantly as ye shift "per among each other, and hug yourselves on your own

" from one inſtance of your ſpirit and wiſd
" public judge of all. Dare ye, if raiſed by a
" of mean ſervility to a ſeat in the Britiſh ſena
" a vote, or expreſs a ſingle ſentiment accordi
" own judgment, and without firſt religiouſl
" ing the god of your idolatry? Cenſure m
" for an honeſt freedom. Bluſh rather at
" meanneſs and cowardice. Pity me no m
" cluding myſelf by temerity from the favo
" great. I am happier in the liberty of r
" thought, through all the mazes of human l
" uttering my undiſguiſed ſentiments on wh
" and hear, than in gaining favour where f
" be gained, merely by ſubmitting to the m
" concealing truth, and ſpeaking according t
" tates of ſelf intereſt alone. Blame me n
" you point out the paſſage in the goſpel, wl
" nets of rebuke is prohibited, and where
" ſervant of Jeſus Chriſt is taught to bow th
" an unbelieving and debauched ruler of this
" But you are actuated by envy, ſottly ſu
" ſucceſsful chaplain, the *Genevan* tutor, and
" companion of a graceleſs duke. You rail,
" what you cannot reach. But, my lord, giv
" to aſk, whether you are not actuated by a

Job, of the Pſalms, of Iſaiah, of Jeremiah, of many ſingle paſſages every where interſperſed, and of the parables in the New Teſtament. Judgment and taſte are certainly neceſſary to ſelect; but he may depend upon it, that a word or two well ſelected will gain him the trueſt applauſe, that which is conveyed in ſighs and tears. Let him fully perſuade himſelf, that the only method of operating powerfully on the feelings of nature, is to renounce art and affectation, and to adhere to truth and ſimplicity.

Something is neceſſary to be done to produce an alteration. The theatric ſtate is in its decline. It cannot much longer be ſupported by fine dreſſes, painted ſcenes, muſic, dancing, and pantomime We have hearts as well as ears and eyes; if they know not how to touch our paſſions at Old Drury, let us haſten to the Opera-houſe, and ſee the man ſtand upon one leg.

No. CLV. ON THE FIGURE PARRHESIA, OR ON EXPRESSING ONE'S SENTIMENTS FREELY.

THEY, whoſe wiſdom conſiſts in cunning and caution, who conſider preferment as the only or moſt valuable object of human purſuit, and who ſtand in awe of grandeur independently of perſonal merit and character, will often ſhake their heads as they read my eſſays (if they read them at all, which is not likely), and blame the writer's imprudence, in venturing to expreſs himſelf on many dangerous ſubjects without reſerve. It is madneſs, they exclaim, to cut himſelf off from all chance of eccleſiaſtical preferment, to exclude himſelf from the ſunſhine of patronage; and (to uſe the words of a celebrated orator) "to create a long, "dull, dreary, unvaried viſto of deſpair, and excluſion."

But, "O ye wiſe ones of the world" (an honeſt and independent writer might ſay), "ſignificantly as ye whiſ-"per among each other, and hug yourſelves on your own

" profound ſagacity, I value not your ſpurious wiſdom; " and though I pretend not to deſpiſe either honours or " emoluments fairly and openly obtained, I think the " means ye uſe in their purſuit baſe and mean, and that " ye purchaſe all you poſſeſs at a price too dear. Ye " reſign your reaſon, your liberty, and, I fear, too " often, your truth and honour. Ye are real ſlaves, and " the robes of office and dignity, in which ye pride your- " ſelves, are but the liveries of a ſplendid ſervitude. " From one inſtance of your ſpirit and wiſdom let the " public judge of all. Dare ye, if raiſed by a long courſe " of mean ſervility to a ſeat in the Britiſh ſenate, to give " a vote, or expreſs a ſingle ſentiment according to your " own judgment, and without firſt religiouſly conſult- " ing the god of your idolatry? Cenſure me no more " for an honeſt freedom. Bluſh rather at your own " meanneſs and cowardice. Pity me no more, as ex- " cluding myſelf by temerity from the favours of the " great. I am happier in the liberty of ranging, in " thought, through all the mazes of human life, and of " uttering my undiſguiſed ſentiments on whatever I ſee " and hear, than in gaining favour where favour is to " be gained, merely by ſubmitting to the meanneſs of " concealing truth, and ſpeaking according to the dic- " tates of ſelf-intereſt alone. Blame me no more till " you point out the paſſage in the goſpel, where bold- " neſs of rebuke is prohibited, and where a profeſſed " ſervant of Jeſus Chriſt is taught to bow the knee to " an unbelieving and debauched ruler of this world.

" But you are actuated by envy, ſoftly ſuggeſts the " ſucceſsful chaplain, the *quondam* tutor, and travelling " companion of a graceleſs duke. You rail, ſays he, at " what you cannot reach. But, my lord, give me leave " to aſk, whether you are not actuated by avarice and " worldly ambition? vices in a chriſtian paſtor, no leſs " culpable than envy. By what were you actuated when " you gained the favour of the patron who raiſed you to " your honours, merely by drinking and caballing for " him at a conteſted election? Your patron profeſſes " himſelf a deiſt, and you know he keeps many con- " cubines. By what were you actuated when you were " always ſeeking his company, and dining at his table?

" Was

"Was it a desire to convert him from the error of his "ways? Did you ever dare to hint your displeasure at "them? Did they displease you?

"And, with respect to envy as the motive of my freedom, your lordship will do right to consider, that he "who envies, eagerly wishes to obtain the object. He "who eagerly desires to obtain, usually pursues the most "probable means of success. But your lordship shall "judge by your own experience, whether what I have "said is, in the smallest degree, like the methods which "are found most successful. Does it tally with your own "receipt for rising at court?

"Indeed, my lord, you must excuse me. I cannot think "as you do; your objects and mine are totally different, "and must be differently pursued. Enjoy your mitre and "your cushion; but let me also enjoy my liberty, or, if "you chuse to call it so, my humour. I will boast a "superiority in one respect; I have no master, save one.

"But you say I am gratifying my vanity. If to seek "an honest fame, be to seek the gratification of my "vanity, I plead guilty to the charge. I dare avow a "wish to possess the public esteem, but I pursue no mean "or sinister method to procure it. I rely for their favour "on my love of truth, and the sincerity of my zeal in "their service. Their good opinion is a delightful and "sufficient reward. Not that I ever affected to renounce "or to despise preferment, but it comes unsought for, "as well as unlooked for, if it comes at all.

"To preserve the favour of the public, and the approbation of my own heart, I think it necessary to "continue, while I write, the open declaration of my "sentiments, such as they are, equally uninfluenced by "mean hopes, and cowardly apprehensions. Individuals may apply what was never meant to be applied, "to themselves; and, in the warmth of an exasperated "mind, may shew their resentment by neglect or censure. Hitherto I have known nothing of that kind "of which I can complain.

"Let me then be permitted (such a writer might proceed to say in his defence) to employ myself in peace "and innocence, and to amuse readers of congenial sentiments, by a free communication of feelings undis-

" guiſed by art, and uttered boldly as they were excited " warmly, by men and manners paſſing in review. Let " the ſympathetic tribe, who, in the exuberance of their " compaſſion, expreſs their anxiety leſt I ſhould hurt my " intereſt, reſerve their pity for objects of more merit. I " am happy in the idea, that nothing which I have writ- " ten can injure the intereſt of any one but the writer.

" In times of peculiar exigency (he might add), there " may be a moral as well as military heroiſm. He de- " ſerves to be degraded from his rank, who is not ready " to incur every hazard in the cauſe which he has juſtly " undertaken; and not only to forego honours and ad- " vantages in the defence of what he deems the truth, " but, if circumſtances ſhould require it, to die in its " confirmation. A timid and lukewarm prudence in a " good cauſe is little better than deſertion."

Such, I ſay, is the apology which an independent writer might make to thoſe who ſhould ſay to him, *Sunt quibus in ſatirâ videris nimis acer.* If it contains in it any thing ſevere, be it remembered, that the ſeverity is applied to manners, not to perſons; that no individual is pointed at; and that he who complains of it probably deſerves it.

No. CLVI. ON READING MERELY WITH A VIEW TO AMUSEMENT.

THERE are many who ſpend much of their time in reading, but who read as they play at cards, with no other intention but to paſs the time, without labouring under the intolerable burthen of a total inactivity. The more trifling the book, the better they ſuppoſe it ſuited to their purpoſe. Plays, pamphlets, memoirs, novels, and whatever entertains them without requiring any great degree of attention, conſtitute the whole of their library. Even theſe are read in a deſultory manner, without the interference of taſte, or the trouble of ſelection. Indeed this light food for the mind is ſo much wanted, that the circulating libraries lay in a ſtock of it every year; and an aſſortment of ſummer reading

reading is in as great request at the bookfellers in the watering places, as a variety of new spring patterns at the silk mercers in Pall Mall. The fine lady and gentleman, who have nothing to do but to purfue their amusement, and in whose delicate minds the dressing of the hair is a business of the first importance, commonly spend two or three hours every day under the hands of the friseur; but then the time is by no means wasted, for it is spent in summer reading; and as the volumes which contain summer reading are not large folios, and neither printed on the smallest type, nor on the most crowded page, one of them just serves to fill up the hours devoted to the artist of the comb. The gentle student rises from his chair when the operation is completed, takes off his flannel gown, sends back the half bound book to the library, and enters upon the momentous business of *making calls*, without any odious gravity or seriousness, which might perhaps have remained with him, had his morning studies required deep thought, or communicated to him a series of solar reflections. He can, indeed, in a rainy day, devour half a dozen volumes of summer reading, and be no more incommoded than when he swallows as many puffs and syllabubs at the fashionable confectioners.

It must be allowed that this kind of reading, trifling as it is, may often constitute an amusing and a very innocent pastime. But I will venture to say, that useful and improving reading might be found, that should be equally, and indeed more entertaining. The same time spent on books of character, which is lavished away on literary trash, would render many a mind, which is now vain and superficial, really elegant, prudent, and well informed. The time spent under the operation of the hair dresser is very properly spent in reading; but why should not the works of the English classics be used in preference to a vile translation from a foolish French novel? To a taste not vitiated, the works of Shakespeare, Milton, Dryden, Pope, Addison, and many of their successful followers, are much more pleasing than the inelegant and hasty productions of hireling writers, whose indigence compels them to be less solicitous about quality than quantity; who study not so much what is congruous to taste and truth, as what will catch the no

tice of the general reader, and anſwer the venal purpoſe of their employer by a rapid ſale. Have we not many true hiſtories, elegant in their ſtyle, abounding with matter moſt improving to the heart and underſtanding, and calculated to intereſt and entertain, in a very high degree, by gratifying curioſity? Unleſs we renounce our pretenſions to reaſon, we muſt confeſs that ſuch books are capable of furniſhing more pleaſure, excluſively of the improvement, than anonymous and unauthenticated anecdotes, memoirs, novels, voyages, travels, lives, and adventures.

There are thoſe who have read more volumes than the profoundeſt ſcholars in the nation, who are yet unacquainted with the elements of ſcience, with the moſt intereſting facts of true hiſtory, with the maxims of philoſophy, with the beauties of ſtyle, and with the extent and force of the language. They have read inattentively what indeed was ſcarcely worth attention; and they have immediately forgotten what was too futile to deſerve remembrance. Had they poſſeſſed judgment ſufficient to point out the proper books, and reſolution to purſue the dictates of their judgment, they would have enriched their minds with ineſtimable treaſures, and acquired the reputation and ſatisfaction of ſolid ſcholars. The ſame exertion of their eyes, the ſame conſumption of their time, the ſame ſedentary confinement, would have earned a prize of ſufficient value to repay them amply for every effort of diligence. But now they have, perhaps, injured their eyes, ruined their health, neglected their affairs, vitiated their taſte, and poſſibly corrupted their morals, or weakened their faith, with no return, but the amuſement of the moment, or the retention of falſe facts, diſtorted figures of life and manners, or trifling anecdotes, the lumber of the head and not the furniture.

Perſons advanced in life, or labouring under ſickneſs and infirmity, have an unqueſtionable right to amuſe themſelves with whatever can innocently alleviate their evils, and enable them to paſs away the lagging hours in a ſweet and tranſitory oblivion. Their reading, like their diet, may be light and more adapted to tickle a ſickly palate, than to afford ſolid and ſubſtantial nourithment. But in youth, health, and vigour

who

who would voluntarily confine themſelves to the weakneſs and inſipidity of water-gruel?

It is, indeed, lamentable to obſerve young perſons of lively parts, and with a love of reading, devoting thoſe years and thoſe abilities, which might render them valuable members of ſociety, to ſuch ſtudies as tend only to diſſipate their ideas, to viriate their morals, to womanize their ſpirits, and to render them the daſtardly and degenerate ſons of thoſe to whom it was once a glorious diſtinction to bear the name of Britons.

No. CLVII. ON A METHOD OF STUDY, WRITTEN BY JOACHIMUS FORTIUS RINGELBERGIUS.

THERE is a little treatiſe on the method of ſtudy written by Ringelbergius, which, in the two laſt centuries, was a great favourite among ſcholars, and contributed much to animate their induſtry. The learned Erpenius acknowledges himſelf originally indebted to it for all his acquiſitions. He met with it at the age of ſixteen, and, in conſequence of its ſuggeſtions, though he was then totally averſe from a ſtudious life, and had made no proficiency in learning, yet he afterwards became a diſtinguiſhed ſcholar. The treatiſe had become ſcarce, and Erpenius generouſly printed a new edition, that others might partake of the benefit which he had himſelf enjoyed. He publiſhed it with the title of *Liber vere aureus*, or the truly Golden Treatiſe.

In the epiſtle to the reader which Erpenius has preſixed, he ſpeaks of the animating effect of the book in terms ſo warm, and with ſo much gratitude, that a ſtudent would be wanting to himſelf not to gratify his curioſity, by at leaſt giving it a peruſal. It is ſhort, and contains many paſſages which tend to encourage the ſcholar in his purſuits, and to inſpire him with an ardour and enthuſiaſm, like that excited in the ſoldier by the drum and trumpet, as he is marching on to battle. I believe there could not be found a better exhortation

to ſtudy for the uſe of boys, if the good paſſages were not diſgraced by others ſo ridiculous, as almoſt bring the writer under the imputation of lunacy. His literary enthuſiaſm had certainly tranſported him, in ſeveral inſtances, beyond the limits of his own reaſon.

I will ſelect a few hints from the little tract, which may not only ſerve as a curious ſpecimen to the Engliſh reader, but may rouſe him from his indolence. The whole is, indeed, more valuable for the ſpirit and fire which it conduces to raiſe, than for its particular directions. It is rather exhortatory than didactic.

"How mean," ſays he, ſpeaking of the ſcope at which ſtudents ought to aim, "how timid, how abject, "muſt be that ſpirit which can ſit down contented "with mediocrity. As for myſelf, all that is within "me is on fire. I had rather," he proceeds in his ſtrong manner, "be torn in a thouſand pieces, than "relax my reſolution of reaching the ſublimeſt heights "of virtue and knowledge. I am of opinion, that no-"thing is ſo arduous, nothing ſo admirable in human "affairs, which may not be obtained by the induſtry of "man. We are deſcended from heaven, thither let us "go, whence we derived our origin. Let nothing "ſatisfy us lower than the ſummit of all excellence. "This ſummit then," ſays he, "I point out as the "proper ſcope of the ſtudent."

"But labour muſt be beloved, and the pleaſures of "luxury deſpiſed. Shall we ſubmit to be extinguiſhed "for ever without honour, without remembrance, "[illegible], without having done any "thing like men?" The whole of this chapter is written in a very uncommon ſtyle of literary enthuſiaſm, and I think it can hardly fail of inflaming a youthful imagination. If ſuch ideas were early infixed in the boſom of an ingenious and ingenuous boy, what improvement in virtue, and in all uſeful qualities, might not be expected?

"That we muſt never deſpair," is the title of his third chapter. "If in our aſcent we ſhould fall head-"long a thouſand times, we muſt begin to climb again "every time more ardently, and fly to the ſummit "with recruited vigour! Let no one be dejected if he

"is

" is not conscious of any great advancement at first. " The merchant thinks himself happy if, after a ten " years voyage, after a thousand dangers, he at last " improves his fortune; and shall we, like poor spirited " creatures, give up all hopes after the first onset, *Quodcunque imperavit animus obtinuit.* Whatever the mind " has commanded itself to do, it has obtained its purpose.

" Riches must have no charms, compared to the " charms of literature. Poverty is favourable to the " success of all literary pursuits. I mean not to throw " contempt on money in general, but on that exorbitant wealth which allures the mind from study. " But your parents," says he, " will rather chuse that " you should be guilty of perjury or murder, than not " know how to value money.

" The student must be desirous of praise. It is a " promising presage of success to be roused by praise " when one shall have done well, and to be grieved and " incited to higher aims, on finding himself blamed or " outdone by another. He who aspires at the summit " must be passionately fond of glory.

" Thus have the first qualities, indispensably requisite in a youth devoted to study, been mentioned. He " must aim at the highest points, he must love labour, " he must never despair, he must despise riches, he must " be greedy of praise. It remains that we prescribe the " methods. There are then three gradations in the " modes of study; hearing, teaching, writing. It is a " good and easy method to hear, it is a better and richer " to teach, and the best and safest of all to write. " Lectures are dull; because it is tedious to confine the " liberty of thought to the voice of the reader. But " when we teach or write, the very exercise itself pre- " cludes the tædium."

Though the treatise of Ringelbergius is short, yet to make an useful abbreviation of it, would require more room than the limits I usually prescribe to my papers will allow. I mean only to give a little specimen of the manner in which that very extraordinary writer has composed his once celebrated treatise. There are certainly many things in it, which can scarcely fail to stimulate an honest mind, sincerely

and ſeriouſly devoted to letters. A ſevere critic, or a lover of ridicule, will find much, both in the matter and the ſtyle to cenſure and deride. But ſtill there is ſomething ſo honeſt and ſo warm in this writer, that a good-natured mind cannot help being entertained even with his abſurdities, and inclined to overlook them amidſt the greater abundance of valuable advice. I believe the copies are not very ſcarce, and earneſtly recommend, both to the young ſtudent and the lover of literary curioſities, to devote half an hour to the peruſal of it, if it ſhould fall into their hands.

Ringelbergius was a very ingenious man, not only in polite learning and in the ſciences, but in the arts of mechanical writing, painting, and engraving. Indeed theſe were his firſt purſuits and employments, and he did not apply himſelf to learning Latin till his ſeventeenth year; but ſuch was the force of his genius, that he then made a rapid proficiency. He was certainly a man of genius, and though not quite correct in his language, yet he wrote Latin with much more ſpirit and vivacity than moſt of the Dutch and German writers of his age. He acquired the Greek language, and could almoſt repeat Homer from beginning to end. He was well verſed in various ſciences, and wrote ingeniouſly upon them; but his tracts are, I believe, more curious than uſeful. He would have been an excellent writer, and profound philoſopher, had he lived in an age when the follies of judicial aſtrology were exploded, and hypotheſis reduced to the teſt of experiment.

No. CLVIII. ON THE FOLLY OF SACRIFICING COMFORT TO TASTE.

THERE are certain homely, but ſweet comforts and conveniences, the abſence of which no elegance can ſupply. Since, however, they have nothing of external ſplendour, they are often ſacrificed to the gratification of vanity. We live too much in the

the eyes and minds of others, and too little to our own hearts, too little to our own consciences, and too little to our own satisfaction. We are more anxious to appear, than to be happy.

According to the present modes of living, and ideas of propriety, an ostentatious appearance must be at all events, and in all instances, supported. If we can preserve a glittering and glossy varnish, we disregard the interior materials and substance. Many shew a disposition in every part of their conduct, similar to that of the Frenchman, who had rather go without a shirt, than without ruffles; rather starve as a count, than enjoy affluence and independence as an honest merchant. Men idolize the great, and the distinctions of fashionable life, with an idolatry so reverential and complete, that they seem to mistake it for their duty towards God. For, to use the words of the Catechism, "do they not appear to believe in them, to fear them, "to love them with all their hearts, with all their "minds, with all their souls, and with all their "strength, to worship them, to give them thanks, to "put their whole trust in them, to call upon them, "to honour their names and their words, and to serve "them truly all the days of their lives?" As they worship false gods, their blessings are of the kind which corresponds with the nature of their deities. They are all shadowy and unsubstantial; dreams, bubbles, and meteors, which dance before their eyes, and often lead them to perdition.

It is really lamentable to behold families of a competent fortune, and respectable rank, who (while they deny themselves even the common pleasures of a plentiful table, while their kitchen is the cave of cold and famine, while their neighbours, relations, and friends pity and despise, as they pass, the comfortless and unhospitable door) scruple not to be profusely expensive in dress, furniture, building, equipage, at public entertainments, in excursions to Bath, Tunbridge, or Brighthelmstone. To feed the fashionable extravagance, they rob themselves of indulgences which they know to be more truly satisfactory; for which of them returneth from the midnight assembly, or from the sum-

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mer excurſions, without complaining of dulneſs, fatigue, ennui, and inſipidity? They have ſhewn themſelves, they have ſeen many fine perſons, and many fine things, but have they felt the delicious pleaſures of domeſtic peace, the tranquil delights of ſocial intercourſe at their own towns and villages, the ſolid ſatisfaction of a cool collected mind, the comforts ariſing from a diſembarraſſed ſtate of finances, and the love and reſpect of a neighbourhood?

To run in debt, and be involved in danger of arreſts and impriſonment, are, in this age, almoſt the objects of faſhionable ambition. To have an execution in the houſe, is to be in the ſame predicament with this baronet and the other lord, or with his grace the duke. The poor imitator of ſplendid miſery, little greatneſs, and titled infamy, riſques his liberty and laſt ſhilling to become a man of taſte and faſhion. He boaſts that he is a happy man, for he is a man of pleaſure; he knows how to enjoy life; he profeſſes the important ſcience called the *Sçavoir Vivre*. Give him the diſtinction which, in the littleneſs and blindneſs of his ſoul, he conſiders as the ſource of happineſs and honour. Allow him his claim to taſte, give him the title of a man of pleaſure, and ſince he inſiſt upon it, grant him his pretenſions to *Sçavoir Vivre*. But at the ſame time he cannot deny that he is haunted by his creditors, that he is obliged to hide himſelf, leſt he ſhould loſe his liberty; that he is eating the bread and the meat, and wearing the clothes of thoſe whoſe children are crying for a morſel, and ſhivering in rags. If he has brought himſelf to ſuch a ſtate as to feel no uneaſineſs, when he reflects on his embarraſſment, and its conſequences to others; he is a baſe, worthleſs, and degenerate wretch. But if he is uneaſy, where is his happineſs? where his exalted enjoyments? how much happier had been this boaſter of happineſs, had he lived within the limits of reaſon, duty, and his fortune, in love and unity with his own regular family, at his own fire-ſide, beloved, truſted, reſpected in the neighbourhood, afraid of no creditor or perſecution, nor of any thing elſe, but of doing wrong? He might not indeed have made a figure on the turf; he might not

have had the honour of leading the fashion; but he would probably have had health, wealth, fame, and peace. Many a man who is seldom seen, and never heard of, enjoys, in the silence and security of a private life, all which this sublunary state can afford to sweeten the cup, and to lighten the burthen.

In things of an inferior nature, and such as are not immediately connected with moral conduct, the same predilection for external appearance, and the same neglect of solid comfort, when placed in competition with the display of an affected taste, are found to prevail. Our houses are often rendered cold, small, and inconvenient, for the sake of preserving a regularity of external figure, or of copying the architecture of a warmer climate. Our carriages are made dangerous or incommodious, for the sake of attracting the passengers eye, by something new or singular in their shape, strength, or fabric. Our dress is fashioned in uneasy forms, and with troublesome superfluities, or uncomfortable defects, just as the Proteus, Fashion, ilies out the capricious edicts of a variable taste. We even eat and drink, see and hear, not according to our own appetites and tastes, but as the prevalent taste happens to direct. In this refined age we are all persons of taste, from the hair dresser and milliner, to the duke and duchess. The question is not what is right, prudent, pleasing, comfortable, but what is the taste. Hence beggarly finery, and lordly beggary.

The sacrifice of comfort to taste is visible in our modern gardens. I rejoice in the explosion of the Dutch manner. I expatiate with raptured eye and imagination over the noble scenes created by a Kent and a Brown. But at the same time I lament that our cold climate often renders the sublime and magnificent taste in gardening incompatible with comfort. Winter, as the poet says, often lingers in the lap of May. How pleasing to step out of the house, and bask under a sunny wall covered with bloom, to watch the expansion of a rose-bud, and to see even the humble pea and bean flowering up with all the vigour of vernal fertility. But now the mansion house stands naked and forlorn. You descend from the flight of steps. You are saluted by the

the rudeſt breath of Eurus and Boreas. No trees, no walls, no out-houſes, even the kitchen and offices ſubterraneous. Not a corner to ſeek the genial warmth of a meridian ſun. Fine proſpects indeed all around. But you cannot ſtay to look at them. You fly to your chimney corner, happy if the perſecuting blaſt purſues you not to your laſt receſs. We allow all that taſte can claim. We admire and love her beauties; but they are dearly bought at the expence of comfort.

A little and encloſed garden adds greatly to the real enjoyment of a rural retreat. Though taſte has thrown down the walls, and laid all open; I venture to predict that before the lapſe of half a century, good ſenſe and the love of comfort will rebuild them. The grounds beyond may ſtill be laid out in the grandeſt and moſt beautiful ſtyle; but let the houſe ſtand in the midſt of a little cultivated ſpot, where every vegetable beauty and delicacy may be diſplayed, and where the rigours of our inclement clime may be ſoftened with elegant encloſures. The contraſt between this, which I would call the domeſtic, and the other which might be named the outer garden, or the grove, would produce an effect by no means unpleaſing. They who have no taſte for flowers, and the thouſand beauties of an incloſed garden, are but pretenders to any kind of taſte in the graces of horticulture.

Indeed, ſuch is the nature of man, we commonly advance improvement to the verge of impropriety. We now loath the idea of a ſtraight line, and a regular row of trees. But let us not, in the pride of our hearts, flatter ourſelves with the unerring rectitude of our taſte. Many of the ancients who poſſeſſed the beſt taſte, not only in poetry and eloquence, but in arts, in painting, ſculpture, architecture, were great admirers of plantations perfectly regular, and laid out in quincunxes. However vanity and fathion may dictate and declaim, the world will not always believe that Homer, Virgil, Cæſar, Cicero, Bacon, and Temple, were totally miſtaken in their ideas of horticultural beauty.

Cicero informs us, in a fine quotation from Xenophon's œconomics, that when Lyſander came to Cyrus, a prince equally diſtinguiſhed for his glorious empire

pire and his genius, Cyrus ſhewed him a piece of ground *well incloſed and completely planted*. After the viſitor had admired the tall and ſtraight trees, and the rows regularly formed in a quincunx, and the ground clear of weeds, and well cultivated, and the ſweetneſs of the odours which exhaled from the flowers, he could not help expreſſing his admiration not only of the diligence, but the ſkill of him by whom all this was meaſured and marked out; upon which Cyrus anſwered, "It was myſelf who "*meaſured* every thing, the rows of trees are of my diſ-"poſing, the plan is mine, and many of the trees were "planted with my own hand." An illuſtrious pattern, which I hope our Engliſh noblemen and gentlemen will no be afraid to follow. Why always employ a profeſſed plan-maker? Why ſacrifice their own amuſement and inclination to the will of another, and to the imperious edicts of capricious faſhion.

No. CLIX. ON THE EXAMPLE OF HENRY THE FIFTH, AND THE BAD EFFECTS OF AN OPINION, THAT A PROFLIGATE YOUTH IS LIKELY TO TERMINATE IN A WISE MANHOOD.

THERE are thoſe who conſider early profligacy as a mark of that ſpirit, which ſeldom fails to produce, in the ſubſequent periods of life, a wiſe and a virtuous character. The example of Henry the fifth is often cited in confirmation of their opinion. Shakeſpeare has indeed repreſented his errors and reformation in ſo amiable a light, that many are not diſpleaſed when they ſee a young man beginning his career in riot and debauchery. While there is an appearance of ſpirit, they regard not the vice.

The example of Henry the fifth has been applied particularly to heirs apparent of a crown. If the future king is found to be early initiated in the exceſſes of ſenſuality,

ſenſuality, it is a favourable preſage, and we are referred to the example of Falſtaff's Hal. If he devote his time to drinking, and be actually involved in continual intoxication, it is all the better, for do we not recollect Hal's exploits at the Boar's Head in Eaſtcheap? Dame Quickly, Doll Tearſheet, are illuſtrious inſtances to prove what company a prince ſhould keep in order to become hereafter a great king. It is in the haunts of intemperance and vice, and in the company of ſycophants and knaves, that he is, according to the vulgar phraſe, to ſow his wild oats, to ſpend the exuberance of his ſpirit, to ſubdue the ebullition of his blood, and to acquire a valuable ſpecies of moral experience.

It is true, indeed, that Henry the fifth is a remarkable inſtance of early profligacy and ſubſequent reformation. He is a remarkable, becauſe he is a rare inſtance. For one who ſucceeds as he did, a thouſand become either incurable debauchees, drunkards, and rogues, ruin their character and fortunes, or die under the operation of ſo rough an experiment. We hear not of thoſe who are obliged to go to the Eaſt Indies, to hide themſelves on the Continent, to ſkulk in the garrets of blind allies, to ſpend their days in gaols, or are early carried to the church-yard, amidſt the thanks and rejoicings of their friends for ſo happy a deliverance from ſhame and ruin. But if one wild youth becomes but a tolerably good man, we are ſtruck with the metamorphoſis, as we are with every thing uncommon. We exaggerate his goodneſs, by comparing it with his previous depravity. We cite the example, as a conſolatory topic, wherever we behold a young man, as the ſcripture beautifully expreſſes it, walking in the ways of his own heart, and in the ſight of his own eyes. We talk as if we almoſt congratulated a parent, when his ſon has ſpirit enough to violate, not only the rules of decency, but alſo the moſt ſacred laws of morality and religion.

Such fatal ideas have broken the heart of many a virtuous and feeling father. They have brought his hairs, before they were grey, to the grave. I have been much pleaſed with a paſſage in the ſermons of the late worthy Dr. Ogden, in which he recommends regularity and *virtue* to young men ſolely for the ſake of their pa-

rents.

rents. "Stop, young man," fays he, "ſtop a little to "look towards thy poor parents. Think it not too "much to beſtow a moment's reflection on thoſe who "never forget thee. Recollect what they have done "for thee. Remember all all indeed thou canſt "not; alas! ill had been thy lot, had not their care "begun, before thou couldſt remember or know any "thing.

"Now ſo proud, ſelf-willed, inexorable, then "couldſt thou only aſk by wailing, and move them "with thy tears. And they were moved. Their "hearts were touched with thy diſtreſs; they relieved "and watched thy wants before thou knewſt thine "own neceſſities, or their kindneſs. They cloathed "thee; thou knewſt not that thou waſt naked: thou "aſkedſt not for bread; but they fed thee. And "ever ſince—for the particulars are too many to be "recounted, and too many ſurely to be all utterly for-"gotten, it has been the very principal endeavour, "employment, and ſtudy of their lives to do ſervice "unto thee. If by all theſe endeavours they can ob-"tain their child's comfort, they arrive at the full ac-"compliſhment of their wiſhes. They have no higher "object of their ambition. Be thou but happy, and "they are ſo.

"And now tell me, is not ſomething to be done, I "do not now ſay for thyſelf, but for them? If it be "too much to deſire of thee to be good, and wiſe, and "virtuous, and happy for thy own ſake; yet be happy "for theirs. Think that a ſober, upright, and, let "me add, religious life, beſides the bleſſings it will "bring upon thy own head, will be a fountain of un-"feigned comfort to thy declining parents, and make "the heart of the aged ſing for joy.

"What ſhall we ſay? which of theſe is happier? the "ſon that maketh a glad father? or the father, bleſſed "with ſuch a ſon?

"Fortunate young man! who haſt an heart open ſo "early to virtuous delights, and canſt find thy own "happineſs in returning thy father's bleſſing upon his "own head!

"And

" And happy father! whose years have been pro-
" longed, not, as it often happens, to see his comforts
" fall from him one after another, and to become at once
" old and destitute; but to taste a new pleasure, not to
" be found among the pleasures of youth, reserved for
" his age; to reap the harvest of all his cares and labours,
" in the duty, affection, and felicity of his dear child.
" His very look bespeaks the inward satisfaction of his
" heart. The infirmities of his age lit light on him.
" He feels not the troubles of life: he smiles at the ap-
" proach of death; sees himself still living and honoured
" in the memory and the person of his son, his other
" dearer self; and passes down to the receptacle of all
" the living, in the fullness of content and joy.

" How unlike to this is the condition of him, who
" has the affliction to be the father of a wicked off-
" spring! poor, unhappy man! No sorrow is like
" unto thy sorrow. Diseases and death are blessings,
" if compared with the anguish of thy heart, when
" thou seest thy dear children run heedlessly and head-
" long in the ways of sin, forgetful of their parents
" counsel, and their own happiness. Unfortunate old
" man! How often does he wish he had never been
" born, or had been cut off before he was a father?
" No reflection is able to afford him consolation. He
" grows old betimes; and the afflictions of age are
" doubled on his head. In vain are instruments of
" pleasure brought forth. His soul refuses comfort.
" Every blessing of life is lost upon him. No success
" is able to give him joy. His triumphs are like that
" of David: while his friends, captains, soldiers, were
" rending the air with shouts of victory—he, poor con-
" queror, went up, as it is written, to the chamber
" over the gate and wept: and as he went, thus he said;
" O, my son Absalom! my son, my son Absalom!
" would to God I had died for thee! O Absalom, my
" son, my son!"

I have introduced this passage, with a hope that gay and thoughtless young men may be properly affected by it; and though they should have no regard for themselves, that they should be led to have pity on their poor

poor parents, and to chuse the right way, that they may not cause affliction to him who often has dandled them in his arms, nor to her at whose breast they hung in the sweet and innocent period of their infancy. It is indeed a melancholy consideration that children, who have been the delight of their parents during the earlier ages, no sooner arrive at maturity, than they often prove a scourge and a curse. They hurry those out of the world, who brought them into it. They embitter the old age of those who devoted the health and strength of manhood to their welfare and support. Sad return! to plant the pillow of reclining age with thorns! — O have pity, have pity on your father — behold him with tottering step approaching you! With suppliant hands and tears in his eyes, he begs you—to do what? to be good and happy. O spare him, wipe away his tears; make him happy, be so yourself. So when it shall be your turn to be a father, may you never feel the pangs you have already inflicted!

There are parents, indeed, who seem to have little concern but for the pecuniary interest or worldly advancement of their children. While their children excel in dress, address, simulation, and dissimulation, they are allowed to be as debauched and immoral as they please. While they possess a poor, mean, and contemptible kind of wisdom, commonly called the knowledge of the world, their parents are perfectly easy; though they should be notoriously guilty of every base artifice, and plunged in the grossest and most unlawful species of sensuality. That poor man, Lord Chesterfield, was one of those parents who are ready to sacrifice their children's honour, conscience, and salvation, for the sake of gaining a little of the little honours and riches of a world, where not even the highest honours of the most abundant riches are comparable to the possession of an honest heart. That wretched Lord seems to have entertained very little natural affection for his spurious off-spring. His paternal attention was all avarice and ambition. He would probably have been delighted if his son had been at an early age a remarkable debauchee. He would have thought the spirit which vice displayed, a surveyor,

nostre

noble of future eminence. Providence defeated his purpoſe, and permitted his letters to be exhibited as a loathſome monument of wickedneſs, vanity, and worldly wiſdom. Such wiſdom is indeed uſually folly, even where its effects and conſequences are confined to the preſent period of exiſtence.

Every father then, and every mother who deſerve that tender and venerable appellation, will ſtrenuouſly endeavour, whatever have been their own errors and vices, to preſerve thoſe whom they have introduced into a troubleſome world from the foul contagion and pollution of vice. If they have any regard for their children, for their country, for themſelves, they will uſe every probable means to reſcue the riſing generation from early profligacy. Selfiſh motives often prevail when all others are inefficacious. I repeat then, that, for their own ſakes, they muſt guard their offſpring from riot, intemperance, and prodigality. If they are miſguided by the example of Henry the Fifth, or any other reformed rake, ſo as to encourage their children in evil, or even to be negligent of them, they will probably repent in the day of old age, and find poverty, ſhame and anguiſh, ſuperadded to the weight of years, and the unavoidable evils of a natural decay.

No. CLX. A GOOD HEART NECESSARY TO ENJOY THE BEAUTIES OF NATURE.

BY a juſt diſpenſation of Providence, it happens that they who are unreaſonably ſelfiſh, ſeldom enjoy ſo much happineſs as the generous and contented. Almoſt all the wicked deviate from the line of rectitude, that they may engroſs an extraordinary portion of ſome real or imaginary advantage. Their hearts are agitated in the purſuit of it with the moſt violent and painful emotions, and their eagerneſs, apprehenſions, and ſolicitude, poiſon the enjoyment after they have obtained the poſſeſſion. The nature of their pleaſures is at beſt groſs, ſenſual, violent, and tranſitory. They are always

ays dissatisfied, always envious, always malignant. eir souls are bent down to the earth; and, destitute of elevated and heavenly ideas, *coelestium inanes*. They e not powers of perception for the sublime or refined sfactions; and are no less insensible to the tranquil ghts of innocence and simplicity, than the deaf and d to the beauty of colours, and the melody of music. To the wicked, and indeed to all who are warmly aged in the vulgar pursuits of the world, the con- plation of rural scenes, and of the manners and na- e of animals, is perfectly insipid. The odour of ers, the purling of streams, the song and plumage birds, the sportive innocence of the lamb, the fide- of the dog, are incapable of attracting, for one mo- nt, the notice of him whose conscience is uneasy, passions unsubdued. Invite him to a morning k through a neighbouring wood, and he begs to be used; for he loves his pillow, and can see no charms rees. Endeavour to allure him, on a vernal evening, en, after a shower, every leaf breathes fragrance and shness, to saunter with you in the garden, and he ads an engagement at whist, or at the bottle. Bid a listen to the thrush, the blackbird, the nightingale, woodlark, and he interrupts you by asking the price stocks, and enquiring whether the West India fleet is ived. As you walk over the meadows enamelled h cowslips and daisies, he takes no other notice, but quires who is the owner, how much the land lets for acre, what hay sold for at the last market. He pre- s the gloomiest day in November, on which pecuniary ness is transacted, or a feast celebrated, or a public ertion afforded, to all the delights of the merry month May. He who is constantly engaged in gratifying lust, or in gaming, becomes in a short time so very e, as to consider the field, of the works of God in the ation, and the external beauty both of vegetable and mated nature, as little superior to a childish entertain- nt. How grave his aspect, no Sodom ever looked so ient as he does, when he is on the point of making a , or insidiously plotting an intrigue. One might clude, from his air of importance, that man was

born

born to ſhake the dice, to ſhuffle the cards, to drink claret, and to deſtroy, by debauchery, the innocence of individuals, and the peace of families. Ignorant and miſtaken wretch! He knows not that purity and ſimplicity of heart would furniſh him with delights, which, while they render his life tranquil and pleaſurable, would enable him to reſign his ſoul at death into the hands of his Maker unpolluted. What ſtains and filth it uſually contracts by an indiſcriminate commerce with the world! how comparatively pure amidſt the genuine pleaſures of a rural and philoſophical life!

As a preſervative of innocence, and as the means of a moſt agreeable paſtime, the love of birds, flowers, plants, trees, gardens, animals, when it appears in boys, as indeed it uſually does, ſhould be encouraged, and in a ſubordinate degree cultivated. Farewel, innocence, when ſuch things ceaſe to be capable of affording pleaſure! The heart gradually becomes hardened and corrupted, when its objects are changed to thoſe of a worldly and a ſenſual nature.

Man may indeed be amuſed in the days of health and vigor with the common purſuits of ordinary life; but they have too much agitation in them for the feeble powers of old age. Amuſements are then required which are gentle, yet healthy; capable of engaging the thoughts, yet requiring no painful or continued exertion. Happy he who has acquired and preſerved to that age a taſte for ſimple pleaſures. A fine day, a beautiful garden, a flowery field, are to him enjoyments ſimilar in ſpecies and degree to the bliſs of Elyſium. A farm yard, with all its inhabitants, conſtitutes a moſt delightful ſcene, and furniſhes him with a thouſand entertaining ideas. The man who can ſee without pleaſure a hen gather her chickens under her wing, or the train of ducklings following their parent into a pond, is like him who has no muſic in his ſoul, and who, according to Shakeſpeare, is fit for treaſons, murders, every thing that can diſgrace and degrade humanity. *Vetabo iiſdem ſub trabibus, fragilemque mecum ſolvat phaſelum.* I will forbid him, ſays Horace on another occaſion, to be under the ſame roof with me, or to embark in the ſame veſſel.

Let it operate as an additional motive in ſtimulating us to preſerve our innocence, that with our innocence we preſerve our ſenſibility to the charms of nature. It is indeed one of the rewards of innocence, that it is enabled to taſte the pureſt pleaſure which this world can beſtow, without the uſual conſequences of pleaſures, remorſe and ſatiety. The man of a bad heart can find no delight but in bad deſigns and bad actions: nominal joys and real torments. His very amuſements are of neceſſity connected with the injury of others, and with thouſand painful ſenſations which no language can expreſs. But the mind of the honeſt, ſimple, and ingenuous, is always gay and cultivated, like ſome of the ſouthern climates, with a ſerenity almoſt perpetual. Let a man who would form an adequate idea on the different ſtates of the good and bad heart, with reſpect to happineſs, compare the climate of Otaheite with that of Terra del Fuego, as deſcribed by our Britiſh circumnavigators.

No. CLXI. ON THE PECULIAR BASENESS OF VICE IN NOBILITY.

MANY, who have been tailed to titles and eſtates by the virtue or good fortune of their anceſtors, ſeem to conſider themſelves as privileged to infringe all the common reſtraints eſtabliſhed by a regard to decency, by moral philoſophy, by natural and by revealed religion. They have noble blood in their veins, therefore they preſume that the world was made for them to take their paſtime in it. Who, they exclaim (with a volley of oaths and execrations) who ſhall dare to ſay to us, thus far ſhall ye go, and no farther? Rules, laws, and *modes* of *ſuperſtition* were made for the canaille, for the muſhroom race, who ſpring from dunghills, and on whom the ſun of royalty has never ſhed its luſtre. Scarcely any of the ancient philoſophers could boaſt of this noble blood, and ſhall they preſume to dictate to a nobleman, that is, perhaps, to a baſtard of King Charles's.

Trumpet,

ſtrumpet, or to the diſeaſed off-ſpring of a leprous, ſcrophulous, ſorry race of puiſne lordlings, whoſe names are only recorded in the books of ruined tradeſmen, and whoſe illuſtrious exploits are limited to the regions of a cock-pit, a horſe-race, a tavern, and a bawdy-houſe? Shall a carpenter's ſon dictate to a Fitzroy? His lordſhip pleads his privileges. Let him riot in debauchery, ſeduce innocence, break the peace of private families, laugh at all that is ſacred and ſerious, for is he not a duke?

You are indeed a duke; or, in other words, your great-grandfather, by good fortune or good deeds, acquired for you that noble old manſion-houſe, that park, thoſe woods, thoſe lands, thoſe titles, all of which you baſely diſhonour. Though in your appearance you have not much of ducal dignity, yet we ſee your ducal coronet on your proſtitute's vis-à-vis; we ſee you glorying in your ſhame, neglecting to pay your tradeſmen, yet laviſhing your gold on horſes and harlots; ſtooping to the meaneſt company and diverſions, yet retaining all the petty inſolence of family pride; we ſee you meanly ſneaking in a court; we ſee you rewarded, notwithſtanding the infamy of your private life, with offices of truſt and honour; we therefore acknowledge that you have all the common attributes and outward ſigns of the title which you happen to inherit. You have alſo had the honour of a divorce, and enjoy the envied and brilliant reputation of a profeſſed adulterer. With a character and qualities ſo noble, every Briton muſt acknowledge how juſtly you are ſaluted by the appellation of your Grace! how juſtly you are made the companion of a prince, and the privy counſellor of the king of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, *defender of the faith*, and over all cauſes, *eccleſiaſtical* as well as civil, ſupreme! But, irony apart, who can be ſurprized, or who can lament, when ſuch wretches as yourſelf are the counſellors of kings, that the ſubjects rebel, and that the empire is diſmembered? Under a ruler like you, who would not glory in the illuſtrious character and conduct of a Waſhington?

When we read the liſt of dukes, marquiſes, earls, viſcounts, barons, and baronets, exhibited in the Court Calendar,

Calendar, we cannot help wondering at the great number of thoſe who are ſunk in obſcurity, or branded with infamy; and at the extreme paucity of characters to which may be applied with juſtice the epithets of decent, virtuous, learned, and devout. Here we ſee a long liſt of titled ſhadows, whoſe names are ſeldom heard, and whoſe perſons are ſeldom ſeen but at Newmarket and the chocolate-houſe. There we mark a tribe whom fame is celebrated for thoſe feats of gallantry called, in an old-faſhioned book, adultery. Here we point out a wretch ſtigmatized for unnatural crimes, there a bloody-minded duelliſt. Debauchees, drunkards, ſpendthrifts, gameſters, tyrannical neighbours, and bad maſters of families, occur to the mind of the reader ſo frequently, that they almoſt ceaſe by familiarity to excite his animadverſion. All this may be true, it will be ſaid; but will it not be true of any other equal number of men? I venture to affirm that it will not. The power, rank, and opulence of the nobility, added to bad company and often to a bad education, lead them beyond the line of common depravity. There is this alſo which diſtinguiſhes their errors from the uſual errors of human infirmity; they boaſt of their enormities, and glory in their diſgrace; exorbitant profligacy is conſidered as a mark of manly ſpirit; and all who are decent and regular, are ridiculed by the majority as tame, puſillanimous, hypocritical, ſuperſtitious, methodiſtical, prejudiced, or narrow-minded.

But allowing, what experience refutes, that the enormities of the nominal great are not worſe than thoſe of others, yet it cannot be denied that their influence on the community is infinitely more detrimental. The greater part of mankind are weak and ill educated; but to a feeble and ill-informed underſtanding, riches and titles appear to be the nobleſt diſtinctions of human nature. Whatever is ſaid or done by the poſſeſſors of them, operates both as precept and example with irreſiſtible force. It is ſufficient, in the opinion of many a ſilly man and woman of faſhion, to juſtify any eccentricity of behaviour, that a lord or a lady, whom they proudly name among their acquaintance, has ſet the example. Deformity itſelf, awkwardneſs, rudeneſs, be-

come grace and politeneſs, when exhibited by ſome ducheſs who affects fame by an impudent ſingularity. The court in Doctors-Commons exhibits frequent proofs, in the preſent times, that vices, directly repugnant to the law of God, pregnant with injuries to ſociety, and fatal to private virtue and private happineſs, are become faſhionable. It is a pride and pleaſure among the blaſted lordlings of the day, to ſtand forth in a court of juſtice, and avow themſelves the deſtroyers of female virtue and nuptial felicity. They are travelled men; and, like true patriots, emulating the manners of that nation which is endeavouring to deſtroy our political exiſtence, they attempt to introduce the looſe principles of conjugal libertiniſm into their own country. Thoſe who have not travelled, imitate the noble youths who have; and thus is the ſweet cup of domeſtic felicity almoſt univerſally embittered among thoſe who, in the regions of faſhion, pretend to ſuperior ſkill in the art of enjoying life.

No. CLXII. ON AFFECTATION OF EXTREME DELICACY AND SENSIBILITY.

EXTREME DELICACY, ſo eſteemed at preſent, ſeems to have been unknown in times of remote antiquity. It is certainly a great refinement on human nature; and refinements are never attended to in the earlier ages, when the occupations of war, and the wants of unimproved life, leave little opportunity, and leſs inclination, for fanciful enjoyments. Danger and diſtreſs require ſtrength of mind, and neceſſarily exclude an attention to thoſe delicacies, which, while they pleaſe, infallibly enervate.

That tenderneſs which is amiable in a ſtate of *perfect* civilization, is deſpiſed as a weakneſs among unpoliſhed nations. Shocked at the ſmalleſt circumſtances which are diſagreeable, it cannot ſupport the idea of danger and alarm. So far from exerciſing the ſeverities which are ſometimes politically neceſſary in a rude ſtate, it ſtarts with horror from the ſight, and at the deſcription of them.

It

It delights in the calm occupations of rural life, and would gladly reſign the ſpear and the ſhield for the ſhepherd's crook and the lover's garland. But in an unformed community, where conſtant danger requires conſtant defence, thoſe diſpoſitions which delight in eaſe and retirement will be treated with general contempt; and no temper of mind which is deſpiſed will be epidemical.

The antient Greeks and Romans were the moſt civilized people on the earth. They, however, were unacquainted with that extreme delicacy of ſentiment which is become univerſally prevalent in modern times. Perhaps ſome reaſonable cauſes may be aſſigned. The ſtoic philoſophy endeavoured to introduce a total apathy, and though it was not embraced in all its rigour by the vulgar, yet it had a ſufficient number of votaries to diffuſe a general inſenſibility of temper. It perhaps originally meant no more than to teach men to govern their affections by the dictates of reaſon, but as a natural want of feeling produced the ſame effects as a rational regulation of the paſſions, inſenſibility ſoon paſſed among the vulgar, for what it had no claim to, a philoſophical indifference.

That reſpectful attention to women, which in modern times is called gallantry, was not to be found among the antients. Women were unjuſtly conſidered as inferior beings, whoſe only duty was to contribute to pleaſure, and to ſuperintend domeſtic oeconomy. It was not till the days of chivalry that men ſhewed that deference of pleaſing the faireſt ſex, which ſeems to allow them a ſuperiority. This deference to women refines the manners and ſoftens the temper; and it is no wonder that the antients, who admitted not women to their ſocial converſations, ſhould acquire a roughneſs of manners incompatible with Delicacy of Sentiment.

Men who acted, thought, and ſpoke, like the antients, were unqueſtionably furniſhed by nature with every feeling in great perfection. But their mode of education contributed rather to harden, than to mollify their hearts. Politics and war were the only general objects of purſuit. Ambition, it is well known, renders all other paſſions ſubſervient to itſelf; and the youth who had been accuſtomed to a military diſcipline, and had endured the hardſhips of a campaign, though he might yield to the

allurements of pleaſure, would not have time to cultivate the refinements of delicacy. But the modern ſoldier, in the preſent mode of conducting war, is not compelled to undergo many perſonal hardſhips either in the preparation for his profeſſion, or in the exerciſe of it. Commerce, but little known to many antient nations, gives the moderns an opportunity of acquiring opulence without much difficulty or danger; and the infinite numbers who inherit this opulence, have recourſe, in order to paſs away life with eaſe, to the various arts of exciting pleaſure. The profeſſions of divinity and law, leave ſufficient time, opportunity, and inclination to moſt of their profeſſors to purſue every innocent amuſement and gratification. The general plan of modern education, which, among the liberal, conſiſts of the ſtudy of poets and ſentimental writers, contributes perhaps, more than all other cauſes, to humanize the heart and refine the ſentiments: for, at the period when education is commenced, the heart is moſt ſuſceptible of impreſſions.

Whatever diſpoſition tends to ſoften, without weakening the mind, muſt be cheriſhed; and it muſt be allowed that an unaffected Delicacy of Sentiment, on this ſide the extreme, adds greatly to the happineſs of mankind, by diffuſing an univerſal benevolence. It teaches men to feel for others as for themſelves; it diſpoſes them to rejoice with the happy, and, by partaking, to encreaſe their pleaſure. It frequently excludes the malignant paſſions, which are the ſources of the greateſt miſery in life. It excites a pleaſing ſenſation in our own breaſt, which, if its duration be conſidered, may be placed among the higheſt gratifications of ſenſe. The only ill conſequence that can be apprehended from it is, an effeminacy of mind, which may diſqualify us for vigorous purſuits and manly exertions.

In the moſt ſucceſsful courſe of things, obſtacles will impede, and diſagreeable circumſtances diſguſt. To bear theſe without feeling them, is ſometimes neceſſary in the right conduct of life; but he who is tremblingly alive all over, and whoſe ſenſibility approaches to ſoreneſs, avoids the conteſt in which he knows he muſt be hurt. He feels injuries never committed, and reſents affronts never intended. Diſguſted with men

and

and manners, he either ſeeks retirement to indulge his melancholy, or, weakened by continual chagrin, conducts himſelf with folly and imprudence.

How then ſhall we avoid the extreme of a diſpoſition, which, in the due medium, is productive of the moſt ſalutary conſequences? In this event, as well as all others, reaſon muſt be called in to moderate. Senſibility muſt not be permitted to ſink us into ſuch a ſtate of indolence, as effectually repreſſes thoſe manly ſentiments, which may very well conſiſt with the moſt delicate. The greateſt mildneſs is commonly united with the greateſt fortitude, in the true hero. Tenderneſs joined with reſolution, forms indeed a finiſhed character, to which reaſon, co-operating with nature, may eaſily attain.

The affectation of great ſenſibility is extremely common. It is however as odious as the reality is amiable. It renders a man deteſtable, and a woman ridiculous. Inſtead of relieving the afflicted, which is the neceſſary effect of genuine ſympathy, a character of this ſort flies from miſery, to ſhew that it is too delicate to ſupport the ſight of diſtreſs. The appearance of a toad, or the jolting of a carriage, will cauſe a paroxyſm of fear. It pretends to a ſuperior ſhare of refinement and philanthropy. But it is remarkable, that this delicacy and tenderneſs often diſappear in ſolitude, and the pretender to uncommon ſenſibility is frequently found, in the abſence of witneſſes, to be uncommonly unfeeling.

To have received a tender heart from the hand of nature, is to have received the means of the higheſt enjoyment. To have regulated its emotions by the dictates of reaſon, is to have riſen up to the dignity of man, and to have obtained that happineſs of which the heart was conſtituted ſuſceptible. May a temper, thus laudable in itſelf, never be rendered contemptible by affectation, or injurious to its poſſeſſor and to others, through the want of a proper guidance.

No. CLXIII. ON TRUE PATIENCE, AS DISTINGUISHED FROM INSENSIBILITY.

HOWEVER common, and however intenſe the evils of human life may be, certain it is, that evils equally great, do not affect all men with an equal degree of anguiſh; and the different manner of ſuſtaining evils, ariſes from one of theſe two cauſes, a natural inſenſibility, or an adventitious fortitude, acquired by the exerciſe of PATIENCE.

Apathus, when a ſchool-boy, was not remarkable for quickneſs of apprehenſion, or brilliancy of wit; but though his progreſs was ſlow, it was ſure, and the additional opportunities of ſtudy, which he enjoyed by being free from thoſe avocations which vivacity and warmth of conſtitution occaſion, made him a tolerably good ſcholar. The ſullenneſs of his deportment, however, alienated the affections of his teachers; and, upon the ſlighteſt miſdemeanours, he often underwent the puniſhment of the rod, which he always bore without a tear, and without complaint.

He had not long been at ſchool, before his father and mother died of a contagious fever. Preparatory to the diſcloſure of ſo mournful an event to an orphan ſon, many precautions were taken, many phraſes of condolence ſtudied. At length, the maſter took him aſide, and after ſeveral obſervations on the inſtability of human affairs, the ſuddenneſs of death, the neceſſity of ſubmiſſion to Providence, and the inefficacy of ſorrow, told him, that his parents were no more. To this, young Apathus replied, by obſerving, without any viſible alteration in his countenance, that he ſuſpected ſomething of that kind had happened, as he had not received his letters at the uſual time; but that he had not ſaid any thing on the ſubject, as he thought his being poſſeſſed of a fine fortune by the event, was a matter that concerned nobody but himſelf. "For (ſays he) as the death was ſud-"den, there probably was no will, and my father being "pretty

"pretty warm, as they call it, and I being an only son, "I think I shall be very well off." Here he was interrupted by his master, who was now deficient of some degree of that grief which he had before been solicitous to prevent. "And are you not affected (said he) with the "loss of the dearest friends you had in the world?" "Why, Sir, (replied the Infantile) you have just now "been teaching me to submit to Providence, and telling "me, we must all die, and the like; and do I not practise your precepts?" The master was too much astonished to be able to answer, and hastily left the young man; who probably concluded the day with a feast of gingerbread, or a game at marbles.

Soon after he left school, he took it into his head to enter into the state of matrimony. But here let the gentle reader be informed, that he was not induced to submit his neck to the yoke by any of those fine feelings which constitute love. The object of his choice had ten thousand pounds; and he considered that ten thousand pounds would pay for the lady's board. When the little prattlers were arrived at that age when none can be held there without pleasure, they were seized with an unfavourable small pox, and severally carried from the cradle to the grave. The constant attendance of the mother, on this occasion, brought on a fever, which, together with a weakness occasioned by an advanced state of pregnancy, proved fatal. Then, at last, Apathus was observed to fetch a sigh, and lift up his hands to Heaven at the sight of the undertaker's bill. A thousand misfortunes in business have fallen to his lot, all which he has borne with seeming fortitude. He is now, at length, reduced to that state, in which gentlemen choose to take lodgings within the purlieus of St. George's fields. But there is no alteration in his features; he still sings his song, takes his glass, and laughs at those silly mortals who weary themselves in wandering up and down the world without control.

Thus Apathus affords a striking instance of that power of bearing afflictions which arises from natural insensibility. Stoicus will give us a better idea of Patience as a virtue.

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Thus Apathus affords a striking instance of that power of bearing afflictions which arises from natural insensibility. Stoicus will give us a better idea of Patience as a virtue.

From that period at which the mind begins to think, Stoicus was remarkable for a quality, which, in children, is called shamefacedneſs. He could never enter a room full of company without ſhewing his diſtreſs, by a violent ſuffuſion of bluſhes. At ſchool, he avoided the commiſſion of faults, rather through fear of ſhame than of puniſhment. In ſhort, an exquiſite ſenſibility, at the ſame time that it gave him the moſt exalted delight, frequently expoſed him to the keeneſt affliction. Thus, from being acquainted with grief, though a ſtranger to misfortune, he acquired a habit of bearing evils before any heavy ones befel him.

Stoicus was deſigned for a literary life, which, to the generality of mankind, appears almoſt exempt from the common attacks of ill-fortune: but if there were no other inſtances of the peculiar miſeries of the ſtudent, Stoicus alone might evince the groundleſſneſs of ſuch an opinion. From a ſanguine temper, he was prone to anticipate ſucceſs; and from an enterprizing diſpoſition, was little inclined to ſit down contented without a conſiderable ſhare of reputation. Influenced by his love of fame, he ventured to appeal to the public taſte, and actually ſent into the world a performance of great merit: but as the work wanted ſome popular attractions, it was ſoon neglected and ſunk into oblivion.

An evil of this kind, perhaps, the merchant or the manufacturer may treat with contempt. They, however, who, with the ſame feelings, have been in the ſame predicament, will know the anguiſh which ſecretly tormented the diſconſolate Stoicus. This diſappointment was the firſt affliction of his life, and on this he long meditated without intermiſſion. He has not again ventured to publiſh, and therefore has had no cauſe of uneaſineſs from the ingratitude of the many-headed monſter: but the evils of his private life have been numerous and afflictive beyond conception. The death of an amiable wife, a conſtant ſtate of ſickneſs, expectations continually diſappointed, have concurred to overwhelm him: but all their efforts have been fruitleſs. The reflections of philoſophy and religion fortify him againſt every attack, and I never viſit him without obſerving a placid ſmile of reſignation

reſignation diffuſed on his countenance. He is ſenſible of the real weight of every evil, and at the ſame time ſuſtains it with alacrity. He draws reſources from himſelf in every emergency, and with the niceſt feelings is become perfectly callous.

This is genuine Patience, and though the former may by ſome, be thought a happineſs, the latter only can be eſteemed a virtue.

Senſibility, with all its inconveniencies, is to be cheriſhed by thoſe who underſtand and wiſh to maintain the dignity of their nature. To feel for others, diſpoſes us to exerciſe the amiable virtue of charity, which our religion indiſpenſably requires. It conſtitutes that enlarged benevolence which philoſophy inculcates, and which is indeed comprehended in Chriſtian charity. It is the privilege and the ornament of man; and the pain which it cauſes is abundantly recompenſed by that ſweet ſenſation which ever accompanies the exerciſe of beneficence.

To feel our own miſery with full force is not to be deprecated. Affliction ſoftens and improves the heart. Tears, to ſpeak in the ſtyle of figure, fertilize the ſoil in which the virtues grow. And it is the remark of one who underſtood human nature, that the faculties of the mind, as well as the feelings of the heart, are meliorated by adverſity.

But, in order to promote theſe ends, our ſufferings muſt not be permitted to overwhelm us. We muſt oppoſe them with the arms of reaſon and religion; and to expreſs the idea in the language of the philoſopher, as well as the poet, of Nature; every one, while he is compelled to feel his misfortunes like a man, ſhould reſolve alſo to bear them like a man.

No. CLXIV. CURSORY REMARKS ON THE ELOQUENCE OF THE PULPIT. IN A LETTER.

ELOQUENCE is numbered among thoſe arts which, inſtead of making a progreſſive improvement in the courſe of revolving ages, have greatly receded from their original excellence.

In E[illegible]u, ſo generally is a taſte for ſolid
and ſubſ[illegible]aining diffuſed, that mere flights
nation, when unſupported by truth and argu
little attended to. Thus it has been ſaid, w
truly claſſical hiſtory of our own country. Elab
lections of facts, proceedings of parliament, an
deſcriptions of our navies and armaments, fill u
jejune detail, ſome of our moſt celebrated hiſt
great deal of ſagacity has, indeed, been exerted
juſtment of conteſted æras, unwearied labour in
ing obſcure paſſages in our annals, and much
in the examination of our records. But where,
is the painting of a Livy, and the conciſe eleg
Salluſt?

It is not therefore ſurpriſing, that a people w
not unneceſſary embelliſhments in matters of
who can fall in love with naked truth even w
at liberty to dreſs herſelf in the garb of fancy,
ject mere ornamental flouriſhes in the importa
actions of political debate, and the ſerious pu
of a court of judicature.

Thus the eloquence of the antients is not, p
be found either in the ſenate or the forum of
There is, indeed, a very great degree of meri
of the harmonies ſtolen in thoſe places, but t

quence in general, which I collected not long ago by accident.

One evening last autumn, as I was walking in the fields near the city, to enjoy a little fresh air, I observed a man, somewhat advanced in years, and of a composed aspect, sauntering in the same path with myself, seemingly in profound meditation. For a considerable time neither of us chose to commence a conversation; till at length, when a tacit familiarity between us had removed the reserve of strangers, the old man opened with an usual introductory topic, the serenity of the evening. For my own part, I never refuse to join in one of the most reasonable, as well as most agreeable pleasures of human life. By degrees, the severity of my companion's countenance brightened up as the conversation grew warm, and he told me he had just been hearing an excellent sermon at an evening lecture, and, as was his usual way, had taken this little turn in the fields to meditate on serious subjects without interruption. I must own I was rather startled at hearing this, apprehending I had fallen into the company of some methodistical enthusiast, who would endeavour to make a proselyte; but upon further conversation, I found myself agreeably mistaken. The old man made some reflections, which, as they struck me at the time, I entered among my minutes as soon as I returned home.

"You must know, Sir," said he, "that I am an old-"fashioned man. I go to church on Wednesdays and "Fridays, according to my good old grandmother's "directions, who (well I remember it) used always to "appoint me the lesson of her large print prayer book "bound in purple morocco. To these early implanted "forms, perhaps, I owe all my solidities; and you will "easily imagine what a queer fellow I am, when I in-"form you, that I put my family to the inconvenience "of dining, on Sundays, a full hour sooner than com-"mon, for no other reason in the world but that I may "do my duty towards my Maker, by going to church "in the afternoon. While my neighbours are at the "playhouse, or the tavern, I can make shift to kill time "at an evening lecture; and I often follow a famous "preacher of a charity sermon, with all the zealous wish

" which a favourite player inſpires the frequenters of " theatrical entertainments. Theſe are my uſual di- " verſions, and really, Sir, they have ſome advantages " attending them. In the firſt place, they are not ex- " penſive; for what is a ſhilling thrown away now and " then upon a trifling whim, ſince every man has his " hobby-horſe; ſuch as relieving a ſuffering fellow- " creature, or contributing to the education and ſupport " of a poor orphan? Secondly, I can go into any church, " within the Bills of Mortality, without danger of being " puſhed, and ſqueezed, and trodden upon, and ſtifled to " death, as ſometimes happens to thoſe who follow " more faſhionable diverſions; nay, and I can ſit the " whole time without being in the leaſt overheated.

" Now, Sir, as I have conſtantly attended to various " ſorts of pulpit eloquence, I ſuppoſe I may pretend, " without vanity, to be ſome judge of it. Do not, " however, expect that I ſhall bring proofs of the juſt- " neſs of my remarks from your Ariſtotles, your Tul- " lies, or your Quintilians; for I am a plain common " man, and if I have any ſenſe, God knows it is only " plain common ſenſe.

" Let me premiſe, that I ſhall now and then make uſe " of the uſual terms of diviſion and ſubdiviſion. Such, " for inſtance, as thoſe edifying little words, Firſt, ſe- " condly, thirdly, to conclude, to come to my next " head, and the like. Conſider, Sir, I have been long " uſed to this ſtyle, and naturally run into it.

" Of preachers, I ſhall reckon four kinds; the Fine " Man, the Pretty Preacher, the Good Textman, and " the Humdrum.

" Firſt then of the firſt (forgive my ſermonical ſtyle), " namely, of the FINE MAN:

" A ſtentorophonic voice is the fundamental excel- " lence of your Fine Man, and a powerful excellence " it is. No ſooner has the Fine Man uttered the pa- " thetic and ſignificant phraſe, 'to conclude,' than I " have heard the whole row of matrons, in the middle " aiſle, with one accord cry, 'humph,' and immedi- " ately ſecond their exclamation with a torrent of tears, " which flowed down their withered cheeks, interrupt- " ed only by ſighs and ſobs. The next qualification is

" flexibility

" flexibility of muscles. From this excellence arise these
" violent contortions of the body, that wringing of the
" hands, beating of the breast, rolling of the eyes, foam-
" ing of the mouth, and one or two more symptoms of
" madness, which never fail to gain the applause of the
" weeping congregation. The next—but what am I
" about, Sir? In truth I cannot recollect any real ex-
" cellencies; as for sense, learning, argument, these
" are not to be expected in your Fine Man: but then
" the want of these is abundantly supplied by noise,
" nonsense, and grimace.

" To come to my second head. Secondly then, as
" was before laid down, we treat of the PRETTY
" PREACHER.

" The Pretty Preacher is an imitator of the Fine Man.
" As a copy, he is somewhat fainter than the original.
" He whines, he sobs, he roars, but roars like any
" nightingale, as Shakespeare has it. A soft effemi-
" nate voice, a pretty face (for look ye, Sir, a pretty
" face is a more powerful persuasive than the argu-
" ments of a Chillingworth), and a white handkerchief,
" are the constituent parts of a Pretty Preacher.

" These two sorts of Preachers are complete masters
" of the passions, without in the least addressing the un-
" derstanding. In truth, I cannot help comparing them
" to a fiddler of old time, I remember to have heard
" of at school, who made stocks and stones dance mi-
" nuets, and rivers run the wrong way, and played a
" hundred such pranks merely by the sound of the
" fiddle-strings. Just in the same manner a Fine Man,
" and a Pretty Preacher, can force the tear from the
" eye, and the shilling from the inmost recesses of the
" pocket, by dint of sound, which, in this case, is never
" the echo of sense.

" To come to my third head. Thirdly then, the
" GOOD TEXTUAL lays down good plain rules of mo-
" rality, and confirms every precept by a quotation from
" holy writ. The grace of elocution he never aims at.
" Rhetorical flourishes, new remarks, or beautiful lan-
" guage, are not to be required of him. In short, the
" intelligent part of the congregation will seldom find
" their understandings enlightened, or their fancy amu-

" fed by him; but the plain ſober-minded Chriſtian, " provided he can diſtinguiſh what the preacher ſays, " may carry away ſomething for his edification.

" To conclude with my fourth and laſt head. The " HUMDRUM ſeems to conſider preaching and praying " as a kind of work, which if he performs ſo as to " get his wages, he is ſatisfied. He reads the liturgy " as he would read a news-paper. In his preaching, " he endeavours neither to pleaſe, to ſtrike, nor to con- " vince, but thinks the duty ſufficiently well done, if " it is but done according to the rubrick, and at the " eſtabliſhed ſeaſons. To give him his due, he com- " monly preaches the beſt divinity in the language; for " as he is too lazy to compoſe, he has nothing to do but " to make choice of the moſt celebrated compoſitions " of others. He, however, murders every ſentence he " reads. For the moſt part, he chuſes doctrinal rather " than practical diſcourſes; but the misfortune is, that " while he is making the myſteries as clear as the ſun " at noon-day, his audience is commonly aſleep as faſt " as a church. In a word, you may form ſome idea of " this kind of preacher, by taking a view of Hogarth's " print of the ſleepy congregation, where there is a " Humdrum holding forth, ſo as effectually to infuſe " peace and quietneſs into the minds of his hearers."

Here the old man's avocations obliged him to conclude the converſation, with expreſſing a wiſh, " That men " of virtue and learning, as the clergy generally are, " would not ſuffer the effect of their excellent prayers " and diſcourſes, which, if well delivered, might re- " form the world, to be in a great meaſure loſt through " indifference or affectation."

No. CLXV.

No. CLXV. ON THE SUPERIOR VALUE OF SOLID ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN CICERO AND LORD CHESTERFIELD.

Esse quam videri. SALL.

Cicero. MISTAKE me not. I know how to value the ſweet courteſies of life. Affability, attention, decorum of behaviour, if they have not been ranked by philoſophers among the virtues, are certainly related to them, and have a powerful influence in promoting ſocial happineſs. I have recommended them, as well as yourſelf. But I contend, and no ſophiſtry ſhall prevail upon me to give up this point, that, to be truly amiable, they muſt proceed from goodneſs of heart. — Aſſumed by the artful to ſerve the purpoſes of private intereſt, they degenerate to contemptible grimace, and deteſtable hypocriſy.

Cheſt. Excuſe me, my dear Cicero; I cannot enter farther into the controverſy at preſent. I have a hundred engagements at leaſt; and ſee yonder my little elegant Frenchi Compteſſe. I promiſed her and myſelf the pleaſure of a promenade. Pleaſant walking enough in theſe elyſian groves. So much good company too, that if it were not that the canaille are apt to be troubleſome, I ſhould not much regret the diſtance from the Thuilleries. — But adieu, mon cher ami, for I ſee Madame * * * is joining the party. Adieu, adieu!

Cic. Contemptible wretch!

Cheſt. Ah! what do I hear? Recollect that I am a man of honour, unuſed to the pity or the inſults of an upſtart, a *novus homo*. But perhaps your exclamation was not meant of me—If ſo, why

Cic. I am as little inclined to inſult as to flatter you. Your levity excited my indignation; but my compaſ-

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ſion for the degeneracy of human nature, exhibited in your inſtance, abſorbs my contempt.

Cheſt. I could be a little angry, but, as bienſéance forbids it, I will be a philoſopher for once.—A-propos, pray do you reconcile your, what ſhall I call it—your unſmooth addreſs to thoſe rules of decorum, that gentleneſs of manners, of which you ſay you know and teach the propriety as well as myſelf?

Cic. To confeſs the truth, I would not advance the arts of embelliſhment to extreme refinement. Ornamental education, or an attention to the graces, has a connection with effeminacy. In acquiring the gentleman, I would not loſe the ſpirit of a man. There is a gracefulneſs in a manly character, a beauty in an open and ingenuous diſpoſition, which all the profeſſed teachers of the arts of pleaſing know not to infuſe.

Cheſt. You and I lived in a ſtate of manners, as different as the periods at which we lived were diſtant. You Romans, pardon me, my dear, you Romans had a little of the brute in you. Come, come, I muſt overlook it. You were obliged to court plebeians for their ſuffrages; and if *ſimilis ſimili gaudet*, it muſt be owned, that the greateſt of you were ſecure of their favour. Why, Beau Naſh would have handed your Catos and your Brutuſes out of the ball-room, if they had ſhewn their unmannerly heads in it; and my Lord Modiſh, animated with the conſcious merit of the largeſt or ſmalleſt buckles in the room, according to the temporary ton, would have laughed Pompey the Great out of countenance. Oh, Cicero, had you lived in a modern European Court, you would have caught a degree of that undeſcribable grace, which is not only the ornament, but may be the ſubſtitute of all thoſe laboured attainments which fools call ſolid merit. But it was not your good fortune, and I make allowances.

Cic. The vivacity you have acquired in ſtudying the writings and the manners of the degenerate Gauls, has led you to ſet too high a value on qualifications which dazzle the lively perceptions with a momentary blaze, and to depreciate that kind of worth which can neither be obtained nor underſtood without ſerious attention, and ſometimes painful efforts. But I will not contend with

with you on the propriety or impropriety of the outward modes which delight a monkey nation. I will not ſpend arguments in proving that gold is more valuable than tinſel, though it glitters leſs. But I muſt cenſure you, and with an aſperity too, which, perhaps, your graces may not approve, for recommending vice as graceful, in your memorable letters.

Cheſt. That the great Cicero ſhould know ſo little of the world, really ſurpriſes me. A little libertiniſm, my dear, that's all; how can one be a gentleman without a little libertiniſm?

Cic. I ever thought that to be a gentleman, it was requiſite to be a moral man. And ſurely you, who might have enjoyed the benefit of a light to direct you, which I wanted, were blameable in omitting religion and virtue in your ſyſtem.

Cheſt. What! ſuperſtitious too!—You have not then converſed with your ſuperior, the philoſopher of Ferney. I thank Heaven, I was born in the ſame age with that great luminary. Prejudice had elſe, perhaps, chained me in the thraldom of my great grandmother. Theſe are enlightened days, and I find I have contributed ſomething to the general illumination, by my poſthumous letters.

Cic. Boaſt not of them. Remember you were a father.

Cheſt. And did I not endeavour moſt effectually to ſerve my ſon, by pointing out the qualifications neceſſary to a foreign ambaſſador, for which department I always deſigned him? Few fathers have taken more pains to accompliſh a ſon than myſelf. There was nothing I did not condeſcend to point out to him.

Cic. True: your condeſcenſion was great indeed. You were the pander of your ſon. You not only taught him the mean arts of diſſimulation, the petty tricks which degrade nobility; but you corrupted his principles, fomented his paſſions, and even pointed out objects for their gratification. You might have left the taſk of teaching him faſhionable vice to a vicious world. Example, and the corrupt affections of human nature, will ever be capable of accompliſhing this unnatural purpoſe. But a parent, the guardian appointed by nature for an uninſtructed offspring introduced into a dangerous world, who himſelf takes upon him the office of ſeduction, is a monſter

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monſter indeed. I alſo had a ſon. I was tenderly ſolicitous for the right conduct of his education. I intruſted him indeed to Cratippus at Athens; but, like you, I could not help tranſmitting inſtructions dictated by paternal love. Thoſe inſtructions are contained in my book of Offices; a book which has ever been cited by the world as a proof to what a height the morality of the heathens was advanced without the light of revelation. I own I feel a conſcious pride in it; not on account of the ability which it may diſplay, but for the principles it teaches, and the good, I flatter myſelf, it has diffuſed. You did not indeed intend your inſtructions for the world; but as you gave them to a ſon you loved, it may be concluded that you thought them true wiſdom, and withheld them only becauſe they were contrary to the profeſſions of the unenlightened. They have been generally read, and tend to introduce the manners, vices, and frivolous habits of the nation you admired—to your own manly nation, who, of all others, once approached moſt nearly to the noble ſimplicity of the Romans.

Cheſt. Spare me, Cicero. I have never been accuſtomed to the rough converſation of an old Roman. I feel myſelf little in his company. I ſeem to ſhrink in his noble preſence. I never felt my inſignificance ſo forcibly as now. French courtiers and French philoſophers have been my models; and amidſt the diſſipation of pleaſure, and the hurry of affected vivacity, I never conſidered the gracefulneſs of virtue, and the beauty of an open, ſincere, and manly character.

No. CLXVI. CONJECTURES ON THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN ORIENTAL AND SEPTENTRIONAL POETRY.

THE productions of the mind, like thoſe of the earth, are found to have different degrees of vigour and beauty in different climates. In the more northern regions, where the nerves are braced by cold, thoſe works are the commoneſt, and attain to the greateſt perfection, which

roceed from the exertion of the rational powers, painful efforts of the judgment. The ſciences, hardy pine, flouriſh on the bleakeſt mountains; he works of taſte and fancy ſeem to ſhrink from e blaſt, with all the tenderneſs of the ſenſitive, and to require the genial warmth of a nearer ſun them their full luxuriance and maturity. Ariſtotle, and Locke, were the natives and inhabitants temperate regions. Experience indeed ſeems to that all the mental powers exiſt in their greateſt of ſtrength and perfection among thoſe who inhabit part of the globe which lies between the tropic of and the Arctic circle. No complete and celebrated of genius was ever produced in the torrid zone. whether the diverſity of genius in countries nearer ater from the ſun proceeds from natural cauſes, or e adventitious circumſtances of different modes of on, different views, and a different ſpirit of emuit is certain that the productions of Eaſtern and rn genius are diſſimilar. Some ingenious critics deed pointed out a reſemblance between the Gond Oriental poetry, in the wild enthuſiaſm of an r imagination. And they have accounted for it, poſing, with great probability, that in an emiof the Aſiatics into Scandinavia, the Eaſtern brought with them their national ſpirit of poetry, nmunicated it to the tribes with whom they unithe reſemblance, therefore, in works produced is union, does not prove that the Northern and l genius were originally alike. Thoſe produceither which are allowed to be original, and to marks of imitation, have perhaps no other reance than that which commonly proceeds from the operation of ſimilar faculties.

ms, indeed, that a cauſe may be aſſigned for this y of Northern and Oriental productions, without ing it to an eſſential difference in the original ation of the human underſtanding. The imagiis ſtrongly affected by ſurrounding objects, and s vigour by frequent exerciſe. He who is placed mate where the ſerenity of the weather conſtantly s him with blue ſkies, luxuriant plantations, and

whole lot it is to exist in a less favoured pa
globe, who is driven by the inclemency of hi
to warm roofs, and, instead of walking in the
amidst all the combined beauties of nature, flie
fuge from the cold to the blazing hearth of
cottage, will seek, in the exercise of his reason,
sources which he cannot find in the actual em
of his imagination. Good sense and just reaso
therefore predominate in his productions. Di
wilded of his flights, a methodical plan, the
thought and reflection, will appear, on examin
restrain the irregularities of licentious fancy.

Confidently with this theory we find Orient
exhibiting the most picturesque figures of na
illustrating every moral sentiment or argumen
fection by similies, not indeed exact in the refe
but sufficiently analogous to strike and gratify
gination. Strong imagery, animated sentiment
and vivacity of expression, all of which are the
lively fancy, are its constant characteristics.
racy of logic, and the subtilty of metaphysics,
nature too frigid to influence the Oriental wi
feels not the beauty of demonstration, he put
chain of argument, and he submits to the fas
fusion, rather from the dictates of his feelings

No. CLXVII. CURSORY REMARKS ON THE POETRY OF THE PROPHETS, OF ISAIAH IN PARTICULAR, AND ON THE BEAUTIES OF BIBLICAL POETRY IN GENERAL.

THE Sibylline oracles owed their ſolemn air, their credit, and their power over the fancy, to the dark and difficult ſtyle in which they were compoſed. Virgil's Pollio, ſuppoſed to have been written from a hint taken from the books of the Sibyls, is the moſt admired of his Eclogues; and a great ſhare of the pleaſure derived from the peruſal of it, is juſtly attributed to the judgment of the poet, in leaving more to be underſtood than meets the ear. The forebodings of Caſſandra were not attended to by the Trojans; and perhaps the true reaſon was, that they were not completely underſtood. The witches in Macbeth add to the terrible ſolemnity of prophetical incantation, by its darkneſs and uncertainty.

Obſcurity ſeems to have been the characteriſtic of all writings pretending to prediction. It certainly increaſed their poetical merit, though, among the Greeks and Romans, it was probably no more than a ſtudied artifice to evade, if the event did not correſpond to the prophecy, the imputation of impoſture. Thus were the oracles of Apollo delivered in ambiguous phraſes which frequently admitted a contrary, and always a doubtful, interpretation.

Without this artful proceeding, their authority had not been ſo long maintained. Frequent failure, without any ſubterfuge to preſerve the prophetical power unſuſpected, would ſoon have ſilenced the Delphic prieſteſs. But while the ænigmatical prediction preſerved the dignity of the oracle, by inſpiring awe, it contributed to its ſecurity by facilitating evaſion.

The Sacred Prophecies have that obſcurity which diſtinguiſhes this ſpecies of writing. The final cauſe of it, however, was to exerciſe the faith and ſagacity of mankind.

kind. The beauty which it adds to the poetry cannot be ſuppoſed to ariſe from deſign or ſkill in poetry as an art, but is the neceſſary reſult of natural propriety. And none but the unbeliever will ſuppoſe that, like the oracles at Delphos, they admitted a doubtful, in order to admit a double conſtruction.

The prophecy of Iſaiah abounds in the beauties of Oriental poetry. The tranſlation is a literal one, and, though it may be found inaccurate by a Lowth or a Kennicot, will, I believe, hardly admit of improvement in force, ſimplicity, and animation. It does honour to the feelings of the tranſlators, who, though they have performed their taſk with ſo much ſpirit, had nothing elſe in view but fidelity. To refinement and taſte they made no pretenſions; and that their work is ſo well executed, muſt have been owing to the excellence of their natural ſentiment. We have ſeveral literal tranſlations of the antient poets into Engliſh proſe, which are in requeſt among ſchool-boys. In theſe we find no remains of that beauty which has been celebrated in every age from its firſt production. Few of theſe are rendered ſo faithfully, word for word, from their originals, as the Scriptures, which, notwithſtanding this diſadvantage, are the ſublimeſt and moſt intereſting books in the Engliſh language.

That they are thus excellent, it may indeed be ſaid, is not to be wondered at. They proceeded from that real inſpiration to which the celebrated writers of antiquity only pretended. And if the enthuſiaſm, which the imaginary aſſiſtance of a fabulous deity excited, could diffuſe that captivating ſpirit over the works of a mortal poet which has charmed every ſucceeding age, it will be an obvious inference, that the genuine afflatus of the great Author of the univerſe muſt produce a work of eminent and unqueſtionable beauty. Such reaſoning is plauſible; but, in the preſent caſe, it may not be improper to obſerve, that the divine inſpiration operated intentionally no farther than in dictating truth of repreſentation, and in laying open ſcenes of futurity; and that the beauties diſcoverable in the medium of compoſition, by which thoſe primary ends are accompliſhed, are but collateral and ſubordinate effects. Conſidered

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s such, every man of ſentiment feels them of a ſupe-ior kind, and if he judges by the criterion of his un-iſſembled feelings, muſt acknowledge, that though hey are ſometimes reſembled in Homer, they are ſel-lom equalled, and never excelled. Take a view of the oetical beauties merely as the productions of Iſaiah, a very antient poet of Judæa, and his writings will ſurely laim the attention of a man of letters, as much as thoſe of the native of Smyrna or of Aſcra.

They who pretend to an exemption from prejudice, rince the futility of their pretenſions, when they attri-ute the general admiration of the Scriptures, as com-oſitions, to opinions formed in their favour in the early eriod of infancy. The truth is, the prejudices which hey have unreaſonably adopted againſt the doctrines de-ived from thoſe antient books, extend themſelves to the ſtyle and ſentiment: but, ſurely, excluſive of the religious endency, and of the arguments for the authenticity of the books, they claim a great degree of veneration from their antiquity, and juſtly excite the attention of criti-ciſm, as curious ſpecimens of Oriental compoſition.

It might, indeed, have been expected, from the ge-neral taſte which at preſent prevails for the remains of antient Engliſh poetry, that thoſe works, which juſtly boaſt a higher antiquity than any of the productions of North or South Britain, would have been particularly regarded. But, while the ballad of a minſtrel, beau-tiful, perhaps, and well worth preſerving, has been re-covered from its duſt, and committed to memory, the family Bible has been ſuffered to lie unopened, or has been peruſed by many only with a view to painful im-provement, without an idea of the poſſibility of deriving from it the elegant pleaſures of literary entertainment.

Yet even the vulgar often feel the full effect of beau-ties which they know not how to point out; and are affected with a very ſtrong ſenſe of pleaſure, while they are reading the Scriptures ſolely from motives of duty, and a deſire of edification. In truth, among thoſe whoſe natural taſte is not corrupted by falſe refinement, which perhaps is the moſt numerous, though not the moſt diſ-tinguiſhed part of the community, the Bible is read as

affording all the delight of pleaſing poetry and hiſtory; and it may, therefore, juſtly be ſaid to be the moſt popular book in the Engliſh language.

But all readers, whether vulgar or refined, who fully feel and acknowledge the admirable touches of nature and ſimplicity, which are obſervable in many parts of thoſe writings, will, perhaps, receive additional ſatisfaction, when they diſcover that their taſte is often conformable to claſſical ideas of literary excellence.

There is, in the preſent age, a very numerous tribe of readers, who have formed their taſte and ſentiments from the writings of the philoſophers of Geneva, and from the ſceptical ſophiſtry of our own countrymen. They are known to make pretenſions to a very uncommon degree of refinement in their judgment of compoſition, and to condemn every work, whatever marks it may bear of a ſtrong, though uncultivated genius, which wants the laſt poliſh of delicacy and correctneſs, and has nothing ſimilar to thoſe modern productions, with which alone they have been converſant. With all their boaſted comprehenſion of mind, they ſeem to want ideas, which may operate as principles in forming a juſt opinion of thoſe works, which were compoſed before the invention of ſyſtematic rules, and before native ſentiment was ſuperſeded by the feeble, though elegant, feelings, of which we boaſt in a very advanced ſtate of civilization. Under theſe unfavourable prepoſſeſſions, the Bible appears to them as an aſſemblage of groſſneſs and vulgariſms, which, therefore, without determining upon the authenticity of it, they avoid reading, apprehending that they can derive no pleaſure from it, and that they may poſſibly corrupt their ſtyle, and catch inelegance.

With theſe it would be a valuable point gained, for their own ſakes as well as for ſociety, if they could be prevailed on ſo far to lay aſide their prejudices as to open the book, and judge of it from what they feel and remark on a fair examination. If they could once be induced to read it with avidity, from an expectation of literary amuſement, they could ſcarcely fail of receiving, at the ſame time, a more important benefit.

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In an age like the preſent, when all orders are, in ome degree, attached to letters, he certainly renders reat ſervice to religion, and conſequently to ſociety, who unites taſte with theology, and excites the attention f the careleſs and ſceptical to thoſe books, of which a enſe of duty enjoins the peruſal, by ſetting their beauies in a new or a ſtronger light.

And that this opinion of the peculiar beauties of ſaiah is not ſingular, if it is neceſſary to appeal to any ther proof than the common feelings of mankind, is vident from the judgment of a popular writer of our wn, who, as he was indiſputably a poet himſelf, will e allowed, by the moſt rigid critics, to be a competent udge of poetry. Mr. Pope's Meſſiah is one of the beſt nown and moſt eſteemed of his ſhorter works; but that derived its chief merit from Iſaiah there can be no oubt, and the amiable poet felt a pleaſure to acknowdge. Though ſuſpected to have been leſs a friend religion than to virtue, he neglected not the opportunity which this paſtoral afforded, to form a comariſon between Iſaiah and Virgil, in a few parallel paſſages, fairly exhibited in a tranſlation equally literal, nd to exhibit the Oriental poet to great advantage. There are many parodies, imitations, and paraphraſes f this animated prophet's poetry, all which, at the ame time that they evince how difficult his excellencies re to be equalled, are proofs that he has been geneally admired as a poet.

But, after all, the reader muſt judge of the ſacred ritings for himſelf. If he attends to what he feels, nd lays aſide prepoſſeſſion, his judgment will be faourable and juſt. To remove a ſingle prejudice, hich can prevent the univerſal acceptance of books of niverſal concern, is to contribute greatly to the geneal happineſs. An attempt to render the prophetic riters objects of particular attention, in an age when ur moſt ingenious theologiſts are employed in illuſtrating their meaning at a lecture wiſely eſtabliſhed for that urpoſe, muſt, at leaſt, have the merit of being well-ıeant.

And ſurely every one who wiſhes to promote the deirable coalition of taſte with piety, muſt accept, with

gratitude, the labours of the venerable Lowth, whoſe lectures on the ſacred poetry of the Hebrews, and obſervations on Iſaiah, have diſplayed, in biblical literature, the unexpected charms of claſſic elegance.

No. CLXVIII. ON PREACHING AND SERMON WRITERS.

FEW inſtitutions can contribute more to preſerve civilization, and promote moral and intellectual improvement among all ranks of people, than the eſtabliſhment of public lectures, in every part of the kingdom, periodically repeated after a ſhort interval.

Such is the light in which are to be conſidered the diſcourſes appointed by the wiſdom of the church, to be every where read on the recurrence of the ſeventh day. By theſe the meaneſt and the moſt illiterate are enabled to hear moral and philoſophical treatiſes on every thing that concerns their ſeveral duties, without expence, and without ſolicitation.

And whatever is urged by men who are ill-affected to all religious inſtitutions, there is no doubt but that great political, as well as moral, benefit is derived to ſociety from a practice thus univerſal. But it is a misfortune long ago lamented, that men are incapable of eſtimating the real value of advantages, till experience has ſhewn what it is to want them.

It is certainly true, that ſince the acquiſition of books has been facilitated by their numbers, oral inſtruction is rendered leſs neceſſary. But though books are eaſily procured, yet, even in this age of information, there are thouſands in the lower claſſes who cannot read. Beſides, it is a well-known truth, that the ſame precepts inculcated by a living inſtructor, adorned by a proper oratory, enforced by a ſerious and authoritative manner, produce a powerful effect, not to be experienced in ſolitary retirement. There is likewiſe a ſympathy communicated in a numerous audience, which attaches the mind more ſtrongly to the ſubject.

The obvious utility of diſcourſes from the pulpit is proved by the deciſions of experience. For, notwithſtanding the complaints againſt the levity and profaneneſs of the age, churches are ſtill frequented with apparent pleaſure. And to be placed in a ſituation where a good preacher preſides, is by many eſteemed a very eſſential requiſite to an agreeable retreat.

For excellent preachers this nation has been long diſtinguiſhed; excellent, not ſo much in the talents of an orator, as in the compoſition of diſcourſes. With an uncultivated voice, in an uncouth manner, accompanied with awkward attitudes, they have delivered harangues ſcarcely excelled in the ſchools of Athens. As the French have exhibited their characteriſtic levity even in their boaſted ſermons, ſo the Engliſh have diſplayed their natural ſolidity.

The ſermons of the laſt century are indeed too long for the attention of modern indolence, but they abound with beauty that would reward it. Jeremy Taylor poſſeſſed an invention profuſely fertile; a warm, rich, lively imagination; a profound knowledge of authors, ſacred and profane, poetical, hiſtorical, philoſophical. He has embelliſhed his ſermons with citations from them, and has interwoven their gold into the rich tiſſue of his own compoſition.

Nearly at the ſame time with Taylor aroſe Iſaac Barrow, a mighty genius, whoſe ardour was capable of accompliſhing all it undertook. The tide of his eloquence flows with ſmooth yet irreſiſtible rapidity. He treats his ſubject almoſt with mathematical preciſion, and never leaves it till he has exhauſted it. It has been ſaid, that a late moſt popular orator of the Houſe of Lords aſſerted, that he owed much of the fire of his eloquence to the ſtudy of Barrow.

His editor, Tillotſon, is more popular. His merit is unqueſtionably great, and his fame has been extended to very exalted heights by the praiſes of Addiſon. He writes with ſufficient judgment and perſpicuity; but there are thoſe who venture to ſuggeſt, that he has been too much celebrated as a model of fine compoſition. They allow him every praiſe as a moſt excellent divine; but when they conſider him as a writer, they think his

periods might have been ſhorter, and his rhythm more harmonious.

Sharp has been juſtly celebrated for the perſpicuity of his ſtyle, and the ardent flow of unaffected piety.

Of a very different character from theſe, South has obtained a great and deſerved reputation. Wit was his talent, yet he often reaches ſublimity. He is, however, one of thoſe authors who is to be admired and not imitated. To excite a laugh from the pulpit, is to inſpire the hearer with a levity of temper ill-adapted to the indulgence of devotional feelings. The taſte of the age in which South flouriſhed gave countenance to pulpit jocularity. But though it is true that the lovers of comedy have found their taſte gratified in the peruſal of South's ſermons, yet the man of ſerious judgment alſo will diſcover many ſolid arguments, many judicious obſervations, and many fine expreſſions, and a great deal of true eloquence, intermixed with a ſeries of proſaic epigrams.

The ſagacious Clarke pretended not to wit. He affected not the ambitious ornaments of rhetoric. He rarely reaches the ſublime, or aims at the pathetic; but in a clear, manly, flowing ſtyle, he delivers the moſt important doctrines, confirmed on every occaſion by well-applied paſſages from ſcripture. If he was not a ſhining orator, according to the ideas of rhetoricians, he was a very agreeable as well as uſeful preacher. He was not perfectly orthodox in his opinions; a circumſtance which has lowered his character among many. Certain it is, that he would have done more good in the world, had he confined his labours to practical divinity. Speculative and polemical divinity commonly diffuſes ſcepticiſm, without contributing any thing to moral reformation.

The ſermons that have been preached at Boyle's Lectures are among the beſt argued in the language. They have been the laboured productions of the moſt ingenious men. But the whole collection never did ſo much good as a ſingle practical diſcourſe of Tillotſon.

Atterbury was a polite writer. His ſermons probably owed ſome of their fame, among his cotemporaries, who have laviſhly applauded him, to his mode of delivery in the pulpit; for the Tatler ſays, it was ſuch as would have

have been approved by a Longinus and Demosthenes. He seems to have introduced the very judicious method of addressing the understanding in the beginning of the sermon, and the passions at the close.

Rogers, says his panegyrist Dr. Burton, possessed an eloquence, nervous, simple, persuasive, and beautiful. An unstudied elegance marks his style. He seems to have attained to that nice judgment, which adapted the same discourse to a rustic, a city, an academical congregation. In a professed eulogium it is indeed allowable to exaggerate; yet what Burton has advanced is confirmed by perusing the sermons of Rogers. They are perspicuous, solid, and written with remarkable ease.

Seed has obtained a great and deserved popularity. With a rich and sportive fancy he combined a solid judgment. Unlike the generality of those writers who affect to be flowery, he abounds in sound argument, and in just remarks on human life. A severe critic would condemn him for a profusion of embellishment; but I know not how it is, he had the skill to give repeated pleasure without satiety.

Such are the more popular of our English sermon writers, the models of those many divines, who, with very great merit, possess not the reputation of remarkable originality. To enumerate them all were an endless task; for of no books in the English language has there been so unceasing a succession, as of sermons; and to speak of living writers with freedom, is too often like thrusting a hand into the nest of the hornet.

Of late there have appeared publications of sermons addressed to persons of particular ages or descriptions. Though some of them exhibited a highly florid eloquence, and were received with great applause, yet they were too much ornamented, and, like many kinds of food, possessed a sweetness which delights for a moment, but soon terminates in loathing. They amused the imagination, and sometimes touched the heart; but they left to the understanding little employment.

Sermons, which came forth with less eclat, will stand a better chance of descending to posterity. Such are those of Sherlock, Secker, and Jortin. The happiness of mankind is concerned in the preservation of their works.

works, while those of the frothy declaimer are daily dropping unregretted into the gulph of oblivion.

It is to be lamented, that the glaring and meretricious embellishments of the superficial writer are more commonly imitated by young preachers, than the chaster beauties of the sound divine. Fine language, as it is called, with a few hackneied sentiments and addresses to the passions, often constitute the whole merit of discourses preached before the most numerous congregations in the metropolis.

The pastors of the largest flocks usually affect popularity. Extemporary preaching is one of the most effectual means of obtaining it. It always pleases the vulgar; probably because it conveys the idea of immediate inspiration. It is true also, that by pleasing the vulgar, it is enabled to affect them. But yet there are many reasons to prevent its reception among the judicious. It may raise the passions, it may communicate a momentary fit of devotion; but from its hasty production it can seldom be correct or solid. It is, indeed, seldom attempted but by the superficial. The greatest divines have not been presumptuous enough to lay before their audience the effusion of the moment, but have usually bestowed much time and care in the composition of a single sermon. We are indeed informed that Clarke sometimes preached without written notes; but the number of his printed sermons is a proof that this was not his general practice. They who possess the abilities of a Clarke may, however, safely venture to produce an unpremeditated harmonic. But they also would do right to recollect, that the oration even of Demosthenes himself smelt of the lamp.

Against those who prepare their discourses, a general complaint has been made, that sermons are become in these days merely moral essays. There was a time when a passage from scripture, well introduced, was esteemed a [illegible] of speech for surpassing every ornament of theory. It is now avoided as an ugly patch, that [illegible] deformity the [illegible].

A professed christian preacher, [illegible] a professed christian audience, should remember that, however beautiful his [illegible], if it [illegible] than a moral

dis-

·fe, he may preach it, and they may hear it, and th continue unconverted heathens.

ry congregation of real christians wishes to find orality deduced from scripture, and confirmed by toral precepts, thus adorned, come from the pul from an oracle. Scriptural language is not incle but if it were, a preacher should let motives of xclude ostentation. In truth, he never appears to r advantage, than when he seems to forget his own ence, and to lose sight of himself in the earnest- f his endeavours to promote the welfare of his au-

CLXIX. ON THE NEGLECT OF ANTIENT AUTHORS. IN A LETTER.

HOUGH it be true, as you remark, that, in the present times, learning is universally admired, e character of a man of taste and letters is affected ly in colleges, but in polite circles; not only by ilosopher, but by the beau and the coxcomb; yet be lamented, that there seems to remain no ge- elish for solid erudition, very little veneration for imitable productions of Greece and Rome, and light attention to the more abstruse sciences, and ted disquisitions. We read for pleasure, for amuse- for mere pastime, which dry argument and con- reasoning cannot always furnish Light, airy, cial compositions, without fatiguing the intellect, the imagination; and for the sake of this empty tion, to this trivial kind of reading is our time d, without regard to improvement of morals, or ement of understanding.

n neglecting the writers of antiquity, we become nt of their beauties, vainly suppose that excel- is confined to modern authors, and that the ts can be admired only by prejudice and bigotry. they who are really sensible of the excellence of

the claſſics, are willing, becauſe they have neglected the ſtudy of them, to depreciate their merits, and to extenuate the infamy of their ignorance, by pretending that the knowledge of them is not deſirable. Some there are, who, though they profeſs an admiration of the ancients, read them not in the originals, becauſe they think it poſſible, without the trouble of loading their memories with dead languages, to taſte all their beauties through the medium of tranſlations.

To thoſe who affirm, that an admiration of the antients is founded on prejudice, it is ſufficient to reply, that the unanimous applauſe of whole nations, for many ages, cannot, with the appearance of reaſon, be attributed to implicit attachment, or ignorant wonder.

As for thoſe who condemn the Greek and Latin authors, becauſe they will not take the pains to underſtand them, they are to be cenſured for their indolence, and deſpiſed for their artifice: and they who read a Horace, or a Virgil in an Engliſh tranſlation, however well performed, muſt be told, that they will form no better idea of the inexpreſſible graces of theſe poets, than they would receive of the maſter-pieces of a Raphael or a Guido, from the daubing of a mere copyiſt. In the tranſfuſion from one language to another, as it has been frequently remarked, the ſpirit evaporates, and ſeldom any thing remains but a *caput mortuum*.

The matter may be preſerved, the ideas juſtly exhibited, the hiſtorical part accurately repreſented; but the manner, the ſtyle, the beauties of diction, which conſtitute more than half the excellence of the claſſics, can ſeldom be transferred to a modern language. They who read Tranſlations only, are like thoſe who view the figures of a beautiful piece of tapeſtry on the wrong ſide.

I muſt then earneſtly recommend it to you, if you wiſh to taſte the genuine ſweets of the claſſic ſtreams, to drink at the fountain.

No. CLXX. ON THE RETIREMENT OF A COUNTRY TOWN. IN A LETTER.

Rem[illegible] [illegible], [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] Hor.

SIR,

MY father had a lucrative place in the Customs; but as his family was large, he was unable to leave us fortunes, and contented himself with placing us in such situations in the world, as would give us an opportunity of acquiring a decent provision, if we should not be wanting to ourselves. It was my lot, after having received a tincture of classical education, to be put apprentice to a genteel business at the west end of the town. As soon as I was out of my time, I set up for myself; and though I cannot boast that I ever was in a very great way, yet, by attention and frugality, I had accumulated, at the age of forty, a sum sufficient to enable me to live in a comfortable manner, without the anxiety and confinement of trade. A handsome legacy from a relation of my wife, at once determined me, in my long meditated intention, to sell off at prime cost, and retire.

I had always entertained a great idea of the happiness of living in the country. It was, indeed, natural in one who had dwelt near forty years in a dusty warehouse, amidst the dirt, smoke, and noise of the Strand; and who had seldom made an excursion beyond the cake-house at Hoxton, or the bowling green at Hackney.

One morning, while I was revolving in my mind the idea of retirement, I happened to call my eye on an advertisement in the news paper, in which a house, garden, and grounds, in a market town, about five and thirty miles from London, were announced to be let at fifty pounds a year. This appeared to me too advantageous a bargain to be neglected; for, you must know, I gave a hundred a year for my shop, the area of which

was no more than three yards by four; and here were twenty acres of land, and a manſion that would contain my houſe ten times over, to be let for half the money. There was no time to be loſt: I ſhut up ſhop, took my wife and family down, and ſettled immediately.

As I did not go into the country on an œconomical plan, I was reſolved to launch out a little, and live, as I could very well afford it, in a moderately genteel ſtyle. I ſet up a poſt-chaiſe, kept ſeveral horſes, and two livery-ſervants. This appearance placed me on a level with the beſt families in the neighbourhood, and accordingly I was viſited by all who claimed the rank of gentlefolks.

But, alas! I found not, in this place, that happineſs which I expected. I have been convinced by experience, that a market town is not a proper ſituation for the retirement of thoſe who wiſh to taſte the pleaſures of rural life, and to paſs the evening of their days in a ſtate of tranquillity. That you may judge of the impropriety of ſuch a retreat, I ſhall give you an account of my reception in it, and of ſeveral circumſtances, which render it leſs fit for the enjoyments of thoſe peaceful and domeſtic pleaſures, which every one who retires from buſineſs expects, than the noiſieſt ſtreet in the metropolis of the empire.

The firſt viſits were paid us from motives of curioſity, under the pretence of politeneſs. Our perſons, our addreſs, our characters, were examined with all the ſeverity of criticiſm, but without the candour of benevolence. The various remarks that were made, furniſhed, with improvements and embelliſhments, an inexhauſtible fund of converſation for the next three months; and I have had an opportunity of procuring the literal reports of one or two of our examiners, which, as they have entertained me, I ſhall communicate for your amuſement.

In the morning, after her firſt viſit, the 'ſquire's wife ſet out to eaſe her mind of the burden of intelligence under which it laboured; which ſhe did, in every houſe ſhe entered, in nearly the following words:

"Well, have you ſeen the new-comers? Pray how "do you like Mrs. Townſend? Oh! I have a charm-

"ing

" ing little anecdote concerning her. You muſt know, " I have learnt who ſhe was before ſhe was married. I " thought as much—do you know her father was a " cheeſemonger in Thames ſtreet—but he broke, you " muſt know, and ſo Miſs was taken from boarding-" ſchool, and in proceſs of time arrived at the high " dignity of upper-maid to alderman Portſoken's lady. " But, being vaſt pretty, you muſt know, and having " had a prodigious fine education, Mr. Townſend the " common-council-man fell in love with her, and mar-" ried her. This is all fact, you may depend upon " it; for our Sally heard it this very morning at the " ſhop.—Can't ſtay; but thought I would call and let " you know. You ſee how high ſome people hold up " their heads, but you'll underſtand how to look upon " 'em now.—I have a little hundred places to call at, " ſo good morning."

Miſs Prue, a maiden lady of irreproachable character, ſet off on the ſame expedition, as ſoon as ſhe had put on her morning-cap. Brimful of news, ſhe could hardly contain herſelf till ſhe arrived (as Foote deſcribes it) at the lawyer's braſs-knocker and mahogany coloured door. No ſooner was ſhe ſeated, than out it flew—

" Well, Mrs. Leaſum, we were at the new-comers' " laſt night; and ſuch a night; Why they know no " more of cards, than if they had not been uſed to play " above five or ſix times a week in their lives. As to " the father and mother, one ſhould not expect much " from perſons, who, I ſuppoſe, got all their money " in Houndſditch; but really I pity the poor girls. " They ſat ſilent half an hour; and then aſked me, " Lord help 'em! if I had read the laſt new thing that " came out? Pray what do you think of their perſons? " —Some people ſay the younger is handſome; and " indeed ſhe does ſeem very good natured. But as to " beauty!—all I ſhall ſay is—ſhe does not pleaſe me. " To be ſure, they are both fair enough too—their " features pretty regular, and ſome think their eyes " very fine—but, Lord! ſo awkward, ſo modeſt, and " yet, at the ſame time, ſo much of the city air about " them, that they are abſolutely intolerable.—In ſhort, " I don't chuſe to ſpeak out—I am always tender of

"the ſubject of characters—but I have heard ſome-"thing—" Here ſhe concluded with a whiſper, and in a great hurry withdrew.

The next houſe ſhe called in at, was the apothecary's. The apothecary was glad of a mouthful of news for his patients. His patients ſwallowed it eagerly, and ſoon afterwards evacuated themſelves on all their viſitors, who went home in great ſpirits, to ſpread what they had picked up among their families and friends; and thus, in the ſpace of twenty-four hours, it was communicated over the whole pariſh.

With reſpect to myſelf, at the firſt weekly club after our arrival, the 'ſquire, the attorney, the apothecary, and two or three gentlemen ſots, who lived upon their means, as it is called, ſat in judgment upon my character. After much debate, in which an equal portion of candour and diſcernment was diſplayed, I was found guilty of being a cockney, of never having hunted, of never having ſhot a partridge, of keeping a poor table, and yet, at the ſame time, living above my fortune; and laſtly, of having a great deal of pride that little became me. The reſult was, that though they ſhould condeſcend to call upon me, as long as my pipe of excellent Port laſted, yet I was not to be admitted a member of their jolly ſociety.

It is true, I viſit, and am viſited; but as I really do not take much pleaſure in a drunken bout; as I am not very well ſkilled in farming or fox-hunting; and from a tenderneſs of conſtitution, am obliged to be abſtemious in the articles of eating and drinking, we commonly have more form in our meetings than cordiality. To aſſemble together for the ſake of liberal and manly converſation is held inſipid. My ſons are never at home; and my daughters, who have been taught to ſet a high value on mental accompliſhments, neither give nor receive much ſatisfaction in the company of thoſe, who think it the very ſummit of education, to have learned, at a boarding-ſchool, to dance and play a minuet.

The envy, the jealouſy, and the impertinence of the lower ſort of people is not leſs conſpicuous and troubleſome than that of their ſuperiors. If we ſend to buy any thing, we are forced to pay ſomething more than any

any body elſe, becauſe we are the rich new-comers. If my cow happens to break into neighbour Hodge's field, ſhe is pounded without notice, becauſe, forſooth, ſhe is the Londoner's cow. If we walk down the town, all the doors and windows are flung open, and crowded with ſpectators, juſt as it is in London at my Lord Mayor's ſhow. My poor wife and daughters ſilks and ſattins are criticiſed with unrelenting ſeverity.

Whenever my ſervants go to any ſhop, a ſet of goſſips make a point of meeting them, in order to aſk what I had for dinner, how much ſmall beer is conſumed by us in a week? and a thouſand ſimilar queſtions. No little art is made uſe of to perſuade them that I am ſtingy, and that my place is the worſt in the town; though, to my certain knowledge, I am ſo far impoſed upon, being a ſtranger, as that I am forced to pay a third more wages than any body elſe in the neighbourhood.

Nothing paſſes in my houſe which does not become matter of general converſation. If a couſin or an old acquaintance comes from London to ſpend a few days with me, no pains are ſpared to learn of the ſervants who and what he is; and if my ſervants know nothing about him, Miſs Prue takes care to ſuggeſt, that he is in ſome low trade, a mere mechanic in his beſt ſuit of cloaths. If he ſhould take an evening walk with my daughters, unaccompanied with me or my wife, he is going to be married to one of them directly. His name, his age, his origin, are immediately divulged; the fortune on both ſides aſcertained, and the day fixed.

If my wife and I happen to ſpar a little, as is uſual among thoſe who love one another with the ſincereſt affection, a report is immediately circulated that I uſe my wife, or that ſhe uſes me, ill, and that, notwithſtanding appearances to the contrary, we do not live happily together. I can never buy nor ſell a horſe, a cow, or a pig, nor change a ſervant, but I am called behind my back a fool for my pains, and it is hinted that I do not know what I am about; and indeed how ſhould I, ſince I am a cit. If I make an alteration in my garden, dig a ditch, mend a pigſtye, or thatch a hovel, my taſte, my judgment, my prudence, are called in queſtion, and it is charitably wiſhed that I do not bring my noble

to ninepence, and my ninepence to nothing. If, by the careleſſneſs of my cook-maid, a joint of meat ſhould happen to be a little tainted in the dog-days, it gets wind, and it is immediately ſaid that I feed my family on ſtinking meat for cheapneſs. If a loaf ſhould be a little mouldy in damp weather, I am railed at for keeping my bread till it is ſpoiled, rather than give it to a poor creature who is periſhing with hunger. In ſhort, hardly a mouſe can ſtir in any part of the houſe, from the parlour to the ſcullery, but the barber, the chandler-ſhop-keeper, the landlady at the alehouſe, the mantua-maker, and the chair-woman, find means to get a knowledge of it for the entertainment of their cuſtomers.

Till I lived in this place, I never thought myſelf of ſuch conſequence as to merit general attention. In London, my next door neighbour neither knew nor cared what paſſed in my parlour and kitchen. I can however eaſily account for this difference. In a market town, of no great opulence or extent, there are not objects enough to divert the idle. No plays, no auctions, no fine ſhops, no ſhew-glaſſes. Scarcely any amuſement for ſots, goſſips, and old maids, but thinking and talking on the affairs and families of other people. The ſettlement of a ſtranger in their town is food to them for years. They have been too long uſed to the natives to find any novelty in their concerns, and perhaps have been induced to regard them with that partiality of long acquaintance or of relationſhip, which precludes malevolence. But ſtrangers are lawful game; and the cruelty of little minds is found to take a pleaſure in detracting from their characters, and defeating, by falſe and malignant repreſentations, thoſe ſchemes of happineſs with which they flattered themſelves in retirement.

Sick of ſuch impertinence, and diſguſted with the ill-nature of all around me, I have reſolved to quit the market town, and have juſt hired a houſe delightfully ſituated in a diſtant village. It is the paternal habitation of a man, who, having hopes of riſing at court, chuſes to leave this charming retreat, for a ſmall dark houſe in one of the diſmal lanes that lead into the Strand. I ſhall have no near neighbours but the vicar, who is not only a learned, virtuous, religious, and benevolent,

nevolent, but alſo an agreeable man. His family, all of whom have that elegance of mind which reſults from a taſte for letters, will be much with mine. They have already formed a reciprocal attachment. And I hope to have found at laſt, in this place, that happineſs which I vainly ſought in a more frequented ſituation. Of this I am confident, that the honeſt ſimplicity of the ruſtics, if it is not agreeable, is far leſs diſguſting, than the pert, affected, ill-natured airs and manners of the little half-bred gentry in little country towns.

'The beauties of nature untouched by art, an air ſweet as it blows over the bloſſomed vale, peaceful home, ſocial cheerfulneſs, domeſtic joys, rural dignity: theſe are mine in my village retreat. Nor do I regret the loſs of formal viſits, and that wretched intercourſe with little minds, which, while it wore away life in inſipidity, expoſed me to the envenomed ſhafts of unmerited detraction.

No. CLXXI. CURSORY THOUGHTS ON EPISTOLARY WRITERS.

WHEN a writer has diſtinguiſhed himſelf in his ſtudied performances, and pleaſed us in thoſe works which he intended for our peruſal, we become intereſted in all that concerns him, and wiſh to be acquainted with his ideas, as they flowed, without any view to their publication, in the open communications of a private and friendly correſpondence. Beautiful minds, like beautiful bodies, appear graceful in an undreſs. The awe which they inſpire, when ſurrounded with all their dignity, is ſometimes more chilling than pleaſing; but we feel ourſelves relieved when admitted to their familiarity. We love to retire behind the ſcenes, and to obſerve the undiſguiſed appearance of thoſe who pleaſe us, when indiſtinctly decorated for public exhibition. From this cauſe it has ariſen, that the private letters of great men have been always read with peculiar avidity.

'The

The Greeks, remarkable as they were for diverſity of compoſition, have not left many models in the epiſtolary ſtyle. There is no doubt but that Xenophon excelled in it, though moſt of the letters which he wrote, have either not been collected or preſerved. Thoſe of Socrates, Antiſthenes, Ariſtippus, Xenophon, Æſchines, and Philo, have never been popular. Thoſe which paſs under the name of Ariſtænetus, are of a taſte leſs reſembling the attic than the oriental. The deſcriptions in them are poetically luxuriant, but the language is not pure, nor the ſtyle ſimple.

The epiſtles of Phalaris have been much read by the learned; but though they are curious monuments of the genius of the tyrant, they are not admirable ſpecimens of epiſtolary compoſition. They are better known from the violent diſpute they occaſioned between Bentley and Boyle, than from their intrinſic merit. In ſome part of that famous controverſy, Bentley ſays, with his uſual acrimony, that Boyle had made a bad book worſe by a bad edition of it.

Cicero, the world's great model in the oratorical and the philoſophical, is no leſs eminent in the epiſtolary ſtyle. He rivalled his great patterns, the Greeks, in eloquence and philoſophy; and he excelled them in his letters. His letters, indeed, were the genuine production of his unaſſiſted genius, and have a grace peculiar to themſelves. Many of his other works are profeſſedly imitations; but conducted with that art which characteriſes genius, and appropriates all it handles. His letters were not ſtudied, they were the effuſions of the moment, they aroſe from the occaſion, and pleaſe from their air of truth and unaffected propriety. Whether buſineſs, pleaſure, politics, philoſophy, or conjugal and paternal affection, are their ſubjects, they are equally excellent, and always pleaſing. He wrote them without the leaſt view of their coming to the public eye, and to this circumſtance they owe a great ſhare of their merit, their freedom from affectation. Near a thouſand of them remain, and furniſh abundance of hiſtorical information, at the ſame time that they exhibit the beſt models for this ſpecies of writing. They are thought not to appear to the beſt advantage in the ſpecimens which

which Dr. Middleton has inſerted in his life of Cicero. No one was better able to do them juſtice than that great biographer; but it is ſaid, he committed the taſk of tranſlation to ſome inferior aſſiſtant.

There was an age when the letters of Pliny were preferred to thoſe of Cicero. They have, indeed, the glitter of an artificial poliſh, but they want the more captivating grace of natural beauty. They were ſtudied, and they wear the appearance of ſtudy. He who delights in elaborate and highly finiſhed compoſition, will be gratified in the peruſal of Pliny; but he will at the ſame time regret, if he has a taſte for propriety, that this labour was not beſtowed where it would have been better placed. In a philoſophical diſcourſe, or a formal harangue, we expect the interpoſition of art; but, in an epiſtle, we are better pleaſed with the genuine effuſions of nature, than with the efforts of ingenuity.

Seneca's Moral Eſſays have little right to the name of Epiſtles, with which he diſtinguiſhed them. They are little more than a collection of common-place obſervations, abounding in wit and ingenious turns, but wholly deſtitute of elegance and grace. His faults, indeed, are ſweet, as Quintilian ſaid; but it is a ſweetneſs which cloys, and can ſcarcely pleaſe any but a vitiated appetite.

After the Latin had ceaſed to be a living language, many excellent books of letters were written in it. It was the univerſal language of learning. The literati of different nations, the rude languages of which would not repay the labour of cultivation, wiſely choſe to communicate their thoughts in the pure dialect of the court of Auguſtus. Some of the earlieſt of theſe are diſgraced by the barbariſm of the times. But Petrarch ſhines amidſt the ſurrounding obſcurity. True genius, like his, was ſure to diſplay its luſtre, though it laboured under the diſadvantage of a prevailing corruption of taſte. His language is by no means a model.

Politian had juſt pretenſions to true genius. There is a warmth and vigour in his poetry, which fully proves him to have poſſeſſed the *mens divinior*. His epiſtles are elegant, but, like thoſe of Pliny, whom he imitated, they are formal and affected. Upon the whole

they

they are not unpleaſing, and abound with beautiful language.

Eraſmus, a name that ſhines forth with peculiar glory in the annals of literature, juſtly poſſeſſes the firſt rank among the modern epiſtolary writers. His ſtyle indeed is not purely Ciceronian, though it diſplays many of its graces. It is entirely his own, though it often riſes to a level with claſſical excellence. He was not ſo ſcrupulouſly exact in his taſte, as to reject a barbarous and Gothic expreſſion, if it conveyed his ideas preciſely. But he had the ſkill to uſe it with ſuch propriety, that it acquired, in his writings, a grace and dignity. No man was better acquainted with the works of Cicero, and no man, after a few prejudices, formed in his youth, were removed, entertained a higher opinion of his beauties, or knew better how to imitate them. But he deſpiſed the ſect of Ciceronians, who would ſcarcely admit a particle that was not to be found in their favourite author. He ridiculed them with admirable wit and eloquence, in his dialogue Ciceronianus; nor would he give countenance to ſo ridiculous an affectation, by any part of his writings. More ſtudious of copiouſneſs and variety of matter, than of a ſcrupulous imitation of any model, he ſelects the moſt expreſſive word he can find in the language, and, by a judicious compoſition, renders it agreeable and proper. With all their defects in point of purity of language, his letters are uncommonly entertaining; and have that ſpirit which genius can always exhibit, but which laborious dulneſs vainly imitates. There is a fund of Lucianic humour in all his more familiar writings; in his colloquies it is moſt conſpicuous; but it is alſo very remarkable in many of his epiſtles. Had he lived in an age when polite learning was more generally encouraged and cultivated, his productions would have been models of elegance, not inferior to the boaſted reliques of antiquity. But, unfortunately, he was engaged in the unpleaſing diſputes of pedantic theologiſts; and, inſtead of treading the flowery paths of Greek and Roman literature, for which he was adapted by nature, was obliged to toil through the thorny mazes of a barbarous, perplexed, and irrational ſyſtem of divinity. His liberal mind ſoon perceived, and as ſoon avowed,

avowed, the abſurdity of the received modes and opinions; but he had too great a veneration for genuine chriſtianity, to neglect thoſe ſtudies, which his profeſſion, as a chriſtian and an eccleſiaſtic, naturally led him to cultivate. He ſaw, and in great meaſure avoided, the inelegancies which abounded in the theological writings of his times; but it was not eaſy always to be upon his guard againſt them; and his mind retained a tincture of them, as waters are polluted with the impurities through which they flow.

I omit a great number of epiſtolary writers, who had little merit of their own, and who derived all their fame from a ſervile imitation of Cicero. Among theſe is Paulus Manutius, who is ſaid to have often ſpent a month in writing a ſingle letter. We ſee, indeed, in conſequence of this ſcrupulous attention, an elegant and truly Ciceronian phraſeology; but we obſerve none of the native graces of unaffected compoſition.

Our neighbours, the French, have arrogated great merit as epiſtolary writers. Their genius and their language appear to be well adapted to excel in it. But ſome of their moſt celebrated writers have renounced the advantages which nature gave them, and have ſpoiled all the beauties of ſentiment and vivacity, by an unſeaſonable profuſion of wit. Balzac wearies his reader with the conſtant recurrence of laboured ingenuity.

Voiture abounds with beautiful thoughts expreſſed with great elegance. The language of compliment diſguſts, in other writers, by its unmeaning fameneſs and formality. He has given it the grace of delicacy. But even he, though indiſputably a fine writer, is juſtly cenſured by Bohours, for thoughts which the critic calls falſe. Like many others, he has neglected real beauties for artificial ornaments.

Our own countrymen have honourably diſtinguiſhed themſelves in this, as well as in every other kind of elegant compoſition. The epiſtolary ſtyle of Swift is thought, by many, to excel all others. It has purity, eaſe, expreſſion, and force. Pope's Letters are lively and delicate. Shenſtone's are much read; but it may be doubted whether they have that peculiar and ſtrik-

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ing excellence, which ſhould place them among the claſſics of our country.

The late Lord Cheſterfield, though juſtly decried as a moral inſtructor, is admired as a writer of peculiar elegance. No man more cloſely and ſucceſsfully imitated the French in every circumſtance. Like them, he writes with perſpicuity, vivacity, and that graceſulneſs which is ſure to pleaſe, and which he ſo ſtrenuouſly recommends. He is himſelf a proof of the efficacy of the graces; for, with all his merit, he was certainly ſuperficial, and yet obtained a degree of fame, which more ſolid writers have ſeldom poſſeſſed.

Much has been ſaid on the epiſtolary ſtyle; as if any one ſtyle could be appropriated to the great variety of ſubjects which are treated of in letters. Eaſe, it is true, ſhould diſtinguiſh familiar letters, written on the common affairs of life; becauſe the mind is uſually at eaſe while they are compoſed. But, even in theſe, there incidentally ariſes a topic, which requires elevated expreſſion, and an inverted conſtruction. Not to raiſe the ſtyle on theſe occaſions, is to write unnaturally; for nature teaches us to expreſs animated emotions of every kind in animated language.

The impaſſioned lover writes unnaturally, if he writes with the eaſe of Sevigné. The dependant writes unnaturally to a ſuperior, in the ſtyle of familiarity. The ſuppliant writes unnaturally, if he rejects the figures dictated by diſtreſs. Converſation admits of every ſtyle but the poetic, and what are letters but written converſation? The great rule is, to follow nature, and to avoid an affected manner.

No. CLXXII. ON THE NECESSITY OF EXERCISE, AMUSEMENTS, AND AN ATTENTION TO HEALTH IN A LIFE OF STUDY. IN A LETTER.

I HAPPENED accidentally to meet a fellow-collegian, with whom, before we were ſeparated by the caprice of fortune, I was intimately acquainted. Surely

it

, he, ſaid I; but, alas, how changed! pale, ema-ed, with hollow and lack-luſtre eye, is this my old ol-fellow, whoſe ruddy cheeks and cheerful coun-ance diſplayed health and happineſs? What can have ced my poor friend to ſo wretched a condition? In-perance, or ſome dreadful diſeaſe, muſt have ſtolen y his youth, and hurried him to a premature old age. Vhile I was thus reflecting, he paſſed me without tak-notice. He ſeemed indeed to be ſo entirely wrapped n contemplation, as to pay no regard to external ob-s. My curioſity and friendſhip were too much inte-ed, to ſuffer him to leave me without giving ſome ount of himſelf. I ſoon overtook him, and he ne-ner recogniſed me, and perceived my ſurpriſe at his earance, than he proceeded to aſſign the cauſes of it.

'You know, my friend, ſaid he, my firſt and ſtrong-eſt paſſion was for literary fame. Flattered by my friends, and encouraged at my ſchool, I perſuaded myſelf I was advancing in the career of glory, and, with all the ardour of enthuſiaſm, devoted every moment of my life to the purſuit of learning. Puerile diverſions had no charms for me. A book was my ſole delight, my conſtant companion, and was never laid aſide, but while my mind was employed in com-poſition. During my reſidence at the univerſity, I ſpent the time which my companions alloted to rural amuſements, in examining thoſe repoſitories of ancient learning, the public libraries. I ſaw indeed the fu-tility of ſcholaſtic logic, but a deſire to qualify myſelf for the public exerciſes, led me to the attentive per-uſal of Wallis and Sanderſon. The ſame motive engaged me in the dreary ſubtilties of metaphyſics. Such ſtudies engroſſed the greater part of my firſt three years, with little advantage and no pleaſure. The fatigue would have been intolerable, had it not ſome-times been alleviated by the charms of poetry. My favourite Virgil and Horace, and every polite w...er of modern times, afforded, in their turn, an agree-able recreation. My exerciſes were honourably diſ-tinguiſhed, and praiſe to an ingenuous mind is the beſt reward of learned labours.

" With my character for application and sobriety " (not to boast of my attainments), I found no difficul- " ty in obtaining orders. The head of my house pro- " cured me a curacy in a small country town. Thither " I went, not without my collection of books, the use " of which I would not have foregone for a mitre. I " had no other wish than to improve myself in learn- " ing, and to perform the duty of an ecclesiastic with " decency and devotion. I was happy in the prospect " of spending my time uninterrupted by the intrusion " of my academical friends, whom youth and high " spirits would often lead to a noisy behaviour little " consistent with meditation. My want of experience " concealed from me the difficulty of pursuing the line " of conduct which inclination pointed out. I found " it was necessary, to my good reception among my pa- " rishioners, to give up the greatest part of the day to " a participation in their amusements. In vain was it " that I laboured to excel in the pulpit. There was " not a man in the place who had an idea of the dig- " nity or utility of literary excellence, and who would " not most cordially have hated even a Clarke or a Til- " lotson, if he had never been in at the death of a " hare, nor drunk his bottle at the club. The parson, " in their idea of his character, was a jolly fellow in " black, who was to lead a careless life all the week, " and preach against it on Sundays. I could not bring " myself to take delight in a fox-chace, and, though " good-nature prevented me from shewing my dislike, " I could never meet any of the hunters with satisfac- " tion. The little pleasure I took in the only society " that was to be obtained, still farther confirmed me in " my reclufe mode of life. When my resolution ap- " peared unchangeable, I was suffered to live as I " pleased, with the character of an odd, but inoffen- " sive man. In this unmolested retreat I found time " to go through a complete course of ecclesiastical his- " tory. I acquired a sufficient knowledge of the ori- " ental languages to enable me to read the Polyglott. " I wrote a great number of sermons and theological " treatises, and made many corrections, in the vulgar " translation

" translation of the Bible. So wholly engrossed was I " by my darling pursuits, that I seldom left my cham " ber. In vain did the vernal sun invite. The mufic " of a pack of hounds, which frequently paffed my " window, had no charms in my ears. The rural " sports of every kind were tedious and insipid. To " my books I returned from every trifling avocation " with redoubled pleasure, and endeavoured to repay " the lofs of an hour in the day, by devoting a great " portion of the night to study.

" It is really true, that my chief motive for appli " cation was a love of learning. Yet I will be fo in " genuous as to own, I sometimes formed a wish that my " small share of merit, if I had any, might attract the " notice of my superiors. There is a time of life when " fame alone appears to be an inadequate reward of great " labour. It flatters that natural love of distinction " which we all poffefs, but it furnishes no convenience " in the time of want and infirmity. There was in the " neighbourhood a little living of one hundred a year, " with a house and garden, in a style of decent elegance " which becomes a scholar. The patron was the squire " of the next parish, who had always treated me with " singular respect. I was foolish enough to suppose his " regard for my character would induce him to bestow " his benefice on me; but I found when it became va " cant, he had staked and lost the next presentation at a " game at whist with a clerical fox hunter.

" I was at last taken notice of by my director. He " had heard of my indefatigable diligence, and recom " mended me to an eminent publisher, as a proper per " son to make an index to a very voluminous work " I eagerly undertook the task, with a view to please " so great a man, and finished it in less than a year and " a half. The books were printed on a small letter, " and this work did my eyes an injury which they will " never recover, but it must be owned, on the other " hand, that the bookseller gave me in return a bank " note of ten pounds. An index author seldom ac " quires reputation. He is indeed seldom known; but " if he happens to be discovered, the accuracy of his " work is, in the opinion of many, a kind of disgrace

" to

" to him. It ſeems to argue a degree of phlegmatic " dulneſs and of patient labour, rarely in the power " of genius. It will not therefore be thought wonder- " ful that this laborious work produced no other effects " than the injury of my eyes, and the payment of my " taylor's bill.

" In this curacy I ſtill continue, without any proſpect " of change, unleſs when blindneſs, occaſioned by in- " temperate ſtudy or the infirmities of age, ſhall oblige " me to reſign. I am not of a diſcontented diſpoſition, " nor do I relate my condition with a deſign to crimi- " nate others for their neglect of me. Preferment I " never ſought by thoſe methods which the world " agrees to be the beſt ſuited to procure it. I have " therefore no right to complain of the want of that " which I did not rightly purſue. My motive for this " communication is to prevent others from incurring " miſery by a too great attachment to objects laudable " in themſelves. I can never diſcountenance an atten- " tion to literature. I ſtill love it. I ſtill venerate " thoſe that have excelled in it. But a ſincere regard " for many of the moſt amiable and uſeful of my ſpecies, " induces me to remind them, that they have a body " which requires a great ſhare of their attention, and " that no ſatisfaction ariſing from ſtudy can ulti- " mately counterbalance the loſs of ſight, and that long " train of nervous diſeaſes ſuperinduced by unremitted " application.

" I mean not to excite your ſympathy; nor will I ex- " aggerate my evils by deſcription. My appearance " has already convinced you that I am the victim of " diſeaſe. Nor will you heſitate to believe that the " ſtone, the gout, the hypochondria, which have worn " out my tender frame, were derived from an attention " unrelieved by the uſual and neceſſary relaxations.— " Had I been wiſe enough to have mounted a horſe " during the intervals of reading, and to have entered " into cheerful company at the cloſe of a thoughtful " day, I might have prolonged my favourite enjoy- " ments to a happy old age.

" I am philoſopher enough to bear with patience a " condition which I cannot alter; yet I ſometimes

" think,

"think, though without the leaſt degree of envy, that "an old ſchool-fellow of mine, of a very different turn "from myſelf, is far happier. I remember I uſed to laugh at him, and think him very ſilly, when, at the time we were at the Univerſity together, he uſed to "miſs an ingenious lecture for the ſake of a ride, and "ſpend the three ſhillings with which I ſhould have "bought a book, in the hire of a horſe. It is true, indeed, that he need not, and ought not, to have neglected his mental improvement, becauſe he had many "opportunities of relaxation after the hours of ſtudy were "elapſed. Yet if I judge of his conduct by the apparent effects of it at preſent, it appears to me in a leſs "blameable light than it uſed to do. He is now at "the age of ſixty-three, for he was ſomewhat older than "myſelf, and retains all the vigour and alertneſs of a "young man. His countenance is hale, his limbs muſcular, and he reads the ſervice and the newſpaper, "the only things he does read, without ſpectacles.

"He ſet out in life as friendleſs as myſelf. He engaged in a curacy in a ſporting country. His love "of field-diverſions ſoon introduced him to what was "called the beſt company. He poſſeſſed the external "graces of behaviour, and at the ſame time was "deeply ſkilled in horſe-fleſh, and had Bracken's Farriery by heart. Such merits could not long paſs unrewarded. A baronet in the neighbourhood grew "fond of him, and introduced him to his family; one "of whom was an only daughter, of no great perſonal "or mental accompliſhments. My friend, however, "admired her fortune, and found no difficulty in obtaining her hand. The living on which he now reſides was part of her portion, and, though of no great "value, yet it furniſhes him with a pretty snug ſporting-box. He commonly reads prayers in his boots and ſpurs, "while his hunter ſtands neighing at the porch till he end "Moſes has twanged through his noſe the final and joyful Amen. It is true, my old friend has no talle, no "learning, no refinement, but he has the uſe of his eyes, "and a never ceaſing flow of ſpirits; he can walk as well "as ever, poſſeſſes an excellent digeſtion, and plenty to "furniſh it with conſtant employment.

" degree of attainable perfection."

No. CLXXIII. ON THE MERITS OF C AS A POET.

THE biographers of our Engliſh authors hav times fallen into a miſtake, which ren truth of their ſtory ſuſpected. Their accounts panegyrics. The hero of their tales, like the the romance, is adorned with every good qualit content to relate facts with impartiality, they e what is culpable, and exaggerate all that can commendation. In truth, they who have exhib lives of our authors, have uſually been the c their works; and either from a real and natural for thoſe things on which they have beſtowed from the leſs laudable motive of promoting the tion of a book in which they were intereſted, hav too highly even of thoſe who merit moderate a But it is not wonderful if the trader repreſents merchandize as the beſt in the market-place.

It was the lot of Cowley to be handed down

itt owed much of his own fame to the poet who had pared his ſtyle to the gentle and majeſtic current of Thames; and returned the compliment, perhaps n other motives than thoſe of gratitude; for the ter Cowley was exalted, the greater honour was re ed on thoſe whom he had commended. Of this re ated Biſhop of Rocheſter, Lord Orrery has ſaid, few have gained a greater character for elegance and eſtneſs, and few men have deſerved it leſs. And of poet whom he praiſed, the great Dryden has with deare remarked, that ſomewhat of the purity of llth, ſomewhat of more equal thoughts, ſomewhat weetneſs in the numbers; in one word, ſomewhat of er turn and more lyrical verſe, is yet wanting Whatever are his defects, no poet has been more li ally praiſed. Lord Clarendon has ſaid, he made a at above all men; Addiſon, in his account of the gliſh poets, that he improved upon the Theban bard; Duke of Buckingham upon his Tombſtone, that he the Engliſh Pindar, the Horace, the Virgil, the De it, the Glory of his Times. And, with reſpect to the lineſs of his numbers, the eloquent Sprat tells us, if his verſes in ſome places ſeem not as ſoft and ſing as one would have them, it was his choice, and his fault.

uch is the applauſe laviſhed on a writer who is now om read. That he could ever be eſteemed as a Pin ic poet, is a curious literary phenomenon. He to y miſtook his own genius, when he thought of imi ng Pindar. He totally miſtook the genius of Pindar, n he thought his own incoherent ſentiments and nbers bore the leaſt reſemblance to the wild, yet re ar ſublimity of the Theban. He neglected even le forms, the ſtrophe, antiſtrophe, and epode, which n imitative dulneſs can copy. Sublime imagery, ve ent pathos, poetic fire, which conſtitute the eſſence the Pindaric ode, are incompatible with witty con s, accurate antitheſes, and vulgar expreſſion. All le imply the coolneſs of deliberate compoſition, or meanneſs of a little mind; both of them moſt re gnant to the truly Pindaric ode, in which all is ſub ous and noble. Wit of any kind would be impro-

from affected proſe. Such poetry may juſtly
ridiculous title of Proſe run mad.

Yet is there ſometimes interwoven a purple
Horace calls it; a fine expreſſion, a truly poetical
an harmonious couplet; but it occurs not often
repay the reader for the toilſome taſk of wadin
a tedious aſſemblage of diſproportioned and
ſtanzas. Of ſuch conſiſt his Pindarics; which
they procured him the greateſt ſhare of his re
deſerved it leaſt. Many of his other poems, i
ſider the rude ſtate of verſification, and the ba
the times, have great merit; and had he made
his model, inſtead of Pindar, his claim to the
of elegiac poets had not been called in queſtic
tenderneſs of love, and the ſoft language of c
were adapted to his genius. But he choſe to tr
footſteps of Alcæus, as he ſays himſelf, who,
to the Halicarnaſſian, combined the μεγ αλφ
or adopted the grand, as well as the ſweet.

That he had a taſte for Latin poetry, and w
with elegance, the well known Epitaph on hin
on his retirement, and an admirable imitation o
are full proofs. But, ſurely, his rhetorical bi
makes uſe of the figure hyperbole, when he aſ
Cowley has excelled the Romans themſelves.

ment and contemplation qualified him for a moralift; and it is much to be lamented, that he did not devote a greater part of his time to a kind of writing which appeared natural to him, and in which he excelled. The language of his heart fhines forth in the little he has left us, and we cannot but love it.

Much more of that language would have defcended to poflerity, if his friends, from a miftaken opinion of propriety, had not fuppreffed his private letters. Dr. Spratt and Mr. Clifford were avowedly poffeffed of many; and the very reafon alligned by the biographer, for their fuppreffion, fhould have operated in their publication. The letters that paf's between particular friends, fays he, if they are written as they ought to be, that is, I fuppofe, in an artlefs manner, can fcarcely ever be fit to fee the light. How great an injury would polite learning have fuftained, if the friends of Cicero had thought like Spratt and Clifford!

They would better have confulted the reputation of the poet, had they pronounced the Pindarics unfit to fee the light. Editors, in general, would act more honourably, in exhibiting only the beft of their author's productions, than in praifing, as well as publifhing, all that has fallen from his pen. But, in truth, to have left out any part of his poems, would, in that age, have been an unpardonable omiffion; for who fhould dare to mutilate a Pindar?

Time, the great arbiter of reputation, has already begun to ftrip the poet of his borrowed honours. A critic, whofe genius and judgment keep pace with each other, and who illuminates every fubject on which he treats, has allotted Cowley his juft fpecies of praife, and has given the world, in a judicious feletion of his works, all that they poffeffed of real value.

Of thefe the profe forms a principal part. It is written in a ftyle fufficiently flowing to prove that Cowley was not deftitute of a mufical ear; a circumftance which countenances the opinion of thofe who maintain that he affected a rugged ftyle. Was it a compliance with the tafte of the age, that induced him to affect deformity? Unfortunate compliance with a deplorable tafte. He, as well as they whom he imitated, Donne and Johnfon,

were unqueſtionably poſſeſſed of great learnin
genuity; but they all neglected the graces of
tion, and will, therefore, ſoon be numbere
thoſe once celebrated writers, whoſe utility no
in filling a vacancy on the upper ſhelf of ſome
deſerted library.

No. CLXXIV. CURSORY AND GE
HINTS ON THE CHOICE OF BOOK

THE ſcarcity of Books, a few centuries ago
principal obſtacle to the advancement of
The multitude of them is become, in the pr
ſcarcely leſs injurious to its intereſts, by diſtr
dulent in his choice, and by diffuſing an inca
undiſtinguiſhing taſte.

To read all books on all ſubjects, would r
uninterrupted attention during the longeſt li
an Antediluvian. To read only the moſt e
written in a few languages, is an employment
to fill up every hour of laborious application.
take then of ſaving time, and of directing
ment of the inexperienced, it becomes an uſefu
to ſuggeſt ſome general hints, which may tend
tate ſelection.

One rule of the greateſt conſequence is, to r
or chiefly, the original treatiſes in all the variou
ments of ſcience, and of literature. Nearly
ſpace of time, though not the ſame degree of
is neceſſary to peruſe the faint copies of imi
dullry, as would appropriate to the ſtudent
productions of native genius. This rule is
ticularly to be obſerved on the firſt entrance
The foundation muſt be laid deep, and forme
materials. The ſuperſtructure will often adm
and ſuperficial appendages. When we have ſt
fine reliques of thoſe who have lived before us
derive much pleaſure from attending to the a
labours of contemporary genius. But to be

these is to found, like the fool recorded in the Gospel, an edifice in the sand.

It were no less presumptuous than superfluous to address directions in the choice of authors, to the learned. But we may venture, without arrogance, to point out a few to the notice of the young and ingenuous pupil, with a design to abbreviate or facilitate his labour.

He who is entering on the study of divinity, will naturally devote his first attention to the scriptures. The original language of the Old Testament is often unknown even to the learned and ingenious; and notwithstanding what some critics have, as it were, officially observed on the subject, the neglect of it, though culpable, is seldom attended with much disadvantage. But the knowledge of Greek is indispensably necessary, if theology is pursued as a profession.

The prophetical parts will claim the greatest share of attention in the perusal of the Old Testament. Dr. Hurd's Introduction to the Study of the Prophecies will be a sufficient guide for subsequent application to them. To illustrate the New Testament, it will be proper to have recourse to Percy's Key to it, to Trapp's Notes, to Locke on the Epistles, and to Mede on the Apocalypse. With these assistances the student, who is not deficient in natural ability, will make a competent proficiency, even though he should totally neglect those myriads of treatises, which have rendered the body of divinity, as it is called, enormous beyond comprehension.

The student in physic is commonly introduced to the knowledge of it by a public lecturer, who superintends, or at least directs, his course of reading. Natural and experimental science, in all their ramifications, are in some degree requisite to his further advancement. These alone will indeed render him ingenious in his closet, but will avail little at the bedside without other aid. To these must be added a most accurate observation of the human frame in all its vicissitudes of health, disease, and convalescence. The reading of cases accurately delineated, is found to be the best succedaneum where actual practice and observation are precluded. System is in general defective and insufficient.

To the professed lawyers, scarcely any book on the subject of law is uninteresting or useless. But he who

vince. Let him, after having ſtudied gram
the elements of Latin and Greek, digeſt the
of Harris, and the Introduction of Lowth.

The art of rhetoric never yet formed an Eng
tor. It is one of thoſe artificial aſſiſtances of
which genius wants not, and of which dulneſs
avail itſelf. But as there are excellent books w
it, the general ſcholar muſt pay it his attentio
him then read Cicero on the Orator, and Quin
Inſtitutes, and he need not trouble himſelf w
meagre treatiſes which give a hard name to th
modes of expreſſion, and teach us that, like H
we cannot ope our mouths, but out there flies a

He who is impelled by neceſſity or inclinatio
tend to logic, may with propriety neglect all
biſh of the ſchools, and, next to the Stagyrite
ſtudy only the works of Saunderſon, Wallis, W
Harris.

If the barren field of metaphyſics is ever c
repaying the toil of cultivation, it can only
the attention is confined to ſuch authors a
Hutcheſon, and Beattie.

If ethics are to be conſidered in the ſyſtema
thod of a ſcience, the moral philoſophy of I
may be recommended as one of the cleareſt,

of Horace, may be ſent to wrap up frankincenſe and perfumes, the only way in which they can now be uſeful. He to whom the works of the great philoſopher are unintelligible, may acquieſce with ſecurity in the illuſtrations of Pemberton and Rowning. The lover of natural hiſtory, zoology, and botany, will not be at a loſs in the ſelection of books, while fame reſounds the names of Buffon, of Pennant, of Linnæus. The Romances of Pliny and his imitators will have no charms with the lover of truth.

To the claſſical ſcholar, the proper books are uſually pointed out by the ſuperintendants of his education; and when once he has taſted them, his own cultivated feelings will direct him in the choice of modern productions. Every one knows who were the beſt authors in the Auguſtan age; and the chief caution neceſſary is, that the text of a Virgil, a Horace, an Ovid, may not be loſt in the attention given to the tedious comments of a few Dutchmen. I have known thoſe who have toiled through the claſſics, *cum notis variorum*, much leſs acquainted with them than he who never read them but in Sandby's edition. In attending to Burman and Heinſius, they overlooked the text; which was loſt like a jewel in a dunghill. Theſe laborious annotators explain what needs not explanation, and, with a little critical knavery, paſs by a real difficulty without notice. I am convinced that a taſte for the claſſics is rather impeded than promoted by the Dauphin edition, in which boys are initiated; but in which the words of the author are choaked, like wholeſome plants among weeds, by the notes and interpretation. To be poſſeſſed of comments on the claſſics is however deſirable, for difficulties will ſometimes occur which at firſt ſight perplex the moſt ingenious; but I ſhould prefer, for common reading, ſuch editions as that of Jones's Horace.

Directions for the formation of the lady's library have often been wanted by thoſe, who, with an inclination for the elegant amuſement of reading, have been unable to indulge it without danger, becauſe they had none to guide them in their choice. In my humble opinion, the following books might have a place in it, not only without hazard of ill conſequences, but with

French Books are required, thoſe of Boileau, F
Le Pluche, and ſome ſelect pieces of Voltaire
feau, may with propriety be admitted. No
feared, will not be diſpenſed with: Thoſe th
chardſon and Fielding are allowed, yet not w
luctance. Every thing indelicate will of cou
cluded; but perhaps there is not leſs danger
called ſentimental. They attack the heart
ceſsfully, becauſe more cautiouſly. Religi
will find a place, but not without reſtriction;
is a ſpecies of devotional compoſition, whic
flaming the paſſions and imagination, cont
corruption, while it ſeems to promote the warr
From their ſenſibility of heart and warmth
the ſofter ſex is ſuppoſed to be moſt incline
the errors of myſtics and enthuſiaſts.

No. CLXXV. CURSORY REMARKS
ODYSSEY, ON POPE'S TRANSLATIO
SPENCE'S ESSAY, &c.

" the ocean, whoſe very ſhores, when deſerted by the " tide, mark out how wide it ſometimes flows; ſo " Homer's genius, when ebbing into all thoſe fabulous " and incredible ramblings of Ulyſſes, ſhews plainly " how ſublime it once had been. I am ſpeaking of old " age, but it is the old age of Homer."

It is certain, that if the Odyſſey is not to be placed in the ſame rank with the Iliad, ſo neither ought it to obtain ſo low a claſs as to be overlooked and diſregarded. It has, however, been neglected by the moderns, and they who have been able to repeat the Iliad, have ſcarcely deigned to read the Odyſſey. Every ſchool-boy is acquainted with the anger of Achilles and its conſequences, while he neither knows nor is ſolicitous to learn the adventures of the wife Ulyſſes: though wiſdom, it may be ſuppoſed, would be commonly a better model for his imitation than valour.

An ingenious writer has endeavoured to vindicate the Odyſſey from the neglect in which it has long lain; but a prepoſſeſſion in favour of eſtabliſhed cuſtoms, has hitherto prevented our public ſchools from ſubſtituting it in the room of the Iliad. That the Iliad ſhould be neglected is not indeed to be wiſhed, but that it ſhould engroſs our whole attention, to the utter excluſion of the Odyſſey, is certainly unreaſonable.

The Iliad preſents us with a rough proſpect, like that of high mountains, craggy rocks, and foaming cataracts; while the Odyſſey exhibits a ſofter ſcene, and ſuggeſts ideas ſimilar to thoſe which ariſe from the landſcape, where all is mild, ſerene, and beautiful. The one is like the pictures of Pouſſin, the other like thoſe of Claude Lorain. A reader admires the Iliad, but he loves the Odyſſey.

The works of Homer appeared ſo early in the world, and ſince their appearance have been ſo frequently praiſed and illuſtrated, that at this late period it is not neceſſary to add to the general panegyric. Suffice it to recommend the peruſal of a few authors, which may clear the way to the ſtudy of the Odyſſey. Among theſe, are the papers in the Adventurer on this ſubject, Pope's Notes to his Tranſlation, and above all Mr. Spence's very elegant and ingenious Eſſay. As to the Tranſlation itſelf, it

many beautiful paſſages; but as a tranſlation, i
haps unworthy the reputation it has obtained.

To cenſure ſo celebrated a name, might ap
rogant in an individual, were he not ſuppo
many and judicious critics. Mr. Spence, whoſe
is deciſive, and, *inſtar omnium*, points out de
Pope's Tranſlation, which could never have ef
great a poet but from haſte and wearineſs. In th
Pope was aſſiſted by inferior writers; but as th
is publiſhed under his name, he will ever be an
for its faults. The tranſlation of the Iliad, th
very excellent model of verſification, exhibits n
picture of the ſimple, yet magnificent, Mæoni

Mr. Spence's Eſſay, at the ſame time that it
hibit the deformities of the Tranſlation, will i
taſte for the beauties of the original; and, indi
general remarks, which are interſperſed with the
judgment and elegance, will contribute to teac
method of criticiſm in almoſt every ſpecies of p

Mr. Spence was a truly claſſical writer. He
leſs amiable in his manners than pleaſing in his
tions. That he chiefly wrote in dialogue is t
mented; for that form, where the perſons are fi
has ſeldom been approved in England, thoug
often ſucceeded in France.

No. CLXXVI. THOUGHTS ON THE OEDIPUS TYRANNUS OF SOPHOCLES, AND SEVERAL CIRCUMSTANCES RESPECTING THE GRECIAN DRAMA.

OF the three Greek dramatic poets, Sophocles is the most celebrated; and of the productions of Sophocles, the Œdipus Tyrannus is the most excellent. It has stood the test of the severest criticism. The unities of time, place, and action, are inviolably preserved: and while the Tragedy satisfies the critic, who judges it by the laws of Aristotle, it pleases the common reader and spectator, who forms his opinion from the feelings of his nature. Never was there a tale more affecting than that of Œdipus, and never was it told more pathetically than by Sophocles. Many a tear has it excited from an Athenian audience, whose hearts were ever finely susceptible of the sentiments of humanity: but the best translation of it would not equally please in a modern theatre. Many other causes of its failure may be assigned, besides that simplicity, artlessness, and incomplexity of fable, which the taste of the moderns is too much vitiated to relish.

In the first place, it must be considered, that every original composition must lose something of its beauty from the best translation. It is a common remark, that the spirit of an author, like that of some essences, evaporates by transfusion. Foreign manners, and foreign customs, are seldom understood by a common audience, and as seldom approved. The majority of an English audience are unacquainted with ancient learning, and can take no pleasure in the representation of men and things which have not fallen under their notice. Add to this, that they love to see Tragedies formed on their own histories, or on histories in which they are in some manner nearly interested. When Shakespeare's historical dramas are represented, they feel as Englishmen in

every

every event; they take part with their Edwards and Henries, as friends and fellow-countrymen; they glory in their ſucceſſes, and ſympathize with their misfortunes. To a ſimilar circumſtance may part of the applauſe, which the Athenians beſtowed on this Tragedy of Sophocles, be attributed; for Œdipus was king of a neighbouring country, with which the Athenians were always intimately connected either in war or peace.

Theſe conſiderations ſhould teach us to content ourſelves with admiring Sophocles in the cloſet, without attempting to obtrude him on the ſtage, which muſt always accommodate itſelf to the taſte of the times, whether unreaſonable or juſt, conſiſtent or capricious.

In truth, the warmeſt admirer of antient Greek poetry muſt acknowledge a barrenneſs of invention in the choice of ſubjects. The Trojan war, and the misfortunes of the Theban king, are almoſt the only ſources from which thoſe great maſters of compoſition, Homer, Æſchylus, Euripides, and Sophocles, have derived their ſubject matter. They have, indeed, embelliſhed theſe little parts of hiſtory with all the fire of imagination and melody of poetry; but is it not ſtrange, that in a country like Greece, where the reſtleſs ſpirit of military virtue was continually forming noble deſigns, and atchieving glorious exploits, the poets could diſcover no illuſtrious deed worthy of being painted in never fading colours, but the worn-out ſtories of a wooden horſe, and a Sphinx's riddle? It is difficult for an age like the preſent, which hungers and thirſts after novelty, to conceive that an audience could ſit with patience during the recital of a ſtory which all muſt have heard a thouſand times; eſpecially as it was unadorned with the meretricious artifices of players, with thunder and lightning, hail and rain, tolling bells, and tinſel garments.

But the fameneſs of the ſtory in the Grecian poets became agreeable to the audience, through that veneration which every record of antient hiſtory demands. That the ſtory on which a dramatic poem is founded, ſhould not be of modern date, has, I think, been laid down as a rule. Nor is it the precept of an arbitrary critic, but is juſtified by nature and reaſon. Imagination always exceeds reality. The vulgar could never

never prevail upon themſelves to look on ſcenes, to the reality of which they have been eye-witneſſes, with the ſame ardour as on thoſe which they have received from their anceſtors, and have painted with the ſtrongeſt colours on their fancy. In obedience to this rule, the Greek poets took their ſubjects from antient facts univerſally known, believed, and admired: and the audience entered the theatre, to behold a lively repreſentation of the picture already formed in their own imagination.

A modern reader has not a preparatory diſpoſition of mind neceſſary to receive all that pleaſure from theſe compoſitions, which tranſported an antient Greek. He does not glow with that patriotic ardour which he would feel on reading glorious deeds of a fellow-countryman, when Homer repreſents a hero breaking the Trojan phalanx and encountering a Hector. He does not conſider an antient Theban or Athenian involved in the guilt of undeſigned parricide or inceſt, nearly enough connected with him to excite his ſympathy in a violent degree; but all theſe feelings in a Grecian audience, occaſioned by a Grecian ſufferer, account for that uncommon delight which they took in their dramatic repreſentations, and for their freedom from that ſatiety which might otherwiſe have been occaſioned by a ſimple and reiterated tale.

An Engliſh audience has lately ſhewn itſelf not ſo averſe from the antient Tragedy, as was expected, by its favourable reception of Elfrida and Caractacus, written on the Grecian model: but, perhaps, this event is not ſo much to be attributed to the revival of the refined taſte of an Attic auditorie, as to the inſatiable avidity of ſomething new. The Engliſh are as fond of the καινον in literature, as the Athenians were in politics: but, whether caprice or reaſon, whether taſte or faſhion, gave them a favourable reception on the Engliſh ſtage, it is certain that Elfrida and Caractacus are elegant poems, formed exactly on the antient model, and may be read with great advantage by thoſe who wiſh to entertain a juſt idea of the Greek Tragedy without a knowledge of the language.

No. CLXXVII. CURSORY REMARKS ON SOME OF THE MINOR ENGLISH POETS.

WE are told in the epiſtle to the Piſos, that poetical mediocrity is intolerable; yet we find that Poets, of inferior merit as well as fame, are read with pleaſure.

It is true, indeed, that the loudeſt melody of the grove is poured forth by the lark, the blackbird, the thruſh, and the nightingale; but it is no leſs true, that their pauſes are often filled by the ſweet warblings of the linnet and the red-breaſt. The lofty cedar that waves on the ſummit of the poetic mountain, ſeems to overſhadow, and exclude, by its luxuriance, all other vegetation. He, however, who approaches it, will find many a violet and primroſe ſpringing at its root. He will often diſcover, amid a plentiful growth of weeds, a modeſt flowret lifting its humble head, and becoming more beautiful by ſeeming to conceal the native ſweetneſs of its odour, and the luſtre of its hues.

The firſt dignities in the political commonwealth are pre occupied by ſuch writers as Spenſer, Milton, Dryden, and Pope; but, at the ſame time, the numerous ſubaltern ſtations are frequently filled with honour.

Many Poets of original beauty were in their own times ſo obſcure as to be now totally unknown. Such are the authors of our moſt popular ballads, the general reception of which is a proof of their excellence, more convincing than the dictions of criticiſm. The learned Poet has commonly owed much of his excellence to imitation; but the ballad writer drew only from his own reſources when he ſung the wild wood notes of nature. Their metre often poſſeſſes a kind of harmony quite different from claſſical verification; yet, at the ſame time, truly pleaſing to the uncorrupted ear.

Of Poets once known and admired, ſeveral are fallen into total diſrepute. Drayton was honoured by a commentator who muſt have given fame to any writer. If Selden's

Selden's taſte was equal to his learning, Drayton is indeed moſt highly diſtinguiſhed. The Polyolbion is, however, no more read, and the flow length of the tedious Alexandrine in which it is written, will prevent its revival, as it has hallened its oblivion.

The Gondibert of D'Avenant has been the ſubject of critical controverſy from the time of its publication. Its plan was originally defended by the great Hobbes, and its execution has been greatly praiſed. Yet few have attended to it with any pleaſure, and ſtill fewer have had a degree of patience ſufficient to bear them through the peruſal of it. The truth is, the ſtanza which he adopted, is better ſuited to elegiac than to heroic poetry. A beautifully deſcriptive paſſage, interſperſed in the courſe of two or three hundred lines, will not alleviate the tedium of the reſt; as an occaſional flaſh of lightning cannot illuminate the continued gloominess of an extenſive proſpect.

For the honour of Engliſh literature, moſt of the poetical productions which were admired in the reign of Charles, ſhould now be conſigned to everlaſting oblivion. They diſplay, indeed, a ſportive licentiouſneſs of fancy, but they are incorrect beyond the example of any age. Some of the beſt poets of the times, among whom were Mulgrave, Dorſet, and Rolcommon, though poſſeſſed of wit and taſte, produced nothing worthy of immortality. The morals of the age were as licentious as the taſte; and the love of pleaſure introduced an indolence, which admitted not an application ſufficient to give the laſt poliſh of correct elegance.

The ſtudy of the antients, and of the French, has gradually refined the national taſte to a degree of faſtidious delicacy; and writers who have poſſeſſed claſſical beauty have been read with admiration, though they have had nothing to recommend them to the notice of a Charles the Second or a Sedley.

The number of minor poets who diſcover great merit, yet who ſeem to have ſaved it all from imitation, is too tedious to enumerate. Philips and his friend Smith were correct and claſſical in a degree ſuperior to their contemporaries. Philips has performed the taſk of imitation, with an accuracy of reſemblance hardly

equalled

equalled by any of his followers but Browne. The Phædra and Hippolitus of Smith has ever been esteemed a fine poem, and the beauty of the ſtyle, and harmony of the verſe, induce us to regret that he lived to finiſh ſo few productions.

Within the ſpace of half the laſt century, a deſire to imitate the excellent models of our more celebrated bards, has crowded the middle ranks with a multitude too great to obtain, even for the deſerving individual, any very diſtinguiſhed fame. One Poet has ariſen after another, and ſupplanted him as the ſucceeding wave ſeems to ſwallow up the wave that went before. Moſt of them have exhibited an harmonious verſification, and have ſelected a profuſion of ſplendid expreſſions; but have in general been deficient in that noble fire, and thoſe ſimple graces, which mark originality of genius. They are, however, read with pleaſure, and ſweetly fill up the intervals of avocation among the buſy and commercial world, who are not acquainted with the Greeks and Romans, and with whom novelty often poſſeſſes the charm of beauty.

There is a force and ſolemnity in the poems of Tickell, which at leaſt place him on a level with his patron as a poet. His Colin and Lucy is one of the moſt ſweetly pathetic poems in the language.

Iſrome, though honourably aſſociated with Pope in the work of tranſlation, ſeems to have had ſcarcely any other merit than this to bear him down the ſtream of time.

Trapp wrote Latin verſe with elegance, and was a good critic; but it has been obſerved of his Virgil, that he had done wiſely to have ſtopped at his preface.

The genius of Collins ſeems in ſome meaſure to have reſembled that of Tickell. Dignity, ſolemnity, and pathos, are the ſtriking features of his compoſitions. None but a true poet could have written the ſong over Fidele in Shakeſpeare's Cymbeline.

The Engliſh Tibullus, Hammond, has written truly elegant verſe; but I know not whether his repreſentations greatly affect the heart, though they are approved by the judgment and imagination. They have, however, ſerved as patterns for the love-ſick nymphs and

Swains,

ſwains, who delight in giving vent to their paſſion in the language of poetry.

Love and its effects were beautifully deſcribed by the elegantly ſenſible Lord Lyttelton. To aſſert that he was remarkable for poetical genius, were to leſſen, by endeavouring to exaggerate, his praiſe. Force, fire, and an exuberance of invention, were not his excellences; but that equable beauty of ſentiment and diction, which reſults from an elegant mind. The graces diſtinguiſh his compoſitions, as the virtues marked his honourable life.

Moore's Fables diſplay indubitable marks of genius; but he wants the ſimplicity of Gay and Fontaine. He ſhews, however, a talent for deſcription, which would have ſhone in the higher kinds of poetry; and a delicacy of mind, which, it might be ſuppoſed, could be acquired only in a higher ſphere than that in which he was born.

Genius and learning were poſſeſſed in a very eminent degree by Merrick. He had that peculiar kind of genius which qualified him to excel in the department of ſacred poetry. It is to be wiſhed, that his verſion of the Pſalms were adopted in churches, not only in the place of Sternhold and Hopkins, but of Brady and Tate. Such an event would be no leſs advantageous to piety, than to taſte.

No. CLXXVIII. CURSORY AND UNCONNECTED REMARKS ON SOME OF THE MINOR GREEK POETS.

THE intrinſic graces of the claſſic writers have charmed every mind which was ſuſceptible of the beauties of ſpirit, taſte, and elegance. Since the revival of learning, innumerable critics have employed themſelves in diſplaying the beauties which they felt, or in removing the difficulties and obſtructions which retarded their progreſs in the peruſal of the antients. At preſent, there is ſcarcely any room for criticiſm on the antients, and

and the moſt laborious Commentator finds, with regret, his profoundeſt reſearches, and his acuteſt remarks, anticipated by the lucubrations of former critics: but as there is ſcarcely a greater difference between the features of the face, than between the faculties of the mind in different men, and as objects muſt ſtrike various feelings in various manners, the works of taſte and genius may, on different reviews, furniſh inexhauſtible matter for critical obſervation. Upon this principle, authors of the preſent age venture to add to the labours of their predeceſſors, without fearing or incurring the imputation of vanity or impertinence.

The preſent remarks ſhall be confined to ſome of the Greek Minor Poets, without minutely attending to chronological or any other order.

In the union of dignity with ſweetneſs, of melody with ſtrength, the Greek is better adapted to beautiful compoſition, than any modern language. The Italian has all its ſoftneſs, but wants its force. The French poſſeſſes elegance and expreſſion, but is deficient in ſound and dignity. The Engliſh is ſtrong, nervous, flowery, fit for animated oratory and enthuſiaſtic poetry, but abounds with Saxon monoſyllables, ill adapted to expreſs the muſic of melliſluous cadence. To compare the Dutch and the German with the language of Athens, were to compare the jarring noiſe of grating iron, with the ſoft warblings of the flute. The other languages of Europe are equally unfit for harmonious modulation, and indeed cannot properly be examined in this place, as the people, who ſpeak them, have not yet diſtinguiſhed themſelves by any writings truly claſſical.

The Greek Epigram naturally falls firſt under our preſent conſideration. Of theſe little compoſitions, which owe their origin to Greece, none can be inſenſible of the beauty, whoſe taſte is not vitiated by the leſs delicate wit of the modern Epigrammatiſt. Indeed, to reliſh the ſimple graces of the Greek Epigram, the taſte muſt not be formed upon the model even of the celebrated Martial. Among the Latin poets, Catullus approaches neareſt to the Greeks in this ſpecies of compoſition.

The Anthologiæ, ſtill extant, are written by various authors, and there are ſcarcely ſufficient Epigrams of

any one, to diſcriminate his manner from that of others. Suffice it to remark in general, that their beauty does not often conſiſt in a point, or witty conceit, but in a ſimplicity of thought, and a ſweetneſs of language.

The golden verſes of Pythagoras, though not remarkable for ſplendor of diction, or flowing verſification, are yet highly beautiful in the conciſe and forcible mode of inculcating morality, and virtues almoſt Chriſtian. The earlier philoſophers of Greece conveyed their tenets in verſe, not ſo much becauſe they aſpired to the character of poets, as becauſe precepts, delivered in metre, were more eaſily retained in the memory of their diſciples. Pythagoras has compoſed every neceſſary rule for the conduct of life in this little poem, and he that commits it to memory, will not want a guide to direct his behaviour under any event. But though the morality of theſe verſes is their moſt valuable beauty, yet are they by no means deſtitute of poetical merit.

That generoſity of ſoul, which ever accompanies true genius, has induced the poets and philoſophers, of all ages, to ſtand forth in the cauſe of liberty. Alcæus, of whoſe merits from the monuments of antiquity we may form the moſt exalted idea, firſt raiſed himſelf to eminence by a poem, intituled Stathmica, a violent invective againſt Pittacus, at that time the tyrant of Athens. It has not eſcaped the general wreck, and we have only a few broken ſpecimens of this celebrated writer's works preſerved by the antient grammarians. We muſt, therefore, be content to learn his character from the judicious Quinctilian, and the learned Dionyſius of Halicarnaſſus: the former of whom aſſerts, that he was conciſe, ſublime, accurate, and in many reſpects reſembled Homer; the latter, that he had a grandeur, brevity, and ſweetneſs, equally blended throughout all his compoſitions.

Steſichorus, according to Quinctilian, was remarkable for ſtrength of genius. He gave to lyric poetry, all the ſolemnity of the Epopœa. Had he known how to reſtrain the impetuoſity of his genius, it is ſaid, he would have rivalled Homer: but unfortunately, the noble warmth of his temper urged him beyond the bounds of juſt writing, and he ſeems to have failed of excellence by a redundancy of beauties.

The fragments of Menander are ſufficiently excellent to induce every votary of learning to regret the loſs of his works. Some indeed have thought, that time never gave a greater blow to polite literature, than in the deſtruction of the Comedies of Menander: but as Terence has preſerved his ſpirit and his ſtyle, perhaps the want of the original is compenſated by the exact copyings of that elegant author. Quinctilian, from whoſe judgment there is ſcarcely an appeal, has repreſented Menander as alone ſufficient to form our taſte and ſtyle. The few remains, preſerved by Stobæus, whether the beauty of the ſentiments, or the purity of the diction, be regarded, muſt be pronounced uncommonly excellent. They are, however, too generally known to require illuſtration.

Simonides is characteriſed by Longinus, as a poet remarkable for the pathetic. Of his writings, very few have ſurvived the injuries of time. The little poem on Danaë, is, however, ſufficient to juſtify the judgment of Longinus. Nothing can be more delicately tender, or more exquiſitely pathetic. There is ſomething inexpreſſibly pleaſing to the mind, in the repreſentation of a mother addreſſing a ſleeping infant, unconſcious of its danger, with all the endearing blandiſhments of maternal fondneſs.

The other remarkable poem of this author, which time has ſpared, is of a very different kind. It is a Satire on Women, and is well known by a proſaic tranſlation of it, inſerted in the Eſſays of a celebrated modern writer.

Aleman of Laconia is another melancholy inſtance of the depredations which the hand of time has made on the moſt valuable works of antiquity. Of this author, once celebrated throughout Greece, quoted by the learned, and repeated by the fair, ſcarcely the name is known in the preſent age. Athenæus, Hephæſtion, the ſcholiaſt on Pindar, Euſtathius, and Plutarch, have vindicated him from abſolute oblivion, by preſerving a few of his fragments. Love verſes, which ſince his time have employed ſome of the greateſt writers, and have been admired by the moſt ſenſible readers, were of his invention. All who preceded him had invariably written in Hexameter. He ſubjoined the elegiac verſe, and may juſtly claim the honour of having invented that ſpecies of poetry, which

which Ovid and the other Latin elegiac writers have ſince advanced to a moſt pleaſing ſpecies of compoſition.

Archilochus wrote iambics and elegiacs; the former, ſatirical; the latter, amorous. That he ſucceeded in his attempts, we have ſufficient reaſon to conclude from the teſtimonies of the greateſt critics of antiquity, Horace and Longinus. There is not enough of him remaining, to enable us to form a judgment of the impartiality of their deciſion, and we muſt be contented to acquieſce in their authority.

Lucian ſays, in one of his Dialogues, that the poets have given Jupiter many of his moſt pompous epithets, merely for the ſake of a ſonorous word to fill up a verſe. The hymns of Orpheus abound with theſe expletives; and the reader is often diſguſted with ſounding verſe almoſt deſtitute of ſenſe. If, however, they were compoſed for muſic, they may paſs uncenſured by ſome: for it ſeems to have been generally and moſt abſurdly agreed, and it is obſervable at this day, that very little attention is to be paid to the words of Operas, Odes, and Songs, which are written merely for muſic. The poems of Orpheus, if thoſe which are extant are like all his productions, would certainly move no ſtones. What has been ſaid of the hymns of this poet, may be extended to many other Greek compoſitions of the ſame ſpecies. General cenſure will, however, ſeldom be juſt, and it muſt be confeſſed, that there are ſome among them, particularly thoſe of Callimachus, truly ſublime and beautiful.

There was a ſpecies of poetry among the Athenians, which, in ſome meaſure, reſembled many of our Engliſh ballads. At the approach of a war, or after a victory or defeat, the poets and ſtateſmen uſually diſperſed among the people ſome ſhort compoſition, which tended to animate them with courage, or to inſpire them with joy. Solon, the wiſe legiſlator of Athens, was too well acquainted with the power of poetry over the human heart, to neglect this efficacious method of enforcing his laws, and propagating his inſtitutions among the lower ranks of the Athenians. There are ſtill extant ſome of his pieces, which bear internal marks of having been purpoſely written to give the people a paſſion for liberty, to inſpire them with a love of virtue, and to teach them

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obedience to the laws. They are, indeed, written in the elegiac meaſure, but have nothing of the ſoft amorous ſtrain which diſtinguiſhes the Ovidian elegy. They are manly, moral, and ſevere. By theſe, it is a well known fact, the Athenians were animated to reſume a war which they had dropt in deſpair; and in conſequence of the ardour which theſe inſpired, they obtained a complete victory over their enemies.

Tyrtæus wrote in a ſimilar ſtyle, but entirely confined himſelf to martial ſubjects. So ſtrongly is military valour, and the love of liberty enforced in his little compoſitions, that it would by no means be abſurd to attribute the victories of the Grecians over the Perſians, as much to a Tyrtæus, as to a Miltiades or Themiſtocles. The effects of ſuch political ballads have been frequently ſeen among the Engliſh in a time of a war. Every one has heard of Lillabullero.—Many a poor fellow has been tempted to quit the plough and the loom for the ſword, on hearing a ſong in praiſe of Hawke or Wolfe roared by his obſtreperous companions. Theſe verſes are too deficient in point of elegance to admit of quotations, and the frequent opportunities of hearing them from the mouths of the vulgar, render repetition in this place unneceſſary. The bards of Grub-ſtreet are commonly the authors of our martial ballads; but at Athens they were written by poets, ſtateſmen, and philoſophers. We may judge of the influence of their productions, by the powerful effect of our rude and even nonſenſical rhymes.

Few antient authors have been leſs read than Lycophron. His obſcurity not only retards, but diſguſts the reader; yet, perhaps, his want of perſpicuity, though highly diſagreeable to the ſtudent, is an excellence in a work conſiſting of predictions. Prophecies and oracles have ever been purpoſely obſcure, and almoſt unintelligible. The mind that attends to theſe uninſpired predictions of paganiſm, voluntarily renounces reaſon, and believes the more as it underſtands the leſs; but whether Lycophron is to be praiſed or cenſured for obſcurity, certain it is, that on this account he will never become a favourite author. Notwithſtanding the labours of the great Potter, he is ſtill difficult, and will probably continue to repoſe in duſt and darkneſs, amidſt the dull collections of antiquated muſeums.

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The poems of Bacchylides, however he is neglected by the moderns, were highly honoured by an antient, who was efteemed a complete judge of literary merit. Hiero hefitated not to pronounce them fuperior to the odes of Pindar, which have been generally celebrated as the utmoft efforts of human genius. The opinion of Hiero may, however, be queftioned with an appearance of juftice, when it is confidered, that his character, as a critic, was eftablifhed by his courtiers, who, to gain his favour, might not fcruple to violate the truth.

The gay, the fprightly, the voluptuous Anacreon is known to every reader. His fubjects, and his manner of treating them, have captivated all who are fufceptible either of pleafure or of poetry. There is, indeed, an exquifite tendernefs, delicacy, and tafte in the fentiments; but I have always thought he derived no fmall fhare of his beauty from the choice of expreffions, and the peculiar harmony of his verfes. It has been objected to him by rigid moralifts, that his writings tend to promote drunkennefs and debauchery. But this objection might in fome degree be extended to a great part of the fineft writers, ancient and modern. A man of fenfe and judgment will admire the beauties of a compofition, without fuffering its fentiments to influence his principles or his conduct. He will look upon the more licentious fallies of Anacreontic writers, as little *jeux d'efprit* deligned to pleafe in the hour of convivial feftivity, but not to regulate his thoughts and actions in the ferious concerns of life. Whatever may be the moral tendency of his writings, it is certain that as a poet he is unrivalled in that fpecies of compofition which he adopted. Many have been the imitations of him, but few have fucceeded. The joys of love and wine have indeed been defcribed by his followers, but their touches are more like the dawbings of an unfkilful painter, than the exquifite traits of a mafterly hand. Cowley, whofe genius certainly partook more of the Anacreontic than of the Pindaric, has been one of his happieft imitators, for he is rather to be called an imitator than a tranflator: but the Engliih reader will not form a juft idea of the merits of Anacreon, from thofe Bacchanalian fongs which fo frequently appear under the title of Anacreontic.

The paſſion of love was never more ſtrongly felt or deſcribed than by the ſenſible Sappho. The little Greek ode, preſerved by Longinus, the metre of which derives its name for her, has been tranſlated by Mr. Phillips with all the air of an original. The Latin tranſlation of Catullus appears much inferior to that of our countryman. The Greek indeed is much corrupted, and, as it now ſtands, is leſs pleaſing than the Engliſh. Every one, who on reading it recollects its occaſion, muſt lament that ſo warm a paſſion, ſo feelingly repreſented, was excited by an improper object.

Scaliger, whoſe judgment, though ſometimes called in queſtion, ought certainly to have great weight, beſtowed very extraordinary praiſes on the writings of Oppian; a poet, who, though he has been compared to Virgil in his Georgics, is only peruſed by the curious in Grecian literature, and is known only by name to the common reader. The emperor Caracalla, under whom he flouriſhed, is ſaid to have been ſo charmed with his poems, as to have ordered him a ſtater for each verſe. Modern critics will, however, dare to call in queſtion the taſte of Caracalla. The works of Oppian conſiſted of halieutics, cynogetics, and ixeutics, the latter of which have periſhed by the injuries of time. He was a grammarian, which, in the idea of the Greeks, meant a profeſſed ſcholar; and in every age, the poems of men, who profeſſed literature, have been leſs admired than the vigorous and wild productions of uncultivated genius. The former are contented to avoid faults, but genius labours after beauties only. Apollonius is more correct than Homer, and Johnſon than Shakeſpeare; but Appollonius and Johnſon are coldly approved, while Homer and Shakeſpeare are beheld with aſtoniſhment almoſt equal to idolatry. It ſhould however be remarked to the honour of Apollonius, that the judicious Virgil borrowed ſeveral of his moſt celebrated ſimilies from him, and perhaps he is not to be ranked among the *poetæ Minores*. Oppian has met with the uſual fate of grammarians, and has ſcarcely been read; but the reader of taſte will yet find many paſſages, which, if they are not ſublime, he muſt confeſs to be beautiful.

Typhiodorus has been introduced to the Engliſh *reader*, by the excellent tranſlation of the ingenious Mr. Merrick.

Merrick. Homer he certainly imitated, and has ſucceeded in the imitation. Copies taken by great maſters, though inferior in general, yet in ſome parts commonly rival their originals. Tryphiodorus reaches not the ſublimer flights of the Maonian bard, but he ſometimes follows his leſs daring excurſions at no diſtant interval. It is enough to recommend him to general approbation, that with a moderate portion of Homer's fire, he has more correctneſs. He may be read with advantage not only in a poetical, but in an hiſtorical view. Where Homer diſcontinued the thread of his ſtory, Tryphiodorus has taken it up. Indeed this poem is a neceſſary ſupplement to the Iliad, without which the reader is left unſatisfied. Tryphiodorus is ſaid to have written another poem, called Ὀδυσσεια δια γραμματων, in which he has omitted, through each book, the letter which marked the number of it. Such a kind of compoſition is trifling, and beneath a man of genius; but it muſt be allowed to be a work of great difficulty, and conſequently a proof of great application. Nor ought it to injure the character of Tryphiodorus as a poet, but to be viewed as the wanton production of an ingenious, but ill-employed grammarian. If Homer wrote the battle of the Frogs and Mice, and Virgil deſcanted on his Gnat, without loſing the dignity of their characters; inferior writers may indulge the inoffenſive ſallies of whim, without the imputation of folly or puerility.

In the peruſal of ſome of theſe, and other of the Minor Poets, whole works are extant, the lover of the Grecian Muſe finds a pleaſing variety, after reading the more ſublime and beautiful productions of Homer.

No. CLXXIX. A CONCLUDING ESSAY.

THE writers of periodical papers have uſually ſubjoined, at the cloſe of their lucubrations, an account of the origin and progreſs of their work, explained the ſignatures of correſpondents, and aſſigned each paper to its proper claimant.—I am now arrived at the end of the

the Second Volume, the boundary prescribed to my excursions: but I have, I believe, no information of this kind remaining to be communicated. I have already accounted for the origin of this work, and intimated, that the compoſition of it has ſerved, at various times and in different ſituations, to amuſe a few intervals of literary leiſure; and, with reſpect to aſſiſtants and correſpondents, the nature of the undertaking could not poſſibly admit them. If, therefore, any praiſe ſhould be thought due, it muſt come undivided, and contribute to leſſen whatever ſeverity of cenſure may be incurred, the whole weight of which muſt fall without participation.

I mean not, however, to delude myſelf with an idea of influencing a reader by apologies: the ſubmiſſions and excuſes of authors are of little importance; the Public claims an uncontrovertible right to decide for itſelf on every compoſition which ſolicits regard: its final deciſions are uſually no leſs juſt than immutable.

Inſtead then of dwelling on ſuch topics, I will take leave of the candid reader, if any reader ſhould have had patience to accompany me ſo far, by a ſummary recapitulation, and perhaps addition of a few admonitions which may be ſalutary. I pretend not to collect all the ſcattered remarks, which have preceded, into one point of view, but merely to repeat and add ſuch as may poſſibly occur in filling up the paper which now lies before me. I hope the egotiſm will be pardoned on this and ſeveral other occaſions, as it is by no means eaſy at all times to ſpeak in the third perſon of one's ſelf, without evident affectation.

I have endeavoured, thoughout the whole ſeries of theſe papers, to warn thoſe who are entering into life (and to them my admonitions are chiefly addreſſed) againſt the faſhionable examples of the *rich and great vulgar*, which often militate againſt all that is decent, regular, virtuous and learned. Unleſs we are taught in our youth to be on our guard againſt their deſtructive influence, we ſhall certainly incur imminent danger of corrupting our principles and practice, by a blind and bigoted imitation. Experience daily evinces, that without this precaution, all the advantages of a virtuous and learned education, all the documents of pater-

nal care, all prudential, moral, and religious reſtraints, may be totally fruſtrated. The rich and great may be conſidered as beacons on a promontory; and if they hang out deceitful lights, they who will allow no other ſignal to direct them (and the number of theſe is infinite), will probably be miſguided in the voyage of their lives, till they are daſhed on rocks, or ſunk in whirlpools. I think I can confidently declare, that I was not influenced by ſplenetic or envious motives, when I attacked the Pride, Folly, and Wickedneſs of the *nom nal great*, who juſtify every enormity, under the name of faſhionable indulgence; but that I have been actuated ſolely by a ſincere conviction, that ſuch an attack is the moſt effectual means of promoting the intereſts of Virtue. Even an enemy will allow that it is not the moſt approved method of advancing private intereſt.

If I have at any time indulged an aſperity of cenſure, it has ariſen from an honeſt deteſtation of vice, meanneſs, ſelfiſhneſs, and inſolence, in thoſe whoſe example is ſeducing, and conſequently moſt injurious. The rank and opulence of worthleſs perſons has had no other effect on me than to excite additional indignation. If any feel themſelves hurt by my animadverſions, their very pain is a proof that they ſuffer deſervedly. Nothing in this book can make a worthy man my foe; and with reſpect to the unworthy, I fear not their power, and I deſpiſe their malevolence.

In adopting modes of addreſs and external behaviour, the ſtudy of which appears to engroſs the attention of many, I have adviſed the young man to begin his work at the foundation; to correct his heart and temper, that the graces of his appearance may proceed from that copious and infallible ſource of whatever is pleaſing, a diſpoſition truly virtuous and unaffectedly amiable. I have exhorted him to avoid ſervility, adulation, preferment-hunting, and meanneſs of every kind; to endeavour indeed to pleaſe thoſe with whom he converſes, but to let the endeavour ariſe from benevolent motives, from an humane and Chriſtian deſire of diffuſing eaſe and happineſs among the children of one Almighty Father, and the partakers of the ſame miſerable nature. I have adviſed him to be firm, yet gentle, manly, yet polite: to cul-

tivate every ornamental accomplishment which leads not to effeminacy, and to study to be as agreeable as possible, while he can be at the same time sincere; to despise, and most studiously avoid, that common but base character, which, with motives peculiarly selfish and contracted, pretends to uncommon good nature, friendship, benevolence, and generosity; whose assiduities are proportioned to the rank or fortune of the persons whose favour is courted, without the least regard to virtue or attainments; whose politeness is that of a valet or French dancing-master, and whose objects, after all its professions and pretensions to liberality, are no less mean and dirty than those of a Jew-usurer. I have advised him to value the approbation of his own heart, and the comforts of a clear conscience, above the smiles, the applause, and the rewards of a vain, a wicked, a deceitful, and a transitory world.

In literature, I have recommended the union of taste with science, and of science with taste; a selection of the best authors on all the subjects which claim his particular attention; a love of originals, and a due distrust of translations; a constant effort to obtain depth and solidity; a persevering, regular, indefatigable industry, especially in the earlier periods of a studious course, not only because no distinguished excellence can be obtained without it, but also because a close attention to study, and an ardent love of letters in the juvenile age, is a great preservative of innocence, and conduces much to the diversion or extinction of passions, and tendencies, which cannot be habitually indulged without sin, shame, and misery.

The general tenor of the moral admonitions of this book, has been to urge the young man to labour incessantly in overcoming the natural propensity of human nature to evil; to aim at perfection though he knows he cannot reach it; to aim at it, because he will thus approach much nearer to it than if he gives up the pursuit in the timidity of indolence: to have courage enough to withstand ridicule, the weapon of the wicked in their subtle attacks upon virtue: to beware of the refinements of sophistry, and to be humble enough to learn his duty both to God and man, from the plain doctrines

doctrines of his catechiſm: to beware alſo of the ſeducing influence of faſhionable vice; of thoſe unfortunate perſons who, from a want of education, or from fooliſh pride, *live without God in the world*, and even in contradiction to the obvious precepts of natural religion; exiſting in a ſtate which might almoſt be called the vegetable, if it did not in a greater degree participate of brutality. – Addreſſes of a ſerious kind are to them, for the moſt part, uſeleſs, as that pride, ſelf-conceit, and ſelf-importance, which leads them to adopt with oſtentation the tenets of infidelity and the practices of immorality, uſually renders them deaf and blind to all repreſentations which come *unrecommended by opulence, rank, and libertiniſm*. They are wiſer in their own eyes, though they often neither read nor think, than the wiſeſt moraliſts who have yet appeared. But the young man who has been taught not to be dazzled by the falſe luſtre of their characters, will ſoon learn to pity their errors and ſhun their example. It is a juſt remark, which has been made by men intimately acquainted with the living world, that more are ruined by vices which they have adopted through vanity and ſilly imitation, than to which they have been ſeduced by the violence of paſſion and temptation. He who leſſens the force of ſuch examples, and obſcures thoſe gloſſy colours which they derive from high ſtations and large fortunes, greatly promotes the cauſe of morality, and contributes much to prevent the miſery and ruin of a riſing generation.

In forming political principles, I would uniformly maintain the expediency of always leaning to the ſide of liberty and the people, and of withſtanding, by all legal and rational means, the encroachments of power. All men who poſſeſs power, well eſtabliſhed and confirmed, are naturally inclined to extend and engroſs it. Let a ſpirit then be conſtantly encouraged among the people at large, which may lead them to a jealous vigilance over the poſſeſſors of power, and animate them to a manly reſiſtance on the ſlighteſt infringement of liberty. But at the ſame time, we muſt not ſuffer the artful purſuers of their own intereſt to delude us by a name enchanting in the ſound: we are bound to conſider, in our diſpaſſionate moments, the nature of liberty; to ſee and acknowledge

difference between real patriotism and a fel
tion to present authority, in whomsoever in
fing from a hope of partaking of it on their d
to remember that experience has abundantly
the remark, that the loudest advocates for lib
out of power, are often the most arbitrary a
cal, both in the exercise of power, when the
tained it, and in their private lives and natu
tions: to beware of the needy adventurer
who has nothing to lose, and has no prosp
but in demolishing the fabric raised by other
riching himself in the general plunder. Su
can never be too frequently repeated to t
ranks, who have been too frequently delu
wicked pretentions of pseudo-patriotism

I have endeavoured to evince the propri
pointing men of private virtue and good char
great, honourable, and efficient offices in t
departments of the state. It is difficult to co
that the accumulation of public honours a
ments on profligate insolents, on notorious gam
on infamous debauchees, is at once destructiv
lity, religion, and national prosperity. If, to
it should ever happen, that a Chancellor of t
tain, whose office is peculiarly sacred, who h

religion, decency, and *equity*, as all, whoſe feelings are not deſtroyed by diſſipation, muſt deeply deplore and reſent!--Could upſtart inſolence, a brow-beating audacity, and a dogmatical mode of deciſion, in the ſenate and at the tribunal, compenſate the injuries which ſuch an example muſt inflict, not only on the morals of a ſingle profeſſion already too licentious, but of the community in all its ramifications? The promotion of notorious gamblers, infidels, and debauchees, to high offices of truſt and honour; of men publicly known for the enormous profligacy of their private lives, argues a want of ſincerity in governors, and eventually tends, more than any foreign enemy, to ſhake their thrones from under them. Such appointments counteract, in the minds of the majority of a people, all the precepts of religion and morality. Reſiſtance, indeed, under governors who act, in their appointment of miniſters and officers, as if they conſidered the national religion merely as a mode of ſuperſtition, and morality as a bateleſs fabric of fancy or policy, and who yet aſſume the management of the church as well as of the ſtate, and claim the title of Defenders of the Faith, becomes virtue inſtead of treaſon, and patriotiſm inſtead of rebellion. He who militates by all legal means againſt ſuch men, engages in a rational and an honourable croiſade. No Turk was ever a greater enemy to the religion of Jeſus Chriſt, than ſuch *moſt facred* and *moſt Chriſtian* Governors.

It is certainly right to diſbelieve and to reprobate all pretenſions to public virtue, wherever private virtue is *notoriouſly* deficient. Where private virtue is wanting, there can be no ſoundneſs of principle, and, without ſoundneſs of principle, no real virtue of any kind can ſubſiſt. Patriotiſm in a bad man is but diſguiſed wickedneſs, of a moſt malignant nature, and uſually proceeding from a deceitful, a proud, an envious, a jealous, a cruel, and a ſelfiſh diſpoſition. The boaſted abilities of profligate and corrupt characters, are often but the deſperate efforts of a diſtreſs which has overcome all diffidence and reſtraint, and leads men to fight their way to promotion, by noiſe, effrontery, and overbearing preſumption.

We

We all, indeed, love power, and it is an useful impulse which urges us to aspire at eminence; but though we may reasonably wish for a share of power, let us learn the virtue not to obstruct its salutary operation in the hands of others, merely because it is not in our own. The truest patriotism may often be evinced, by subduing the lust of power, by submissive silence, and by cheerful acquiescence, in a contented retirement, and in an humble exercise of the private and social virtues. The lust of power, like all other lust, is often most violent in diabolical dispositions, and the turbulent spirit which it produces is the bane of society.

But amidst our cautions, we shall do well constantly to remember that liberty, with all its attendant evils of faction and sedition, is, upon the whole, infinitely more conducive to the happiness and to the improvement of human nature, than the tranquil repose of established despotism. An arbitrary government diffuses a benumbing, freezing, soporific influence over the human faculties, especially in the middle and lowest walks of life; and there is no danger or inconvenience which ought not to be cheerfully incurred to destroy it from the face of the earth. The tree of liberty, so well planted and watered in America, will, I hope, flourish more and more; and impart many a slip and sucker to grow in climates which now appear most ungenial to its cultivation. In our own island, we must never neglect the opportunity afforded by a time of distress, to correct the abuses of the constitution, and to push back the gigantic strides of power, with its auxiliary, corruption. Such are the auspicious periods, the golden moments, in which a portion of new health is to be infused into the vitals of the body politic; such the times in which the people themselves thought to amputate excrescences, and purge that corrupting influence which contains the seeds of disease and death to a free commonwealth; in which the right of election should be communicated to all who pay taxes to a certain amount, petty boroughs disfranchised, and counties enabled to send a number of members in proportion to their size, wealth, and populousness; in which Old Sarum should no longer be permitted to constitute

ſtitute as many repreſentatives of the people of England as the county of York, and half as many as the metropolis of the empire. But as all great political changes are attended with danger, the Britiſh ſenate evinces its wiſdom in its reluctance to introduce them without the matureſt deliberation.

It is impoſſible to recapitulate all the variety of ſuggeſtions which have preceded, or to make any great addition to them, in the limits of a ſingle paper; neither was it my original intention. It is ſufficient that a few of the moſt important points are touched upon in the concluſion of theſe volumes, with a view to leave a due impreſſion on the mind of the reader, who may be induced, for want of ſomething better, to beſtow an idle hour on their peruſal. The ſubjects of Behaviour, Letters, Morals, and Politics, have been already mentioned: it would be a reprehenſible omiſſion not to have reſerved a place for a few hints on Religion.

It appears to me to be one of the moſt important precepts, in forming our religious principles and ideas, not fully to depend on the concluſions of our own reaſon; to diſtruſt the acuteſt underſtanding; to be really humble; to reverence the opinions received by our forefathers; to remember the ſhortneſs of life, the imbecility of human nature, and to accept with pious hope, rather than with diſputatious curioſity, the comfortable doctrines and promiſes of the received Revelation. It will be a great inducement to this prime virtue of humility, to reflect on the diſeaſes and pains both of mind and body incident to our nature; on the terrible degeneracy into which we may fall, when deſerted by the grace of God; and, at the ſame time, on the conſolation and improvement of heart which may be, and is derived, under every calamity and on the bed of death, from ſincere devotion; to pray for faith when doubts ariſe; to beware of that weak and wicked vanity which inſtigates the deiſtical and ſceptical pretenders to ſuperior powers of reaſoning, to write and publiſh their ſophiſtical and preſumptuous tenets on the national religion. Let us ever remember that common, but excellent maxim, that we can loſe nothing but what would hurt us, and may gain every thing that is valu-

ble, by receiving, with humble hope, the religion of Jesus Christ.

Upon the whole, and after all the subtle disquisitions of proud philosophy; all the inventions which owe their origin to malice, vanity, or ingenuity; all the whimsical modes of living and thinking which fashion dictates for the employment of her idle hours, or for the gratification of her full-blown pride; the plain virtues, as they are understood by plain men of honest hearts and good faculties, improved by a competent education, are the best security for comfort under all the circumstances, and in all situations of human life. Sedentary and recluse persons may amuse themselves, in the reveries of inactivity, with speculative refinement and sceptical subtleties; but they who are really wise, and earnestly wish to obtain all the happiness of which they are capable in this sublunary state, must descend from the elevated regions of sophistry, and labour to acquire, with the assistance of common sense and common honesty, the virtues of faith, humility, piety, and benevolence.—I am happy in the opportunity of adding my testimony, inconsiderable as it may be esteemed, that all plans of conduct, and prospects of happiness, independent of these virtues, must terminate in vanity and vexation; and that these shall supply a perennial fountain of such consolation as the world can neither give nor take away.

FINIS.

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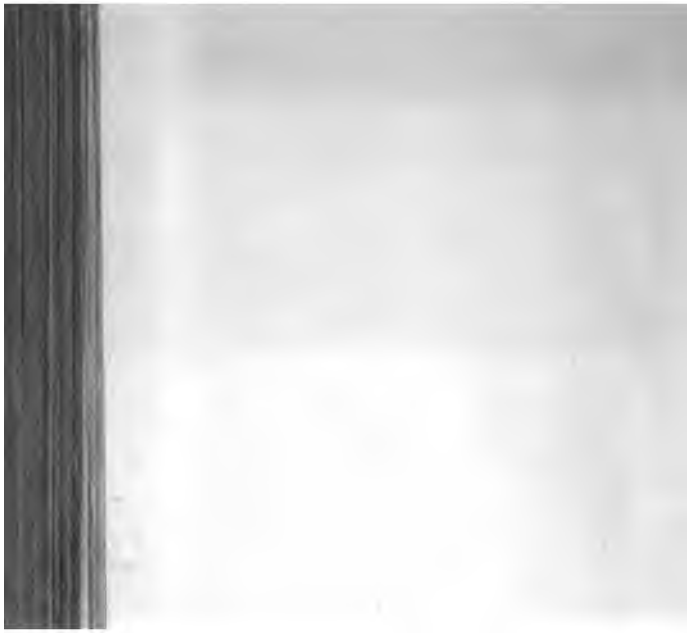

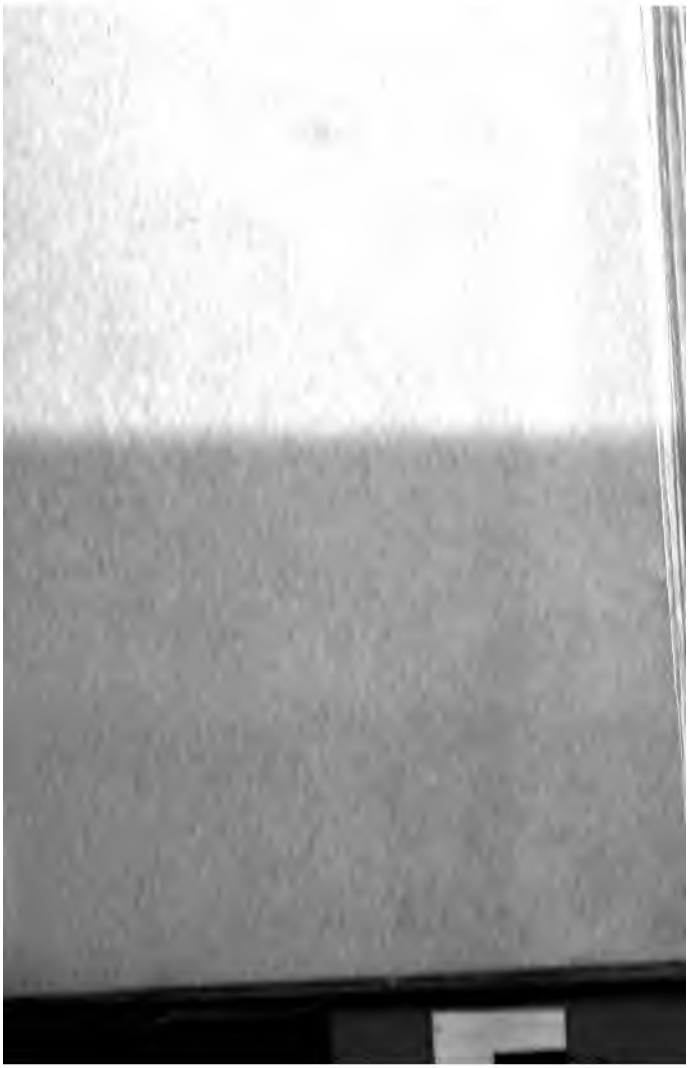

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